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CHRISTIANITY EAST AND WEST:

An Ecclesiastical Pilgrimage.

'Noch in meines Leben's Lenze
War ich und ich wandert aus.'

Schiller.

CHRISTIANITY EAST AND WEST:

An Ecclesiastical Pilgrimage.

BY

THOMAS GRIEVE CLARK.

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TO

FREDERICA,

HIS WIFE,

THE PILGRIM, WITH ALL LOVE AND HONOUR,

DEDICATES THESE PAGES.

PREFACE.

THE aim of this Pilgrimage is to bring before the eye the Churches of Christ as far East as Jerusalem, presenting them as they have sprung up and exist in their various homes. A clergyman on the Continent for almost a quarter of a century, the author was accustomed, in addition to noting the religious features of the land around him, to employ his holidays in completing earlier travel by visits (in most instances repeated ones) to every great centre of ecclesiastical life. In the attempt to put results into form, he has drawn on his first journey—a tour through Europe—for a thread by which to hang not only its own facts, but those gathered in later excursions. The journey was undertaken in College days, when a need had sprung up within the scholar to see the world for himself. It was not as controversialist, or partisan, that he went abroad, although armed against all treasonable concessions to error; still less was it as a dilettante, roving in quest of æsthetic pastime. The pilgrim took the staff in hand as learner, searcher after truth, lover of holy and

charitable sentiments, a citizen of the world exploring it for wisdom and refreshment—and, be it said, often finding both.

A gravity of spirit, suitable to the theme, characterises the work, yet the earnest tone has not been deemed inimical to any species of illustration. Art, accordingly, portrait, landscape, adventure, festival, as well as historical allusion—whatever, in short, could enforce or embellish criticism, has been woven into the tissue. Cities, for the same object, with their social and political condition at the time, are summoned up: Edinburgh, Vienna, Athens, Constantinople, Kieff, and the towns of Palestine and Italy. The Pilgrimage closes with the return of the collegian to Scotland, his native country, and the resumption of professional studies.

The composition of the work, although exacting years of toil, has been for the writer its own reward; and he cherishes a hope that the book may somewhat contribute to the aid and solace of others who, in these days of freethought, have lost their way, or feel perplexed to know which turn of the road to take.

FRIEDERIKENS RUHE, GRAZ.
December, 1888.

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STAGE THE FIRST.

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THE CHIMES—INTRODUCTORY.

Bells of Liège and their Lesson.—The Cathedral Service.—Science and Spiritualism.—Church Unity.—Idea of a Pilgrimage for Criticism and Devotion.—How a Record of it may be best Given.

A SCOTTISH tourist, whiling away a few midsummer holidays in the Netherlands, had come to Liège, the scene of an incident which drew all its force from fancy; and, yet, how fancy often surpasses sober thought in power! At dusk, it happened, as the bat began to wheel its noiseless rounds, and cawing rooks had settled on their perches, the rambler stood by the old cathedral tower of St. Paul's; when, overhead, the chimes rang out a plaintive jangle, and the great bell pealed the hour of ten. Clouds from the embosoming hills had all day hung above the city,—this Birmingham of the Walloons—a sooty drizzle distilling at every point. As the sun, however, sloped to the west, a breeze arose, rolling the vapour into rocky and castellated shapes, and filling the whole air with a voluptuous balm. Burghers and their wives had been abroad for hours, although the throng was long over; youth of either sex, also, issuing from shop and foundry, had strolled by in many a group; but now, with the growing shadows, the feigned shriek of enamoured maid,—

'Die schrie, wie Nymphen schreihen,
. . . nicht um gehört zu seyn,'—

as Wieland sings, broke almost alone the silence.

'Work!' uttered the carillons in the stranger's ear, as they shook down their aerial tones from the belfry: 'Work! work! whilst it is day; for night cometh when no man can work!'

Scarcely anywhere could the hortatory summons have dropped with more weight. But circumstances likewise favoured its claim. Sauntering during the day within the cathedral, the aisles of which afforded food for reflection, as well as shelter from the wet streets, the traveller had striven to gather into himself the spirit of its ritual. Churches, full as they may be of heavenly emblems, yet resemble the world, in which souls of the earth, earthly, jostle saintly ones. At times, therefore, in accordance with this mixed character, traces of mundane feeling among the worshippers caught attention; nor could the eye avoid scrutinising the assistant deacons, who, as they tramped through the service, almost banished from it its solace. Now and again, however, with the entrance of some meek penitent, who had obviously stolen in to pour the heart forth in prayer such as the Father accepts, baser sights passed out of view. Ever, also, as it chanced, a reminiscence of Hans Memling, the Flemish artist, and of those works which, reverently painted on his knees, had been dedicated by him as a thankoffering to the Hospital of St. John at Bruges,—where, lately, they had been seen, where their pious charm had been felt,—rose in such moments. Had not the wanderer, no less than the painter, have not all some special mercy for which to praise the blessed God, whose everlasting arms embrace them? So, as he breathed the sweet evening air, while the red jet of the lamps contended with the fading day, the listener to the chimes bowed before their admonition.

To allure man upwards with holy voice of expostulation, is the spiritual office of chimes. In the bustle of exchange and market, the carillons, breaking from the far-off belfry, start emotions fitted to temper absorption in that world, the 'fashion of which passeth away.' Time, in its smaller divisions, is scarcely noticed, commonly; and even day after day is apt to fleet by unobserved into oblivion. But, to prepare for the hours, by bringing sensibility back, and then to strike, is a beautiful device, worthy of that gracious Hope which seeks rather to 'save' than to 'destroy,' to win more than to terrify.

'—To give Time thus a tongue
Is wise in man.'

For long afterwards, amidst distant and very different scenes, the exhortation still haunted the traveller. But, as often as the lesson came up, it did so together with reflections suggested during the earlier part of the day. At mass, in the course of the forenoon, the fat, homely, officiating priest, with a baldness of pate which left nothing of the tonsure, had been noticed, pierced, it seemed, with his awful functions, as the host assumed its mystic worth, and, again, at a glance, sweeping up into his bland eye every member of the congregation. Saintly images; cherubs bending over the altar; tinted lamps mocking the common light; the swing of the censer and the clash of bells: all had cast their spell on the mind. To enhance the impression, and even strangely to modify it, when the choir broke in on the solemn march of the organ, it was as if mortal voices had appropriated the tones of angels; the tawdriest design, the most convulsed statue, dropped its meanness; and the spirit was raised above all incongruities. At the same moment, the pulpit, a rich wooden gothic, clasping, ivy-like, one of the pillars, while it lifted up on high its fair tapering canopy, invited people, as it were, to gather round it, although no

preacher of the Word turned to account its noble uses. The front panel exhibited the Sermon on the Mount, while, above, Moses holding the tables of the Law, gave witness that, in the grace which came by Jesus, the mission of the Lawgiver was not abolished but fulfilled. Yet showing how dogma had effloresced, the Virgin, large as life, with foot on the Serpent and cross and cup in hand, all emblems of victory, filled, below, the centre niche, flanked by the images of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The service, both at the time and after, mixed in the thought of the visitor with some discussions at home, which had been growing in importance for half a century. Champions of differing rites might have seen in what went forward nothing but points of contrast. To him, however, who finds his own creed under every symbol, the celebration of Christian worship in any form brings to mind all the others with him assimilation is more active than separation; and, as in questions of family the discovery of relationship calls forth a tide of sympathy, so the heart cannot remain insensible when the Divine image of Faith, how masked soever, discloses itself.

At present, indeed, in face of certain recent fashions of Science, which ignore Deity even in nature, not less than as revealed through Jesus of Nazareth, with a protest like Satan's, as he proudly refused obeisance to the Supreme,—

'Too much for One!'[1]—

what believer, in order to consolidate the Christian host, does not feel the need of recovering the sense of kindred beyond the circle of his own Church? M. Pasteur, the apostle of the spiritual genesis of life as opposed to a material origin, proves that the glorious succession of scientists is not closed, who, like Newton and Faraday, having climbed the pinna-

[1] 'Paradise Lost,' v. 783.

cles of Knowledge, yet proclaim that the lamp of Faith is fed from a Divine Fount. The enthusiasm which welcomed the sage, as he took the proffered chair of the French Academy, gave evidence, if any was wanting, that the fact of God, sincerely stated, will ever find an echo in the human mind, how biassed soever by a 'Science falsely so called.' Yet, happy as are the presages that Science and Spiritualism will never clash in the convictions of their highest exponents, it is none the less obvious that the petulance of some distinguished explorers, more anxious to plant their heel on the Christian Hope than to forward their speciality, warns the disciple, while fanning his personal creed of its chaff, to draw closer in love to his brethren, even to those least resembling himself. The Saviour of the Catacombs, presented on the walls as Orpheus, with harp in hand, animating all creation, has His instrument composed of various strings, every one of priceless worth under the Divine touch, and together needful for fulness of harmony. Widely different, indeed, the communions look, compared with one another. Yet, like the races of Man, white, black, red; or the brood of pigeons which a famous naturalist has tracked back to a common stock; it may be found, on examination, that they have one blood. The points of divergence, how absurd soever some may seem, and inconsistent with the same origin, have mainly sprung from fancies of food and cultivation, so to say, adopted in their history.

A Protestant, in any case, can never be contented to be shut up, alone, in the traditions of his ancestral denomination. The instinct,—to say nothing of the duty,—with him, to go back to the beginning, gathering on his way the links which unite him to the body of the apostles, will prompt him more and more to domicile himself in all the Churches. This he rejoices to do, although at many a stage he may mark the rise of corrupt doctrine and practice, as well as at the

close of the journey, give fresh thanks for the grace which moulded and pushed forth the Reformers against their own will. Strange, moreover, may appear to him the methods of the Middle Ages' missions, with an initial place given in their operations to images. Yet he cannot observe the effects of pictures of the Crucifixion, or of the Last Judgment, on royal barbarians and their subjects, without enlarging his own theory. What a fascination hangs about men such as Pascal and the Jansenists whom he illustrates, even though they clung to a Church which persecuted them as well as others! The aureole which adorns Fénelon encircles several in more recent times. All will recognise in Chateaubriand, Montalembert, and Lacordaire, not to mention eminent living witnesses like Döllinger, servants of the common Faith, though Rome gave them birth. Romanism is an antiquated system, it is sometimes said, which, now especially that the dogma of Papal Infallibility has been pushed to its extreme development, will be gradually left behind by modern progress. But, even so, it is not possible to regard with indifference its career and present action. Germany, under the guidance of the great Chancellor, has, with small success, framed laws in order to protect itself against the dominance of Ultramontanism. Scotland justly looks with anxiety on the last bequest of Pius IX., the establishment of a Romish hierarchy within its borders, fired with all the restless zeal of the donor. Such aspects of the system are apt to alarm other Christian communions into an attitude of defence, simply; disposing them rather to close the ranks for fight, than to search for a relationship. Every acknowledged virtue of a hostile creed, however, is a gain to Christendom; and, as long as varieties exist, safety from an ambitious, encroaching, intolerant Church lies in the appropriation of whatever truth of doctrine or method characterises it, as well as in understanding its tactics.

The Eastern Churches, lying so far out of the way, might seem beyond the scope of such a survey. Yet, with a benefit of incalculable worth, they have of late years been often brought within western view, nor can either East or West know itself without the mirror held up by one to the other.

At Liège, within the cathedral, the controversies of the Church, during youth, amidst the pursuits of the University of Edinburgh, returned, it has been said, on the entrant. To have dismissed them, merely, in the early period, especially in the stormy agitation which signalised the epoch, would have been to leave the bosom a prey to doubt. As, however, nothing was deemed sufficient, which did not withdraw the student from the tyranny of familiar forms, the course of speculation for a time ended in a pilgrimage. If the discussions had now for the collegian long ceased to be novel, they yet preserved all their attraction; and, as the call to work came, the project of exhibiting results, in combination with the fruits of travel, came along with it.

But, in what fashion, it was still natural to ask, might the lineaments of experience be presented so as to win attention? How might the tale be framed to catch the ear, like the Ancient Mariner's, which held fast the marriage guest, even though the joyous sounds of the banquet pealed through the doorway?

As the eye falls on busts of the great musical composers,—a Handel, a Mozart, a Beethoven and others,—a sense of despondency is apt to seize him who would entice such for an hour from their own charmed circle. Yet, fain would one try to practise an art, which, resembling the magician's in 'Vathek,' should so cunningly work within various conditions as to draw forth all after it: the dame from her boudoir, the sovereign from his palace, the peasant from the furrow, as well as genius from its selected spheres. Few essays, indeed, with the gravity of a religious aim,

appeal to universal suffrage. Most address a sect, or a special idiosyncrasy of mind, or a class of revolutionists. But men, in general, love theology, if it at all seek their notice, to fit somehow in with their mansions, and gardens, and natural way of existence, like Christ Himself in the Gospels. To get attention, it must take people as they are, having a flavour of the round earth about it, and give them, in its strongest bonds, a sense of the open breeze and the active community of their fellows.

Nature, the model of all good work, seems, it is true, to bid man off from the secret of her enchantment. As the yellow tassels of the furze overflow in the plethora of June, an author sighs at the show; for is it not life that is wanted? But life, like this, who may attempt to reproduce? At the foot of the Grampians, the eye has gazed, as if it could not be sated, on a small rustic maiden with a baby in arms, struggling on tiptoe to bring down a blossom of hawthorn, while her chubby charge plunged its face into the prickles in eagerness to grasp the luxuriant spray! It was a picture to have hoarded in one's portfolio for the lesson, that it is flower, not simple leaf, which captivates. Still, far as one is left behind, the manner of natural operations teaches to clothe principles in form, rather than offer them abstractly; contented to dispense with the logic of the schools, if, in any way, an air of life may be imparted. Paolo Veronese, all know, has placed dogs at sport in some of his great historical pieces. This the noble painter has done, doubtless, not only to relieve the strain of the spectator, that, by the diversion, he may after all better take in the main topic, but to set the story in that frame of mixed incident which always belongs to real existence.

At the same time, the reflection comes home to an earnest workman, how soon his work may pass away! In the Low Countries, as well as in Italy, a traveller often enough meets

with the ruins of monuments originally wrought in loving assiduity. Towns even, like Pisa, are now and then found, which resemble stranded galleons from which the wave has fallen, and, though once sharing in dominion, have at present only a subordinate importance. Single works, however, give a sufficient sense how man in vain disquiets himself. The Hôtel de Ville at Louvain, as visited on one occasion, was having its wasted sculptures cut anew into feature, and emptied niches refilled by modern hands. The Refectory of Milan still breathes from its wall the spirit of the great artist who drew the heads of the Last Supper. Many, nevertheless, have been the narrow escapes of the sacred painting; while, at the best, the ravages on its surface show subjection to the law of decay. And yet, and yet, with his days ebbing, man would fain leave some mark of his mortal state, how evanescent soever; for no one willingly dies wholly from this earth, a tomb like Absalom's in the Valley of the Kedron seeming better than nothing, a cenotaph with a name, a name only! But a holier passion may supersede the vanity of ambition, the passion for duty; and he who has caught a glimpse of the Divine Love enshrined in the Nazarene, can fulfil his mission without any reward save the hope of doing good.

As frontispiece to an estimate of the Churches, and preliminary to a pilgrimage beyond the Scottish shores, it is fitting first to represent the Presbyterianism of North Britain. The Church, small as is its seat, territorially, though it stretches its arms into all lands, ranks, for its distinctive idea and mission, as an essential limb of Christendom; nor, any more than Benjamin among the Jewish tribes, could it be cut off, without leaving the family poorer for the loss.

CHAPTER II.

CATECHISM OF SCOTLAND, AND HOW FAITH MAY BECOME TROUBLED IN ITS COURSE.

Retreat to the Isle of Bute.—A Reminiscence of Early Study in the Solitudes of Arthur's Seat.—'Westminster Assembly Catechism.'—Scotch and Romish Modes of Teaching.

AT the close of session 1845-6, the Student of Edinburgh, to whom, years later, the chimes of Liège dropped their lesson, drew off for the vacation to the Isle of Bute on the western coast. Even the Monk of Iona, if special circumstances had not elsewhere fixed his choice, might not have been unwilling to turn to it as the home of his pious mission. But, although secluded enough for a hermitage, the island,—

> 'Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
> Beyond it,'—

looks out on scenes which keep the heart in contact with one's fellows. Ayrshire, where Burns, holding the plough, wove his immortal verses, and Haco, the Norwegian pirate, had his armada shattered, lies away to the east, while the floating commerce of the Clyde constantly animates the frith which breaks on its shores. The cloudy crags of Arran, calling on thought to rise with them, soar in the distant southern prospect. A favourite walk was by a path which wound upward from the beach among the villas of Ascog, and, crossing a patch of moor, dipped into the road skirting the loch of the same name. The track, again mounting,

disappeared in a wood of firs, at last coming out over Rothesay, the county town, which gleams below with its spires, and gay haven, and opposite coast inclosing the wild glens of Argyleshire.

As the alumnus on arrival glanced from the height above Rothesay, the sea sparkling at the moment with fretted foam from the steamer which just then swept out of view round the eastern promontory, he became conscious of a solitariness other than physical loneness. The soul, resembling in its situation a snake of the llanos as the rains set in, struggling to be liberated, throbbed with impulses, vague, but impassioned, such as the approach of a new epoch ever brings with it. The source of this sensation lay farther behind than actual ecclesiastical conditions, although the Church of Scotland was just emerging from the controversies which had ended in the Disruption, and the 'Tracts for the Times' still commanded attention. Early indued, like every Scot, with the mail of the 'Westminster Assembly Catechism,'—a page, verily, in knight's armour,—the visitor to Bute, aroused by its doctrinal solutions, was wont in boyhood to seek the knolls of Arthur's Seat, by his native town, all being lonesome and savage, where now winds the Queen's Drive. On summer mornings, prone on some slope as the sun was rounding from the Forth, and the sounds of the awakening city came thickly up, there, like Zuleika in her grotto, but with another sense,—

> 'in youthful reverie,
> He dreamed what Paradise might be,'—

or read of, and brooded over, the mighty dogmas of the Faith. The gusty air, the waving grass, the great concave sky, the drooping clouds which looked about to catch the stripling away, all shook the mind as a bark becalmed, trembling to the keel when its flaccid canvas suddenly swells in the breeze. Stretching his slight limbs on the tufted soil

while a few angular fragments of the rock got disconnected and slid down, it almost seemed as if the world yielded to the wish to push it far enough off for him to win freedom, to leave him in possession of himself and the impressions flowing in from every point. At such moments, a fold of thunder would now and then be rolled out, which, reverberating in the cliffs above, touched the spirit with reverence; when the book, haply in hand, was dropped, and thought, transferred to nature, became lost in its echoes. But all was usually still; and a bunch of thyme, or a blue-bell vibrating in the wind, would fix attention, starting trains of ideas, and blending with abstruse treatise on the 'Art of Thinking,'[1] or the 'Analogy of Religion,'[2] or the 'Religious Affections.'[3] If the heat grew too strong, the tiro took refuge in the shelter of some rift, the glowing landscape lying off, felt, though out of view. Unexpectedly, seen amidst the soft broken lights, the corolla of a flowering creeper rooted in an interstice would enthral the eye; the heart sank, overpowered; and, afterwards, the image mingled with the general life of the day, if appearing to belong to a visionary existence. Nothing was astir on the mount, except, perhaps, a single human figure climbing to the top, or a flock of sheep browsing around. But the mind sufficed to itself. Ever, indeed, in these exercises, was there somewhat of trouble, things jarring, or seeming to jar, with the bald forms of the Church. A charm, however, lay in the experience; and prayer, boyish prayer, spontaneously sprang up with reflection, raising the soul to Him who has not left His children orphans.

A portrait of this sort, essentially Scottish, may serve to open discussions necessary for letting in light on the characteristics of the Church of Scotland. To a priest, whether of Rome or Canterbury, it might occur that, as far as the

[1] Isaac Watts. [2] Bishop Butler. [3] Jonathan Edwards.

instance shows the rule, a liberty is practised inconsistent with the direction which the Church ought to exercise over its neophytes. The Catechism mentioned, however, ingrained at dawn in the mind, is a complete system of theology, stating fundamental doctrines with a precision that leaves its stamp, even when the source is forgotten among the complex influences of afterlife. Unfolded to the heart by parental and other teachings, its dogmas, covering the whole creed, begin at once to work, and the contemporaneous acquaintance with Holy Scripture, which is a constant part of instruction, animates them with life and form.

At the vestibule of the Catechism, where the young soul, ushered into the knowledge of the 'chief end' of Man, is taught to combine the 'glory of God' with the 'enjoyment of Him for ever,' it feels itself at once lifted above all transient bounds by the definition of God found on the first step forwards; and, when reflection comes, it is conscious of standing at the centre of being, the whole universe revolving around it. 'God is a Spirit,' declares the Catechism, in an assertion so short yet so pregnant, sublime in the absence of any empty periphrasis, that it shakes youth like a gun at sea. But, as the character of this Spirit becomes developed,—a 'Spirit infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth,' the folds,—as they open to completion, first in the qualifying adjectives and then in the nouns themselves, touch the mind with a sense of beauty and symmetry as in a rose full blown; the fan of Deity is felt waving within every abyss; and when the tender mother, perhaps, whispers to her boy at the knee, as he looks up in wonder, how the description of God came into the prayer of George Gillespie, one of the Scottish commissioners to the Westminster Assembly of Divines, as he was called to ask Divine help for the occasion, an awe seizes the juvenile breast, —an awe which, instead of fading, deepens with years,—and

the words of the definition, for him, take thenceforth an aspect of revelation.

The 'Trinity'; the 'Decrees of God, whereby, for His own glory, He hath fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass'; the 'Works of the Six Days,' Man, specially, made 'in God's image, in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness, with dominion over the other creatures'; Providence: all these next come within the view so exact in terms, that the most mysterious of the facts seem the least spectral. The interest of the subject, however, grows; for, in its progress, it gets personal, in a fashion which would overwhelm the disciple if the picture stood alone, when Sin, Original Sin, and Death as the fruit of it, are exhibited stalking in, overcasting the scene with their baleful presence. But, treading on the heels of these scaring images, the 'Redeemer of God's elect,' the 'Lord Jesus Christ,' appears, 'who, being the eternal Son of God,' as He is decisively called, 'became Man, and so was, and continueth to be, God and Man in two distinct Natures, and one Person, for ever.' All that bears on human recovery, 'Justification,' 'Adoption,' 'Sanctification,'—is now set forth, settling in the expressions themselves a hundred controversies both of the Early Church and the Reformation, although, happily for the child, mentioning none of them. The themes which follow cover what remains for exposition. The Decalogue, first in the order, lays out every law, with all it requires and forbids, as well as its own reasons, in a way which gives for a Presbyterian a multiple sense to the Commandments, if, by chance, he joins later in the responses of the English Communion Service. The Sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist,—the only Sacraments recognised in the Catechism to be of Divine institution,—blossom free of superstition, yet rich in all holy solace and grace. The Prayer of our Lord forms a climax as well as a conclusion to the whole, breaking, so to say, into a celestial hymn, which

knits together the glorious array of saving truths and duties, and fills the heavens and the earth of childhood with its harmony.

It is not an object now, nor will it be at any other stage in this pilgrimage, to get involved in polemic, which is often simply a tornado of wind, fiercely whirling dust about, and bestrewing the ground with ruin in its passage. Yet the course of the narrative naturally introduces the remark, that no account of a thing can less resemble it, than the caricatures of the doctrine of private judgment often given by foes. The assertion in these cases, is, that, on such a principle, each individual must work alone in the discovery of truth. A Christian believer who disowns the Vatican, if the portrait of him drawn by its partisans be a likeness, is one who has no creed which has not originated with himself, and is doomed to pine away from emaciation, until he expires altogether.

The view of Scottish youth, as far as it has been outlined, shows, on the contrary, how, even in a land where the rights of conscience have had many a martyr for their defence, the individual is hemmed in by an authority as real as the Catholic, although vitally different in the voice with which it speaks to him. A Church takes him in baptism to its bosom, and surrounds the nursling with all appliances for forming his life, acting morning, noon, and night on his convictions; and it would be as impossible for him to fly this influence, as, though walking at large, to escape from the gravitating force that keeps his feet on the earth. An ecclesiastical organization, which professes to go back to the Apostles, the final fount of authority, and which has acquired a hereditary power with time, is present to do for him what it can, as much as the hierarchy of Rome does for Catholic children. But the difference in the systems, a difference perennial in its effects, is, that, in the exercise of private judgment, the judge who is to decide on and limit all other

forces, sits within the breast, seeing with his own eyes, hearing with his own ears, and, in the end, being the practical arbiter of all his relations.

Once it was, long after the spring of life was past, as the scholar was lingering in the Church of St. Ambrose at Milan, that, in contrast with Scottish training, the characteristic of the Catholic method exemplified itself for him in an attractive instance. The Brazen Serpent within,—which, it is popularly supposed, will hiss on its pillar at the Day of Judgment,—had fixed his notice, when a little maiden of five or six summers came up the nave, led by a venerable matron. The high altar, blazing with lights, had no seduction for the entrants; but, turning aside, they visited one chapel after another, kneeling in each for a few minutes. If the child's companion, who, from age and a resemblance of features, was judged to be her grandmother, had entered alone, she might still have drawn attention. Of the middle class, but evidently in easy circumstances, her face, like that of so many of the Milanese dames, had a noble air in it. She crossed herself with the soft subtlety which reverence of spirit acting through long habit gives; at the altars her eyes turned upwards with the cast of the painted saints invoked; and piety in her displayed a mixture of awe and peace, which implied a chastened heart. All about her showed subjection to authority, which she had come voluntarily to submit to. In a word, whatever may be the estimate formed of Romish devotion, the old lady was a finished specimen of it.

As for the child by her side, such was her fair oval face that, in any southern country, under favourable conditions, folk might have thought of doing homage to her, as possibly a girlish incarnation of the Virgin. But, it was not anything in the features, it was her budding sanctity, according to the Catholic type, which mainly awoke the interest of the witness. As her protectress and she sought successive altars,

he was struck with the play going on between them, example on the elder side prompting imitation on the part of the younger. Their eyes constantly spoke together; changes, all but insensible, in the attitude of the novice, marked the sympathy with which she had caught the meaning of a glance or a gesture; and as, on leaving, they crossed themselves at the door with fingers dipped in the vase of holy water, it was clear to the last that the pious constraint of the guide fell on the pupil.

All this, in any case, differed from the modes of his own country, thought the observer in himself, as he kept his eyes on the pair till they glided out of sight.

But, in order also to disclose Catholic home discipline, let the interior of a family be laid open for a moment, known to the describer from the lips of an aged relative in habitual intercourse with it for years.

The head of the house, holding a high position in the Chancery of State at Vienna, and associated with Metternich in the Congress of Paris, was a man of devout habits. The day was invariably begun with what is technically called the Still Mass. At the sound of the salutation bells in the evening, the lady and her children, with the domestics, as well as whatever company might be present, repaired to a room held as chapel, and, on bended knees before the Cross, passed over their lips seven Pater Nosters, as many Ave Marias, and the Credo. According to the informant, it so happened that place and occupation, how sacred soever, could not always prevent the occurrence of inharmonious incidents; and more than once an intrusive fly settling within reach was smothered under a blow, without any pause in the worship. Balls and the theatre were eschewed on religious grounds. Altar cloths and ecclesiastical vestments were worked by the female members of the family. The keeper of the conscience, one Father Horny, attached to St. Stephen's, was a daily guest

at table, and nothing of importance was done except under his direction. Confession, to which adults and the young equally were called, was weekly. On going to bed and rising from it, every one was expected to say private prayer.

Different, indeed, are the machinery and manner of working in the Catholic case from the Scotch, yet not in the strictness of a persuasive example; and a Romanist, moulded in the most formal school of his Church, might be surprised to find in how many points of discipline,—of course the garniture excepted,—the religious life of childhood in North Britain has a similar character. Prayers, morning and evening, at a mother's lap, or the bedside, (it would be unnecessary to say it, if, in Italy, a Protestant did not often find himself reported as an infidel, or even an atheist,) gild the dawning consciousness of a young Scot, so that the effigy of the infant Samuel on his knees, which used to be carried for sale by itinerant Italians among their stucco ware on the streets of Edinburgh, represented as truly a Presbyterian child as a Catholic. Family worship, also, as it is locally called, scatters round the members of households its hallowed glow. Who, indeed, whatever his rank, piously brought up in the customs of the Scottish Church, does not soften over the lines of the national bard in the 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' describing the social devotion of the land, for that the scene restores his own experience! The past comes back as still present: still, in the ears,—

'The priest-like father reads the sacred page—
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.'

Again,—

> 'Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
> How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
> How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
> Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
> How His first followers and servants sped;
> The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
> How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
> Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
> And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.'

The invocation of the Divine Presence that introduced the service was a fit preparative. The Psalm of David, in song, which followed, caught up by varying voices, and bringing out the tissue of daily experience in sacred historical incident yet lingers in its impression; and prayer, in how broken and faltering words soever, ascending as incense from the paternal lips, set the day in a radiance which touched its transient hours with a glory for ever.

To church, moreover, almost before infancy is gone, the feet are led; but, practically, here ends the resemblance. The thing which primarily, and through all life, affects any man, is, the way in which he has been brought to the knowledge of God, the relation formed between himself and the Divine Being. The catechumen of Rome is taught to reach God through a hierarchy of angels and saints, with his patron saint as guide, who, acting as intercessors, obtain favours for him. A child of Scotland, on the contrary, from the earliest budding of sensibility, is taught to view God as Father, who is ever holding out the arms for his reception. The majesty of Deity, indeed, is in his case, as in the other, believed to be attended by an angelic band. Scripture so instructed him from infancy; but with wings folded they make God manifest by their worship; the view is not clouded by their ministry, nor does the distance of Deity look increased by intermediate

figures. A sire, teaching his sons and daughters, never ceases striving to mould the pliant heart into the assurance that, of all throughout the universe, the Father celestial is, by a blessed infinitude of distinction, more easily, tenderly, confidingly accessible, even to 'babes and sucklings,' than is any of His creatures.

If the passage to the First Person of the sacred Trinity is, for the juvenile soul, unencumbered by an officious crowd, the way to the Second, it is taught, is equally without impediment. The gracious Lord who blessed children brought to Him, rebuking the ignorance which would have blocked up the path, is continually presented to the young under this attractive aspect. Although the saints shine for them in their places, and an unacknowledged calendar of modern witnesses exists in the heart, yet, far from being magnified by fanciful superabundant merit so as to obscure the sacrificial mediation of the Saviour, the office of them is taken to be to praise God, as nobly expressed in the Te Deum, and, by their example, to encourage the trembling spirit freely to tread the way of pardon.

One point remains to be alluded to. The Presbyterian, taught to realise with awe that means are only means, and that Baptism, as well as the Lord's Supper,—sacraments of unfathomable worth and consolation,—are void for their chief end as long as grace is absent in the recipient, counts all forms as abortive, until a personal religious life blossoms within the soul. For this cardinal result, the sense of responsibility, which involves freedom of examination, is constantly sought to be awakened within him. But, at this present stage, it is enough to have glanced at a topic which, as the watershed of systems streaming on their divergent course, will, in other applications, come forth again and again before the task in this work reaches its close.

At a period when several divisions of the globe had been

looked on by the boy of Arthur's Seat, no more a boy, he once stood by Salisbury Crags, gazing on the same objects. It was on a summer's evening that he again found himself among these haunts, a rich twilight bathing them in a faint purple luminousness. The city drew off in dark furrowed masses, lit beyond in the valley below the Castle, by the lamps as by glittering fireflies ; the bridges, North and South, although not seen, were known to be alive with people ; and each hill, each bower in the suburbs, the Links with their fringe of beeches and shady sycamores, also swarmed with parties brought together by an affinity which comes everywhere into action as soon as the pressure of daily want is over. At the foot of the huge mole on which the observer was standing,—a work of glaciers that juts out from the mountain,—stalked past the tall hussar, a sweetheart on his arm, and brandishing a cane with a joke of the barracks, which, coming up in single notes, babbled a moment in the crags. Passion, wearing every hue, was swaying thousands. As the eye of experience scanned its signs around, what a gulf was felt to lie between early conception and the knowledge of good and evil brought by years ! To a child, the great and ominous things of the Catechism, Sin ! Death !, do not rise athwart the path like the hag and goblin of the poet at the gate of Hell, an image which stimulates the fancy chiefly ; they are awful realities. But, if portents for him, and he pass them as by a graveyard at nightfall, with a sense of certain powers lying within, which may take body and strike at any moment, he is yet too far off from life to picture their formidable significance. Wrong is, for him, as damp exhaled from a marsh, the effects of which are suspected, but not known ; it breathes on his cheek as the chill of an iceberg before it has drifted in sight. Otherwise it is, after mixing with the world. The city has changed ; the rocks, the flowers, the skies have less

the air of monitors than of judges; and the boy finds himself a man, with a man's dignity and responsibility.

The Reformation in Scotland, which came as life from the dead to it, yielding the most pregnant page to its chronicles, may justly now occupy attention. It will be worth while going back some centuries, to look at the noble oak planted by Knox amidst the storms of his time. The family of Scottish Presbytery, comprising the nation in a way, shows, on the part of its members, whatever differences exist, an equal reverence for its ecclesiastical pedigree. If the echoes of domestic controversies are still heard, and complete unity of corporation be some distance off, yet the same Confession of Faith, with everything characteristic of a single Church, binds them together. From a general point of view, the Presbyterian Church of Scotland is one; and, to its glory, the Reformer is by all recognised as the common hero.

CHAPTER III.

THE SCOTCH REFORMER.

Knox's Statue.—Place of the Reformer in Scottish History.—Mission of St. Columba.—Knox as Preacher.—His Religious and Academic Preparation for the Work of Reform.—State of Scotland in the Sixteenth Century.—The Martyrs Hamilton and Wishart.—Decisive Sermon of Knox at Perth.—Queen Mary of Scots and the Reformer's Relation to Her.

THE commercial metropolis on the Clyde, the ancient St. Mungo's, Glasgow, has, in the course of its amazing growth, erected no monument so befitting its fame as the bronze of John Knox. It was the custom years ago, and possibly still is, to expose for sale miniature copies of this coloss of the national ecclesiastical chieftain, which looks down from its tall doric column in the Necropolis on the vast hive of business; and with a similar piety to that of the good Alexander Severus, who, in Roman imperial days, gathered into his domestic oratory the busts of renowned seers, a Scot was often found setting up in his cabinet the venerable figure. The statue, modelled after an authentic portrait in possession of the University, and uncovered, in 1825, with a festal display of civic and religious devotion, exhibits the Reformer robed in the primitive presbyterian gown and cap, a long commanding beard streaming down his breast.

At various visits to the city, as occasion allowed, the foot, especially on a Sunday, climbed to the noble height which

bears the monument; for there, in unison with the thoughts of faith and Christian valour which are inspired by the sight of it, the cathedral, the finest ecclesiastical relic of Scotland, reposes at its base, preserved from the 'rascally mob,' as the Reformer dubbed the ignorant zealots of his day, by the affection of the citizens. The sun, when the hill was last wound round, glimmered in vapour as if looking out from under bushy brows and lashes, an emblem of the eye of Heaven; while the town, stretching off for miles below, lay vested in haze, the spires of churches and factory chimney-stalks shooting up in silhouette everywhere through the golden mist. It was touching, in these circumstances, to behold the effigy of the man about whom clustered the most vital event of the nation's story, and whose fame, after three centuries, had drawn his countrymen to fix on this notable spot for commemorating him and his immortal task. From all points of the Reformer's career flowed in on the mind incident after incident; which grouped themselves, not in the faded hues of a face that had once won regard though now suffered to moulder in the lumber room, but glistening with the dew of life, and still rejoicing the heart. At the same moment, which was in the interval between forenoon and afternoon service, the bells of the Cross Steeple, the old core of the town, were filling the air with tunes of familiar psalmody.

The oblation of Scottish love and thanksgiving brought to Knox,—a homage which resembles, if it also goes beyond, the passion boiling in the blood for Bruce and Wallace,—has its spring in the sense that not merely was the country snatched by him from the policy of the Guises, who, tools of the Romish see, strove to overthrow the Reformation, but that above the service of the earlier patriots, recovering for it the Christian Faith buried in the tomb of the Middle Ages, he became the author of its present civilisation. The Refor-

mation in England, real and glorious as it was, was yet too intertwined with the passions of Henry the Eighth and the domineering will of his great daughter, to allow of popular recognition clustering about its holy and illustrious clerics. North of the Tweed, on the contrary, the Church centred in Knox, who permanently imprinted his pure and potent spirit on it. Although the Reformer passed across the stage in modest, unpretentious guise, a simple presbyter to the last, all native contemporaries revolved round him: people, nobles, magistrates, and his colleagues in the pastorate, to whom he gradually imparted his own fixity of soul without drawing them from their proper orbits. During the short reign of Edward, the pious son of Henry, who sought to reform his father's reforms, the Scotch minister, taking refuge across the border from persecution, was appointed one of the royal chaplains; the bishopric of Rochester was offered him; and he was even joined with Cranmer and others in revising the Common Prayer and Articles. Elizabeth herself, along with her astute counsellor Burleigh, was won by his representations to sustain Scotland against the French. Knox, in short, it was, the stirring renovator, fit to preside at a new order of things, imparting primary impulses which should be felt after the source of them might be forgotten, who, in North Britain, was called to give a constitution to its Church. No changes, since, have obliterated the lines which he drew for it. No future development will, with any likelihood, stamp a different pattern on the national existence, whatever modifications it may yet assume. Schools in every parish; a grammar school of higher teaching for towns; a liberal endowment of Universities; and, above all, a Church, which, free in its deliberations, even if allied to the State, should not be tempted to fawn on despots for its crust of bread: such was his programme. In the revolution accomplished, which, in 1560, shortly before Mary's return from France, and again

in 1567, was, according to the exigency of the hour, ratified by Act of Parliament, Scotland shut for ever the door on the Papacy. Knox, at the moment, stood forth as the rounded moon, which has breasted a storm of embattled clouds; and, though seeming often lost before the murky array, is found serenely riding on high at the close of the strife. And when, at length, in his sixty-seventh year, he sank to rest, the Christian warrior did so with a finger pointing heavenward to show, what his paralysed lips could not utter, that he gave up in peace the ghost.

The Faith of Scotland, however, as it exists at the present day, shows distinct traces of itself centuries before the Reformation, although its Church and educational institutions sprang directly from the large soul of John Knox. A fount of apostolic zeal opened in the ministry of Columba, about the middle of the sixth century, which bounded and divided in all directions, rejoicing the land with many an oasis. Everything, indeed, connected with the dear Monk of Iona attracts the evangelic instinct and passionate romance of Scotsmen. The story is a religious idyl, a poem combining a grave page of history with the charm of fiction. For this reason, if for no other, it might be just to pause a moment on it, before completing the lineaments of the Reformer. But it is possible, or rather probable, that the stream of Presbytery, which, in Scotland, burst forth at the Reformation, had lurked underground, and, though on a grander scale, only renewed the course which had run centuries earlier in the mission of Columba.

At the birth of the Missionary, in the coming on of maternal agony, a seraph, so goes the legend, encouraged Eithne, his mother, by the vision of a garment wrought in flowers, which, an emblem of the babe's future fruitful toils, grew till it spread over mountain and forest. A bard and warrior in temperament, like the son of Jesse, and like him

also of a ruddy, gracious countenance, Columba, kinsman, moreover, to the king of the Scots previously settled in Argyleshire, revealed a royal spirit in all his acts. As the coracle of osiers which bore the Saint and his twelve companions,—a sacred number !,—is descried pushing from the Irish strand across the boisterous sea of the Hebrides, how is every stroke of the oars, every shifting of sail, responded to by the heart, as if now the passage were being made, and still the enterprise of mercy hung in the balance! Iona, an islet anchored close on the confines of the rival kingdoms of Scots and Picts, became the home of the devoted band, won from the sovereigns by the commanding influence of Columba. As the skiff drove upon the white sandy beach, a circle of lowly wattled huts, constructed by themselves of thorn and briar, twined by ivy, rose for the Apostle and his comrades; when the tasks of prayer, perusal of Scripture, specially the Gospels and Psalms, and preparations for evangelism, combined with fixed efforts at imparting the rudiments of civilisation to the barbarians, occupied the holy family. Every species of work was shared in common; the Abbot of the company, not less than the humblest of his troop, ploughing the furrow, sowing the grain, harvesting the fruits, tending and milking the cows, as well as performing the lofty duties of his primacy. But, in the whole proceedings, it is instructive to observe how, choosing a monastic rule, the best, doubtless, at the epoch for his object, the institutions founded by Columba, composing hundreds spread over the country at his demise, were establishments of missions, not of sterile devotional indulgence. A presbyter himself, too, while governor of others ordained by him to episcopal offices, the president regarded bishops, as the Scottish Reformers did superintendents, ministers holding one rank with presbyters, though, as occasion required, discharging special functions. What brings out yet more the

identity of the early and present Scottish Faith, the Abbot of Iona, on entering any fresh field of action, in an age when the Church of Rome mistrusted apostolic methods, showed absolute confidence in the Gospel and its motives, reposing on the preaching of the Word as the 'power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation.' The fact of Calvary, and the Redemption flowing from it, without any ceremonial attraction, was boldly proclaimed, as he penetrated into one wild district after another. The cures of all kinds, indeed, which he wrought on the troubled, (for he imitated the Good Physician before him,) struck his disciples as miracles. But, as far as the Gospel was concerned, assured that the heavenly effect would follow its prayerful presentation, the Preacher contented himself with bringing it home to all in its own simplicity, to the chieftain of a clan equally with his rough gillie. The missions originated by him, as they afterwards travelled south to Lindisfarne, and across into Germany and Switzerland, happy to think! bore firstfruits of a harvest into which the Church of Scotland has later thrust many a sickle, through her ventures for the conversion of the heathen in the mighty dependency of India, as well as in China and Africa.

A hand of the Reformer on his monument, holding the Bible outstretched as for appeal, emphasises the means, namely, the spoken Word, by which, like Columba, Knox converted and swayed the nation. For, not a portly treatise, or a gorgeous ritual, but, as he himself says, the 'tongue and lively voice,' served as the instrument through which he animated his countrymen ; giving forth a strain piercing as that of the Spartan fife, which turned every man into a hero for the conquest of heavenly truth. As the countenance is examined, it is, indeed, the grave and reflective divine rather than the orator who is apparent. The strong, full-formed aquiline nose, puckered with thought at its roots, the rich, firm lips, corresponding to the absorbed, sorrowful eyes which

look over them from under wide-arched eyebrows, all yield an expression of composure; but the composure is as of the sea in a calm, with signs of inward emotion which may at any instant break into white-crested waves. The effect of Knox's eloquence, in reality, as he preached from his own pulpit of St. Giles's, Edinburgh, (it was the same wherever he came, and he came everywhere,) was as that of a tornado, when the oak and other forest trees are forced to yield, as well as the lithe willow by the rivulet: the patrician, that is, equally with the simple burgess. The Reformer, in this respect, recalls Peter the Hermit, although the Message of the Scotsman was of infinitely higher import:—Christ risen, Prince and Saviour, for the renovation of his native land, not the deliverance of the abandoned Sepulchre. Both orators were of short stature; both, for different reasons, might, like their common prototype St. Paul, be regarded as 'contemptible'; but, before the kindled eye, either of the one or of the other, the boldest quailed; and, once the lips in motion, such, in both cases, was the force, the impetuous vehemence of discourse, kept glowing by facts and forgetfulness of self,—tears, and sighs, and pathetic wailings over the eclipse of the Christian Name accompanying the argument,—that every doubt, fear, or other impediment to conviction was swept away. The very pulpit, in the infirm old age of Knox, as he found himself within it, at once metamorphosed him from a thing which seemed ready to be 'crushed before the moth,' into the fiery Boanerges of his prime. A year prior to his decease, an eye-witness describes him at St. Andrews, tottering in furs from the Abbey to the parish church, a staff in one hand, and with the other, which was supported by his pious servitor Richard Ballenden, grasping his Genevan Bible. But, lifted though he had to be into the rostrum, no sooner did the waning man stand on the stage of his consecration,—faces of gentle and simple, learned and unlearned, some of them

shining with the glory of the Christian life got through his ministry, upturned on him,—than the sacred fire blazed from the embers; and, before its subsidence, the preacher, in the Scottish phrase of the recorder, was 'like to ding the pulpit in blads, and fly out of it'!

If all, brilliant as it was, had been only a trick of rhetoric, it would have fallen on the heart of the country like the sparks of a firework, extinct before the ground is touched. The adage of the Roman poet, however, that, to move others, one must first himself be moved, was fulfilled in the Reformer; and the tradition of his example has had probably more influence than anything else in shaping the Scottish clergy into a body of fervent and impressive preachers. But, conversion is always looked for by Presbytery as indispensable to holy orders; no fruits of office, otherwise, are expected; nor has ever a revival of religion happened, except where the slumber of the ministry has been first broken within the souls of those clothed with it.

How fared it with Knox, in respect of this sublime essential for a call to reform the Faith of his country?

As the foot stands within the quaint, protruding manse at the Nether Bow, where he passed away—the home of the Reformer in Edinburgh, appointed to him by the magistrates, and since secured by modern reverence from change,—it is affecting to be aware that, as he lay dying, welcoming nobles, judges, parishioners, and brethren of the pastorate in tears, along with foes in penitential abasement come to ask his pardon, a passage of Scripture, which seems earlier to have been for him the source of his birth from above, now flitted with sweet persistency before the eye, and became turned into a pillow on which his soul reposed in its transit to the world of spirits.

The passage was the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, in which the Evangelist records how Jesus, before

His passion, in the room at Jerusalem with the Apostles, looking upwards, prayed: 'Father, the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee,' etc.

At any moment this apocalypse of the Saviour might give wings to Faith; but Knox, when it first flamed on his view, stood as the Jewish Legislator before the Burning Bush, an instinct forecasting the mission which Providence was to impose on him. From hints of his own recorded, the Tutor, (for he was yet nothing more at middle age, although in priest's orders and an ecclesiastical notary,) sank a shaft deep into the heart of Salvation, through the Sacrifice and Ministry of the Lord unfolded in this chapter. St. Augustine, whose works were favourites with Knox in his search into the sacred archives, had helped him to discover the ground; but it was his own faith, through grace, as always it must be, which brought the Divine Gift to the surface. Such was the power, the charm it might be called, of the High-priestly Petition,—a fountain opened for his parched lips,—that, at the close of his hours, he filled his cup from the same spring, like David returning as king to drink of the well of his boyhood. At once, as the dangerous swell of the epoch was agitating all hearts, his own among the number, the coming steersman of his country 'cast an anchor,' to use his own image, where the Apostles had refuge. The bed of the moorage, deep though it lay, was not out of reach, for faith manages to sound the mystery of the Eternal Love; nor was the bottom composed of loose *débris*, so that, before the shock of wind and billow, the hold might be lost. In all convulsions of the times, and in those fierce personal trials which at length fell on the Reformer, the bark of his soul, tossed as it might be, rode in safety.

The academic preparation of the hero, an element, probably, as highly considered always in the Scottish Church as in any whatever, far surpassed ordinary attainments. It

was Aristotle, the ruler of the age in forms of thought, who braced his dialectic faculty; Aquinas, prince in scholastic divinity, drenched him with mediæval theorems; but what turned his face towards the revolution which constitutes the beginning of Modern History for his country, it happened that, through the sieve of Johannes Major's prelections, a professor at Glasgow in Knox's university days, who, in Paris, had taken up the free opinions of Gerson, some seeds of liberality percolated into the generous bosom of the student. From the teacher's quiver were derived arrows which the strong arm of the pupil afterwards drew full against the claims of pontifical and regal usurpation. Nay, overleaping the bounds of the preceptor, who, showing a better way, yet timidly kept the trodden path, the scholar, about the year 1535, the thirtieth of his life, gave himself to the study of the Fathers. Before this period, however, he took the degree of Master of Arts; played a while with the subtleties of philosophy, teaching them even with applause, without finding good in them; and, the canonical age anticipated, he finished this stage of his course by passing the neck under the yoke of priestly orders. Mary the Queen, the pretty Mary of the Scots, as she later vainly sought to curb the Reformer, whimpered to the maidens of her court that he was a 'bookish' man, and, therefore, intractable to her hands.

At the time, however, when, on the verge of his public mission, the Reformer was standing ready girt to pilot his boat across the strait of life, there hung around Scotland the darkest clouds which could shadow the heart of a Christian patriot. To understand the circumstances, a glance may be cast on the position of the country now, the light of the Reformation having shot athwart its sombreness so as to arouse hierarchical rage, but not yet forcibly enough to establish its reign.

As the eye turns back on the Middle Ages, it descries in the twilight of the eleventh century, when Canmore came to the Scottish throne, the rich figure of his canonised Saxon queen, Margaret, guiding the religious course of her adopted country. A fugitive with her brothers from the troubles of the Norman Conquest, she took refuge in the northern kingdom, a boon for Scotia, which no other gift could have equalled at that period. It is, indeed, the Gospel glimmering through the system of Rome that she personified; but therewith she swayed the fierce dispositions of Greathead,—for such means the name of her stout, enterprising husband,—and attempted to stem clerical abuses. Canmore, under the spell of his spouse, joined with her in her devotions, the illiterate monarch being prompted to adorn the Prayer Book in her hands, and often pressing it to his lips, as well in reverence for its contents as for her sake. David the First, the poor man's king, son of Margaret, and smitten with his mother's religious enthusiasm, trod, as his brothers had done before him, in her footsteps; founding the great circle of monasteries in the south, from Holyrood, Cambuskenneth, and Melrose, round to Jedburgh. The papal policy launched in this era by the irresistible arm of Hildebrand, dooming the clergy to celibacy, and seeking to hem in rude secular forces by spiritual authority, gave, as long as a moral principle pervaded it, a sanction to self-restraint, which had a good in it.

But, as one generation followed another, the worth of the system, as all know, became gradually minimised, until, by the early part of the sixteenth century, with the advent of the pagan and profligate rule of Leo the Tenth, the Church, especially in Scotland, degenerated to such a point, that the garden of the Lord had changed into a pestilential marsh.

The host in the Holy Communion, continued, of course, as it always has been, to be the core of the Catholic Service;

the embryo of the whole practical system; the spring that keeps in motion all its hopes and fears. But, specially dissociated then from the image of Christ as He lives, dies, and rises in the Gospels, it was not a sacrament so much as a charm; it operated after absolution, got by confession, along with a promise to perform trivial mechanical penances, even though the heart rested in the same condition; and the office being in Latin,—which the priest, often, scarcely understood, the people not at all,—the wafer, professing to be the body of the Lord, assumed, as it was exposed for adoration, the character of a magic agent. The potency of it, in the eyes of communicants, (and everybody had to flock to its reception,) was enhanced by the dogma, that its virtue depended on the orders, no way on the disposition of the administrant; so that if only the functionary was a priest, though an apostate, a sot, a murderer, the efficacy of his work was as sure, as if Jesus Himself had pronounced the formula.

The air, too, in common belief, was full of Saints, hovering over the land, and, as intercessors, ready, for a taper planted in their honour, to carry any cause before the throne of God. Of these, the Apostles, naturally, occupied prominent seats on the Christian Olympus, although, being better known than others, who were often imaginary personages, did not equally captivate hearts fond of illusion. But, crowned above the clouds, was the Virgin, Queen of Heaven, treading the Serpent under foot, and awaiting the devotion of the whole earth. To her, in every need, hasted all classes, the lecher as well, the bandit, the assassin, prostrating themselves before her image, and vowing to heap her altars in return for aid to their adventures. What basis soever such a style of worship has, the fact is, that it now existed as a demoralising superstition over all Europe, but most scandalously in Scotland. The Saviour, the Father Himself, were caught sight of

only in glimpses, through the crowd of celestial and terrestrial brokers, who, in popular fancy, were, like electioneering candidates, struggling for suffrages.

As for the morals of the clergy, the curtain, in the present day, dare not be drawn aside so as fully to disclose them. The stories of Boccaccio probably show no ingenuity of dissoluteness, which was not also excogitated, or rivalled, by the Scottish priesthood. Lindsay of the Mount, the satiric poet of the Reformation, who, like Juvenal, laid open the ethic condition of his country with a freedom more salutary than decent, kept James the Fifth and his court merry over the frailties of the hierarchy, even while the facetious sovereign propt up the Church against the thrusts of ridicule. At a time when Greek had a recognised place in the studies of the southern kingdom, and the Continent abounded with enthusiastic scholars of it, a taste for the sacred language of the New Testament, was, in Scotland, looked on as a symptom of heresy. The oriental tongues, including Hebrew, lay away forgotten as in charnel vaults, or, if remembered, were alluded to only with a jest worthy of the tomb of Yorick. Monks became the preachers, who are found to have stuffed their harangues with trumpery legends and the gossip picked up on their begging strolls.

Of all the causes, however, which forced on the Reformation, yet rendered its accomplishment perilous, a chief one was the attitude of the superior clergy. An oligarchy, so to say, backed up by the hand of the shadowy, ominous figure in St. Peter's Chair, the ecclesiastical rulers, commanding about one-half the wealth of the land, drew the breath of their power from the continuance of corruption. An abbacy, striven for generally with the same fierce temper, the same intrigues, the same formidable weapons as temporal dignities, often empowered its occupant, by virtue of his office, to take precedence of all ordinary princes; for, in addition to

his ecclesiastical eminence, he might be Lord Chancellor; an army of friars, (*soldiers under orders*, as a Dominican of Mount Carmel, who amiably conducted the writer through his monastery, called himself and his brethren,) obeyed the nod of their chief; and the population of a province was kept in awe of him by the terrors of both worlds. Bishop, cardinal, abbot, however, it was all one: to hold the primacy in the country was the common object of ambition; and while the pretext for seeking its possessions was to give dominance to the spiritual element, the pride, the cruelty, the luxury of that pomp which is of the devil formed its substance. Under a system which debarred the clergy from the humanising and hallowed forces of domestic life, it is no wonder that every priest had his concubine; but its most aggravated feature lay in the competition of prelate with noble in sensual excesses, the dignitary of the Church thrusting the children of his lust into matrimonial alliance with the bastard offspring of the aristocracy.

What deepened the gloom for Reformers was, among others, the martyrdom, in 1526, of Patrick Hamilton, a scion of royalty, the primrose of the Reformation, pushing forth his fair young head in the early spring of Scotland's revival, but ruthlessly trampled under foot by the management of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, Beaton, the primate, the local pope.

Of courtly nurture, yet in the temper of Moses, Patrick Hamilton, as he grew up, saw with commiseration the burdens of his people. But, finding that the motions of religious life within his breast, as well as his preference for the Classics over degenerate scholasticism, only exposed him to suspicion, the awakened youth fled to the Continent for a time. In Wittemberg, the *alma mater* of the German Reformation, where he drank the Word at her full paps with such joyous eagerness as to captivate both Luther and Melancthon, the limbs of his faith waxed into proportions which foreshadowed

the heaven-born strength wherewith he was soon to oppose the Papacy. At length, going back to his native land, bearing with him the harvest of his evangelic husbandry, scarcely had he opened his stores to his famished brethren, than, beguiled to St. Andrews under cover of a conference, the noble confessor, in the absence of the King, his relative, was committed to the flames. To this hour, the image of this gracious sufferer for the Christian Hope, as fancy draws him, retains its potency. From a summary of doctrine issued by him, it is observable how the syllogism, after the fashion of the time, gave a frame to his arguments. But, with him, the dialectic mould was as the trellis of a branching vine, leaving the purple clusters to push in profusion. The Law, as he has placed it, gives desirableness to the Gospel, which glows in its close vicinity; the Gospel, on the other hand, prompts its own acceptance, seen as the fulfilment of the Law. Jesus, as if His Name were wrought in pearls, is presented as the Giver of Himself for the Sinner's sins; as He who washes off the Transgressor's filth in His Blood; buys him back from Death; and becomes his Peace, his Possession. Everything composing the Glory of the Cross manages to get expressed in small space; but not dryly, as preserved fruits; the Truth blooms in its freshness.

And for this it was, that the gentle Witness was burned at the stake, praying, as the dignity of rank mildly tempered the seraphic glow of his faith, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!' It was not by rock falling, or by the flash of thunderbolt, by shipwreck, sword, or pest, that the Martyr, in the joy of youth, but borne above its power, was forced to yield up his saintly breath. It was his family, alas! so to say, the sacred order to which he belonged, the professed proxies of the meek and lowly Saviour, who piled up the consuming faggots. But, God be praised! what Tertullian so early noticed, that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the

Church, was now signally proved; and all good men, in high as well as in low places, put to one another the question: 'For what could this beauty of piety suffer, if not, like his Lord, for the Gospel!'

The Martyrdom of George Wishart, a gentleman of the family of Pitarrow, cannot, in the procession of events, any more than that of Hamilton, be allowed to pass unnoticed; for it not only worked as a wheel within other wheels in the triumph of the Reformation, but virtually brought forward the Reformer before Scotland, imparting, at the start, a mighty impulse to his ministry.

Of Scottish Christians, standing on a platform public enough for everybody to see, Wishart, all in all, was probably the fairest copy of the Saviour come to light.

Tall of stature he was, trowsered in simple black hose, with a gown of frieze dropping low to the feet, and a shirt of coarse linen. All, externally, as he came in view, offered the tokens of a servant of Jesus, yet, like a Prophet of the Captivity, expressing the troubled, revolutionary age into which he had been born. But, as he drew near; as he conversed; as he poured out in word and action the sparkling hope which dwelt within him, every contrast was harmonized. The temperament of the preacher was, constitutionally, melancholic, which mantled his face with a sorrowful hue fed from a large, sympathetic, travelled study of mankind, and an exquisite compassion for it. The martyrdom which he confidently expected, (for the 'coming event,' in the tender words of the Scotch poet, 'cast its shadow before it,') deepened other causes of pathos. The hair concentrated itself in a flowing black beard; the crown of the head, being bald, was covered with a round French cap. But, cap and all, while yet worth something, were sooner or later given to the poor; one article weekly, it seems, another monthly, another quarterly; the top piece, apparently a point of taste with him,

being alone retained for the longer period of a year. His fare was just sufficient to sustain health; abstinence, at intervals, coming in for religious, not for ascetic, reasons. A bundle of straw, though so gently born, formed his couch, and, like every other thing, was parted from for the indigent. Charity, indeed, in all its forms, such as St. Paul unfolds, so imbued his being, that it might have been conjectured he had spoken personally with the Lord, and now walked with the lustre of Jesus beaming from him. At Dundee, where his ministry, like his Master's, drew 'all men' to him, the Preacher, banished from the town, hasted back, on the plague breaking out, to tend the sick and fulfil the offices of a Christian pastor. Such was his forgiving spirit, that, on a priest attempting his life, he interposed to save the wretched criminal from the fury of the people. Nay, with the keenest sensibility of conscience, he seemed incapable of realising evil in others, resembling the saintly Italian artist of the fifteenth century, who, in love of good, had no eyes for harm.

The trial and execution of the Martyr might well be avoided in this place, if they did not bring out characteristics both of him and of his persecutors.

St. Andrews, the seat of a university, was the scene, an ancient decayed city on the eastern coast of Fifeshire, which takes its name from the patron saint of Scotland. A tourist who passes along its quiet, academic streets, is struck with the tall ruins of the abbey church, which formed the place of examination; but he will pause with special emotion by the wreck of the strong quadrangular Castle, where Wishart was confined, before being brought out of a morning to be condemned and burnt. At the north-west corner, with the tide breaking in fits on the long projecting ledges of rock which run up to its base, are the remains of a tower, in the lower room of which, now open to the sky, the Martyr, breakfasting with the Governor, took, in view of his suffering, of the bread

and wine on the table, and celebrated the Eucharist. The grass grows on the exposed floor; but the spot is sacred. It hallows the thought to sit on the fragment of the wall which once partitioned off the chamber glooming beneath,—the round, or 'bottle' dungeon, so called from its shape,—the lodging of Wishart till his execution. The arched gateway through which the Confessor was marched forth, is in sight across the court; while the turrets of the Abbey shoot up beyond, and the beach gradually wends away.

At the door of the abbey church, as an armed centenary of warders led up the prisoner for trial, Wishart dropped his purse into the hands of a mendicant squatted before it. Blessed Saint!, who could have thoughts of pity for another freely breathing the air, though a pauper, whilst thyself, in irons, summoned to answer on a capital charge, before a tribunal with Cardinal Beaton for president! Far, probably, was the accused from thinking of the conclave, as he now listened to Him who, pointing to the beggar at the portal whispered in the ear of faith, '*Whatsoever ye do to the least of these in My Name, ye do it unto Me!*'

The articles for which Wishart was called in question, turned on the eternal antagonism between the simulacra of the Papacy, and the Gospel of Christ. As the figments, however, were parasitically rooted in the truths, the public accuser, a priest, a coarse abusive fellow, who prefaced his onset with a file of scurrilous epithets, sought to draw the prisoner into the situation of seeming to deny the Faith of Jesus, in controverting the noxious falsehoods that had fattened upon it. But, with the 'wisdom' of the 'serpent' mixed with the 'harmlessness' of the 'dove,' the witness at the bar skilfully disentangled the twisted dogmas of light and darkness, cherishing the one class, piercing the other, like Tell when he transfixed the apple, without even grazing the hair of his child. At every point where the argument of

the Minister of Jesus was specially trenchant, the members of the ghostly hierarchy on the bench mocked him with sorry jests, or, like the Jewish priests at the condemnation of the Lord, broke out into reproaches of blasphemy. All was enforced by them with what was called the Pope's Thunder, his fulminations against the Reformers, which frightened the superstitious, as if the ground had quaked, and the floor might visibly open its jaws. But, when the victim lifted up his voice for the Gospel, with its own light irrepressibly raying from his countenance, the whole assembly, except the Cardinal and his accomplices, was agitated in his favour. The mitres had on their side only authority, supported by force. The prisoner, in his single person, wielded the Sword of the Spirit with a wisdom which was envied by his foes, and more than once drove them to stop his mouth, lest the congregation should take the matter into their own hands. Besides the power of his speech, the suavity and meekness of his demeanour, kneeling sweetly in prayer before beginning his defence, took captive all hearts open to real piety.

The spot of execution, which was adjacent to the fastness, and covered by ordnance with gunners at their guns, lay in full view of the windows, at one of which over the gate, decked as for a festal occasion, lounged the Cardinal, on watch. As he had always been, so was the Martyr at the stake, full of good works and effusive of blessing. Some needy folk asked an alms as he advanced, but, with a rope round his neck and girdled by chains of iron, he could only express his loving wishes. At this moment, as if at the close to bring the Crucifixion to mind, as was often the case during the course of the tragedy, the executioner, on his knees, begged forgiveness of the prisoner, for that his act was against his will. On which the man was bidden come up, when he was kissed on the cheek, with the words, 'Lo! a token of reconciliation.' To complete the inspiring picture, prayers for his persecutors,

and for mercy to himself, filled the mouth during the closing minutes.

Such was the state of Scotland, and the sort of things over which men brooded, as Knox, in the year 1546, came on the public stage. The drama of his operations can here be represented only in one or two critical incidents. A prologue of a few words, however, is wanted to usher them in.

The Mass, the Sacrifice of the Mass, the adoration of the Host especially, was, in the opinion of the Reformer, idolatry, as much as the worship of the Golden Calf; bringing into play with it, as he constantly pointed out, the same vicious passions, and the same penalty. A single celebration of it, accordingly, was regarded by him, to use his own phrase when Mary set it up in the royal chapel, as more to be feared for the land than the introduction of an army of ten thousand Frenchmen. This view animated the famous Sermon at Perth, which proved the turning-point in the revolution. It was 'that Idol,' as he called it in his Letters; and, again, 'that most abominable Idol': not otherwise distinguishing it, as if the name could have only one application. To 'fall before it,' even to 'bow the head' to it, after its expulsion from worship, was, he sorrowfully wrote to his flock in England, worse than if 'the sun went down,' carrying its light away. 'If man, or an angel of heaven, preach the Mass,' exclaimed the Luther of Scotland, appropriating St. Paul's fiery language to the Galatians, 'be he accursed!' 'Posterity must know,' affirmed he further, 'that the Scotch were Christians, and not Idolaters!'

At this point, it would be unfitting to discuss the general subject of the Mass, or at all raise the question whether the expressions of the Reformer about it have not some traces of exaggeration. It is enough for understanding him to remember, that the Mass has always been the pivot on which the system of the Papacy has revolved; and that, now, when the

Iconoclast, not of marble images, but, what are far more insinuating, images of the fantasy, of the life, looked round, the keystone of the arch by which Death approached the soul was recognised in the talisman of the altar, the Host fixed in the invisible world.

The first act of the drama opens in a way which throws a quaint light on the militant state of the Church at that time; as when a gush of rays, on the slide of a dark lantern being suddenly drawn, reveals a spectacle least thought of. For Knox, the grave and scholarly Tutor, the priest in holy orders, which, however, had not as yet been used, and were soon to be discarded under the impulse of a higher call, comes on the scene, walking with a drawn sword before George Wishart. The situation of the Reformer, in the mind's eye, at first almost awakens a smile. But, at the thought of what could have transformed the servant of Jesus into a bodyguard, how do the curling lips settle, and a tear is apt to blind the eye, by remembrance of the analogous case when Peter drew the same weapon! A convoy of the gentry, disciples of Wishart, had attended the preacher ever since the attempt at his assassination; and now, Knox, a volunteer, holding to his steps with a passionate heart, trod in front for his defence against the minions of Cardinal Beaton, successor in the primacy to his uncle, who were now lurking about to capture him.

The delivery of Knox's First Sermon, a consequence of the martyrdom of Wishart, proved that the mantle of the departed sufferer had fallen on his own shoulders. The Sermons of the Reformer at once laid the foundations on which the Reformation was built up. The Call to preach, strange to say, was given him in the chapel of that castle, from a window of which the Cardinal had gloated over the trials of the Martyr. The details, however, of the astonishing oratory which changed the whole face of the country, fascinating

though the record is, cannot be entered on. But the Sermon at Perth, already alluded to, had such decisive and extraordinary consequences, that a word may be said about it.

An incident of the most homely character added to the momentum of the discourse, as so often in crises of history, when a touch, or a breath only, suffices to set the avalanche in motion.

A giddy friar, after the Reformer had left the Pulpit, exposing with bravado, for the Mass, a glass tabernacle of images, brought one to grief by the hand of a boy who threw a stone among them. The poor functionary, how natural soever, foolishly resented the act by a blow, which struck a spark in the inflammable disposition of the crowd still lingering at the doors, and brought about the demolition of all remaining of the saintly wares. The conflagration now alight spread through the city, nay, over the whole land, town catching it from town,—abbeys, episcopal palaces, the altars and shrines of churches, getting involved in the devastation. The Papacy was doomed in Scotland; and while the toleration of happier times leaves it without hindrance to restore all the paraphernalia of the system, it can never more sway the national destinies.

A trio of scenes in the Reformer's life, which stand out from the general tissue, may, before the foot passes on, arrest the glance for a moment.

The first is, the Celebration, in the autumn of 1555, of the Lord's Supper by Knox, at Calder House, the seat of Sir James Sandilands, when, after a grave and anxious conference of the reformed chiefs, the bold resolve had been taken by them to withdraw their presences wholly from the Mass. The rubicon of the Reformation was, by this step, now crossed, and a resumption made of the Communion in the holy beauty of its Institution. It was natural that the artistic instinct of Wilkie should seize this impressive occa-

sion for one of his patriotic pictures, but, unhappily, at the time of the master's call from the world, a few heads only had been placed on the canvas. Sir James Sandilands, who entertained the company, was the patriarch of the congregation in years, and by the shining purity of his life, as well as his devotion to the religious cause, worthy to have his saloon turned into a chapel. But, of the society itself, composed of gentle and simple, some of the most prominent members of the aristocracy partook of the sweet Manna from Heaven freed of idolatrous elements, and by the sacramental oath, bound themselves to the Lord of the Feast, present though invisible, to pursue the heavenly race. The Earl of Mar, afterwards Regent of Scotland, as yet only John, Lord Erskine, was there; Archibald, Lord Lorne, a future Earl of Argyle, now also dedicated his prime to God; but, above them all in lustre was found among the communicants the Earl of Moray, Lord James Stuart, half-brother of Queen Mary, whose virtues and eminent public place made honest men forget the taint of his birth.

The next scene of special interest, though sown with thorns, belongs to an earlier period, and discloses Knox borne off by the French from the Castle of St. Andrews, where he had the celebrated scholar George Buchanan among his flock. Doomed to row for nineteen months in chains as a galley slave, such a reverse was startling; but how are the basest materials woven by Providence into life often so transformed in the process, as to add a wondrous worth and beauty to the pattern! Doubtless, during the period, the Reformer was enriching himself with impressions in new circumstances. A strange and peculiar babblement would be constantly going on among the prisoners within the bulged walls of the war-boat, varied and stimulated by all caught sight of in glimpses through the portholes, as they pushed up and down the Loire during winter, or launched

forth on the stormy Channel to intercept English vessels. Now he who had swayed the highest minds of his country in the pulpit, was at the oar, bending to and fro with it. Every means—wiles, persuasions, blows, threats of torture,—was used to recover him and his fellow captives to the Church of Rome. They were marshalled on deck or on shore, to witness the ceremonial; but they one and all covered their heads to shut out the sight. The *Salve Regina*, addressed to the Virgin, was sung in their ears without seduction. Nay, as an image of the Lady, offered for homage, was pushed into the face of one of them, it was seized, and, ironically bidden to save itself, flung into the river. The temper of the Reformer, under the toils and bondage of his situation, so won, like St. Paul in his Mediterranean voyage, on the confidence of the commander, that in tempestuous weather the fettered heretic was begged to pray for him and his ship.

The scene remaining to be noticed fitly closes the drama; and, if any act could be called up for repetition, the wish of a Scotch student would probably point to it. As recorded by a contemporary alumnus of the College of St. Leonard's at St. Andrews, it was a custom of the venerable Reformer when a visitor near the end of life with less the touch of age on his frame than the ravages of suffering, to gather the collegians about him as he sat in the court, bless them, urge them on to study, and, above all, commend the good cause to their affection.

To the disparagement of the Reformer, it is sad to say, his grave, nay sensitive disposition, which the time moulded to itself, (although the sweetness, pathos, tenderness of a child lay inclosed within it,) has been often confounded with a morose fanaticism. After the gloomy colours have been laid thick on, moreover, the lugubrious caricature has been thrust in by Tory sentimentalists as a background to the romantic features of the Queen of Scots, not so much for her sake, as

in rabid hatred of the Christian statesman. Grim events, it is true, brought Knox and Mary face to face under circumstances which placed them in memorable opposition; and the situation has been too tempting for artists, as well as partisans, not to seize and expend on it all their powers of contrast. The Stuart, it cannot be doubted, as the portrait of Zucchero proves, was worthy of her reputation as one of the loveliest women in the courts of Europe. But as in the Gardens of the Luxembourg at Paris the statue of Mary was once come upon, the beauty of the Queen specially struck the sense, with her fair, open front, arched eyebrows, and delicate mouth, assisted by a tall figure, the Graces themselves each seeming to have contributed something to her perfection. A charm of manner, which, at first, in Scotland even, drew all hearts into her net, catching nobles of the severest principles, gave force to every other quality. Nor was Mary wanting in more solid possessions. She spoke several languages, and read history; a bold horsewoman, she also played on the lute and virginals; and she filled moments of leisure with embroidery, some of which is still shown in Holyrood. Nevertheless, if she had finished her days in France, pining at Rheims in the shade to which the towering ambition of her mother-in-law, Catherine de Medici, condemned her, or had her *rôle* in Scotland been different; above all, if fortune had not flung her amidst the waves of a revolutionary period, and, afterwards, cast her up within the frontiers of England to be imprisoned for eighteen years until the axe severed her sorrowful head from the shoulders, it is probable she would have been known only as the heroine of some chivalrous ballad. Odd enough, however, one of the oddest of things,—which might draw tears of shame, if it were not so ludicrous,—the frail, the subtle, the diplomatic woman, by having placed all her store at the service of the Papacy, though convulsing her native kingdom and its neighbour

thereby, is in a fair way of being at length lifted by it to a throne among the saints!

The love of pleasure ingrained in the Queen, if a capacity for business was also hers, comes forcibly into view through her connexion with Rizzio. The Italian, of himself, is scarcely worth an allusion. But he has an importance as far as he casts light on the tastes of Mary.

Rizzio came into Scotland as bandmaster in the train of the Duke of Savoy's ambassador. The man had been formed by his father, who was leader of an orchestra in Turin; but, besides his musical equipment, he had a voice which found for him at once a post in the court choir. The soft, supple manners clothing his handsome person, together with a knowledge of the language of France, caught the fancy of the Queen, probably giving visible form for her to the society left behind in the joyous land of her upbringing. Such a toy in the chamber of their Mistress, the arrogance of a vulgar favourite stamping his fine airs, was too much for the proud stomachs of the nobles. Disdaining the fellow, soon. private secretary of her Majesty, in proportion as he possessed a unique place in her confidence, they frowned on him, elbowed him aside, and unceremoniously counted him no better than a paltry footstool cumbering the floor as they strode into the reception-room. The papistry, too, of the menial, in him natural enough, of course, with a surmise that he was in the pay of Rome, added a peculiar odium to his person for the reforming patricians, who found him, as they sought the sovereign, constantly perched by her ear. The dagger of Lord Ruthven, stimulated by the jealousy of Darnley, the royal consort, brought at length to an end the flowery existence of the poor musician, dabbling the ante-chamber with his gore after the husband of the Queen had dragged him from her skirts.

As for Mary, however, despite the domestic crimes lower-

ing over her fame, one cannot contemplate her career without pity. The difference, on arrival in Scotland, between the gay, luxurious court which had fostered her girlhood, and the country to which she now came back, would be yet more cruelly felt, when, on a shaggy Shetland pony, all afforded her in exchange for the richly caparisoned palfreys of France, the Queen took her dreary way up Leith Walk to Holyrood. Possibly, indeed, no situation of a human being, not even her own as she laid her head on the block at Fotheringay, could surpass in wretchedness that in which she found herself, as, separated from Bothwell on Carberry Hill, she was led into her capital amidst hootings and execrations of the mob. The woman was unable to turn anywhere without beholding a banner depicting the murdered Darnley under a tree, with the young prince James on his knees beside the corpse! All, all in her lot, from first to last, awakens compassion in the heart most sensible of her faults; and her image rises to sight, if not at all with the chaste lustre, yet with even more of the tragic interest, which hangs around the fortunes of Marie Antoinette.

But is the Reformer to be therefore heaped with blame, as if the catastrophe which overtook the royal exile in England years after his death lay on him, and all had passed in the halcyon days of peace and constitutional government? The historian who weighs the temper of Mary and the post into which she was born, finds, in them, the reason of her misfortunes. Knox, when summoned by the sovereign to Holyrood for his free speech, held in trust the concerns of that revolution which contained the brilliant future of his country. It was not for a reformer, and specially a religious reformer, to act the part of a facile paladin. Any other, flattered as he was, tried by every sort of cajolery, coming from a sombre circle within the glamour of a lovely and spirited woman, might, as many even of the greybeards did,

have succumbed to the soft sway, without causing astonishment. But, he yielded not, and Scotland was saved. Whether, in a different situation of things, Knox might not have borne his escutcheon unsullied, and yet left unrebuked the music and dance of the palace, is an open question. At the hour which was passing, however, and with the burden of the Baptist, a prophet, and more than a prophet, laid on his soul by Providence, to have become the dupe of feminine artifice, and assisted the tool of the Guises, of France, of the Papacy, with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day not far off, to entice Scotland back into the slough from which it had begun to emerge, might have gained for him exemption from the spite of frivolous cavaliers, but would justly have consigned to oblivion the broken reed of his country. As the case was, the enchanted cup had no enchantment for him; the Reformation, in a struggle of life and death, survived. In rich enjoyment of the dowry, it is now the business of the heirs to sift any evil from the good which was in it, as well as reclaim religious elements undervalued in the conflict, or, through anxiety to keep grip of the chief matters, allowed to drift away.

The mild dawn of the Reformation, indeed, affords a repose to the heart, which the burning fervour of noon in Knox, when truth asserted itself with a tropical force, breaks for a long period. Yet Knox himself, in personal character, stands forth amidst the turbulence of the sixteenth century, in favourable comparison with any of its other foremost reformers. The Scotsman, far below Luther in genius, and acting on a field wanting in the grand and imposing features of the scene animated by the burly liberator of Germany, breathed a more hallowed, if not so bland a piety, free from those waverings of passion which dictated an apology for the error of the Margrave of Hesse. Knox did not, like Zwingle, the Swiss Reformer, while possessing the same

simplicity of doctrine, take the Sword along with the Book, and fall in battle commanding his co-religionists. Cranmer, again, a courtier more than a witness, although at last he boldly thrust his tainted fingers into the flames, showed a vacillation throughout his course, the very contrary to the integrity of the North Briton, over whose grave the Regent Morton pronounced the thrilling eulogium, 'There lies he who never feared the face of man!' As for Calvin, with no rival in his colossal capacity for system, he acted favourably on the development of Knox during his sojourn in Geneva; but the scholar, reciprocating any services, mercifully escaped, if only by a hair's breadth, the crime of his friend in the affair of Servetus. If the Lords of the Congregation, as the Scottish Protestant nobility called themselves, compromised their disinterestedness, a fault which they shared with all of their order, yet, in Glencairn and others, they had men among them, everything considered, worthy of the juncture. Of the aristocracy of the age in Europe, it is not too much to say, no one, holding so arduous and exposed a post as the Regent Moray, shines with fairer patriotism and morals, although, shortly after Mary's return to Scotland, he could scarcely do anything for his country which might not bear the hue of treachery to his sister. Critics, it is true, of Buckle's class, who look on all piety as a nuisance, and on scrupulous rulers as more mischievous than wicked ones on the average, are not usually very nice in discriminating the genuine votary of faith from the hypocrite, or charitable in allowing for the aberrations of good men under the complication and fierce pressure of circumstances. Yet, the scales being justly held, the action even of the nobles as a body, whatever baseness mingled in their motives, far from destroying, adds to the credit of the Cause. The Reformer and the Reformation, equally, stand aloof from all taint.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE COVENANT, AND ITS MODERN REPRESENTATIVES; WITH A GLIMPSE OF SCOTCH DOMESTIC LIFE.

The Covenant in Edinburgh.—What it was as a Stay to Presbytery.—Buckle as an Ecclesiastical Commentator.—The Stuart Family and their Instruments.—Martyrs, especially M'Kail, with the part played by Archbishop Sharpe.—Sir George Harvey's Painting of the Covenanters' Communion.—Settlement of the Church under William of Orange.—Secessions, and their difference from Dissent.—Modern Representative Characters.

A NATIVE of Edinburgh, at present even, when the City, by an increasing concourse of strangers, gains daily in cosmopolitanism, cannot go about without being reminded that he belongs to the country of the Covenanters. If religious life did not still preserve a hue from the persecutions of the Stuarts, and the discussions of ecclesiastical courts occasionally point to them, the town of itself would offer proofs. St. Giles's Cathedral, scene of the explosion against the mad plot to thrust a liturgy on the land,—a recent restoration bringing back its aspect of the time,—continues to hold its crowned tower on the dark frowning ridge of the High Street. Close by are the Cross and Parliament House, associated with acts of these days fitted to raise on end the hair of the most phlegmatic chronicler. The Grassmarket, lying low under the shadow of the Castle, must ever retain an interest due to executions which showed the soul triumphing over all the horrors of brute force;

and, as the foot traverses the noisy quarter, it may almost be imagined that the last testimony of Renwick is heard through the rattle of Claverhouse's kettledrums. The Greyfriars Churchyard, with its rugged epitaphs and memories that will not die, also recalls the Reign of Terror organized to force a strange worship, and, within it, a debased creed, on a recalcitrating people. The Pentlands, often in view, lift their scarred bosom in the southwest, a sight of them, such is their story, awaking a throb of sympathetic feeling.

The boyhood of the student who withdrew to the solitudes of Bute, was so bedewed with the tale of the Covenant,—which has left its trace on the bulk of his countrymen as well,—that, without touching on it, the problem of Scottish Faith would lack something for its comprehension. The Reformation, as known, in addition to calling up John Knox, the man endowed and accoutred of God to give it popular breadth, had its martyrs of the period. But the nation, in order to have all faculties for its task, needed to pass through a fierier ordeal, which decided that, as it could not be kept slumbering under the Papacy, it would as little succumb to the imposition of a political prelatic order. In short, besides its early conflicts, the Scottish Church had to face an effort to handicap it by the royal supremacy and a hierarchy suppressive of the whole national system. At present, amidst the fraternal amenities interchanged between the evangelic divisions of British Christianity, south as well as north, it is easy amicably to talk about the contests of the past, how tragic soever in action. If the Covenant still survives in effects, it has formally vanished from public life, and the Cameronians themselves, the most uncompromising of the religious clans, have calmed down within the ranks of the Free Church of Scotland.

For a few moments, therefore, before further filling in the picture of existing Presbyterianism, the troublous period may

be called up. Fain, fain, indeed, in special moods, would a Scotsman pass the sponge over the cruelties endured under the Stuarts, forgetting, if he could, all about them. But, amidst the misery of the times, bright stands out the Faith of his country, sparkling with a noble endurance, which ever has lessons for him; nor durst he, in these smooth days, when every man, as regards affairs of the conscience, may 'sit under his own vine and fig tree with none to make him afraid,' conceal the saintly portraits of his country,—dukes, clerks, peasants, men, women, and children of every class,—who met the fiery tide of evil like the martyrs of the primitive Church.

The Covenant, what it was, is a natural preface to the topic.

Earliest known in England, when Leslie, afterwards Earl of Leven, marched against Charles the First, the Covenant of Scotland explains itself by the golden watchword emblazoned on the unfurled standard: For Christ's Crown and Covenant! The moment of its chief triumph, was, its subscription in Greyfriars' Church, on the twenty-fifth of February, 1638, after the attempt to obtrude Laud's liturgy had fired the stool of the notorious Jennie Geddes; called up for guard of the Ark a parliament of the nobles, the gentry, ministers, and burgesses; and finally led to the memorable General Assembly of Glasgow, which shook to the ground the whole artificial framework. The bond, or covenant, however, took its origin at the Reformation; but, on any similar crisis, even down to recent times, has always revived in the national mind. Born in an age of suffering, when life and religious faith were both at stake, the Covenant, it must be owned, hedged itself with a fence prickly as the cactus; yet, within, there grew a spiritual garden, which cherished all wholesome fruits. To preserve and spread the dear Hope of the Gospel,—nothing else, nothing short of it,—in the strength

and simplicity of Presbytery, all classes, from the aristocracy to the humblest commoners, gave promise on oath. They 'swore, by the great name of the Lord their God,' to continue in its 'doctrine and discipline,' and to 'defend the same, according to their vocation and power, all the days of their lives.' It is not always in its own terms, often pungent enough, that the Covenant is made known in a Scottish family; but household lips narrate, how, in Greyfriars, amidst sobs and tears of joy, the long scroll of parchment was covered with names, initials for want of space crowding the borders; and how, later, in scores, gentle and simple of both sexes offered up their breath for it. The Covenant, in any estimate, cannot be separated from its circumstances, although some of its own sons, offended at the rough rind within which civil and religious liberty lay preserved for them, scorn to acknowledge it.

To a Caledonian, indeed, a lover of his country, if only in a way he has looked abroad from local fanes, his native land, ecclesiastically, grand as he may still find it in its doric simplicity, will show itself to have its own wants.

Yet, to estimate these, does not fall within the sphere of men such as Mr. Buckle, who, even in a review of philosophy,[1] a province germane to his special work, so curiously travesties the Scotch method,—the method of Reid, Stewart, and Hamilton, as to describe its results to be, like Scholasticism, a web of logic, woven out of postulate, instead of what it is, an effort, by the Baconian process, to bring in all facts and draw principles from them. The tomes of a confident Quixotist of this sort, reducing knowledge to physics and physical laws, as well as facing up with brandished spear to everything, no matter what, outside a pet hypothesis, may linger awhile among the imitators of western Europe on the

[1] 'History of Civilisation in Eng'and.'

steppes of Russia, when they serve little more at home than to mark the tide; but it would be vain to seek in them a fair opinion of a folk, into whose history religion has more entered as a civilising power than any other influence. Faith, with him, is superstition; zeal, fanaticism; Christian statesmanship, hypocrisy; progress, extinction of religious belief; and to blacken all priests, the candid critic confounds Romanist and Protestant, as at bottom the same, assuming for the nonce first one name and then the other. Under the rubric of general laws, facts, in his hands, losing all resemblance to themselves, become indistinguishable, like Christy Minstrels, who present a sable monotony of face. At times, however, a happy inconsistency, it should be acknowledged, seizes the declaimer, when he breathes a spirit of chivalrous generosity towards his northern foe, a thing so incongruous with the context, that one feels as if crossing the warm Gulf Stream, having frosty waters on both sides, and rests in doubt whether the shifty portrait has not been put on canvas from hints registered in different moods. The Scotch are admitted to be, after all, 'a gallant and high-spirited people'; although, before the balmy paragraph closes, the lance is again grasped for fresh thrusts.

Scotland, nevertheless, it must be repeated, as those even will own who boast to have drawn from her the blood in their veins, offers ecclesiastical blemishes. Infelicitous in some circumstances at the start, it rooted itself as far as possible behind the traditions of mediæval, even of primitive times, and its constitution lacks what a richer historical regimen alone can make good. At the Reformation, like England and the countries of Luther and Zwingle, Scotland turned with reverential eyes to the canonical writings, claiming again the Apostles and Prophets for foundation, and Jesus of Nazareth as the Corner Stone. But she practically ignored the existence of the Church after the departure of

the last apostle, until set up anew in the sixteenth century. Calvin, accordingly, a host himself verily, became almost her sole foreign doctor. If John Knox drew strength from the Fathers, yet, in the later course of the Church, the great body of them, as well East as West, were suffered to linger out in the cold, or got called up for reference only on a chance occasion. To the common loss, moreover, through the frantic measures of the Stuarts, not only was broken the close fraternal intercourse which existed between the Churches of the north and south at their origin, but, on the part of the persecuted, (let Pity drop a tear over them, for they were as truculently tortured as the Christians under Diocletian,) love changed to estrangement. As a consequence, along with Hamilton and Wishart from the dawn, the martyrology of Scotland consists of the Covenanters who were afterwards gibbeted, shot down, or exposed to the inflowing sea under an exotic Prelacy: a subordinate difference, formally, underlying the controversy, although involving retention of the Gospel itself, as well as civil and religious freedom. The Greyfriars' Churchyard of Edinburgh and the mosshags of Galloway, have, for the sake of the martyrs' tombs, therefore, become hallowed soil to every Scottish child. The Catacombs, and the grand roll of primitive sufferers, a heritage for all Christendom, are scarcely a name.

At a visit of James, the First of England, son of the unfortunate Mary, Scotland was first openly braved, when, in a midsummer progress to Edinburgh, 1617, the King, flaunting in the face of his northern subjects the pomp of his wealthier realm across the border, thought to do his old countrymen a grace in setting up its alien service, a hobby of his, against their will. The Chapel of Holyrood, now a ruin for sightseers, the breeze playing over its pavement of gravestones, with the empty quatrefoils of its beautiful pointed window brought out against the sky beyond, had been for months

past in the hands of ecclesiastical upholsterers. The simple adornment of Presbytery, which James had been accustomed to till manhood, was getting replaced by a suspicious symbolism. An altar, furnished with candles, bowls, etc., all the usual High-Church sanctities, sprang up where Rome's had fallen at the Reformation. Vacant niches were stocked with images of the Apostles. To give the new ritual effect, a surpliced choir was to supplant the ordinary congregation, with its unschooled voices pathetically raised to the words of the Psalms of David. The royal pedant, however, putting out of sight how the Church had earlier snubbed him as often as he had arbitrarily displayed the horns of Supremacy, reckoned without his host. At a conference held in Hampton Court shortly after the accession of James to the throne of England, the foolish absolutist had been animated in his scheme for a forced suppression of Presbyterianism by Archbishop Whitgift, who, as the King browbeat Dr. Reynolds, the learned Puritan of Oxford, breathed into the regal ears the flattering unction that he had spoken with the inspiration of the Spirit! Now, the whole courtly hierarchy egged on the tool shaped to their wishes. But, to keep down the storm which immediately began to brew, the images had to be at once relegated to the tomb of all the Capulets; while the son of Mary doctored his spleen by railing on the impiety which suffered dragons and other devilish beasts,—so it was,—to remain in the carvings of the sanctuary, but frowned on the apostolic effigies.

At present, the sublime article of the Confession of Faith, that 'God alone is Lord of the Conscience,' has a place for itself among the truisms of constitutional governments. Even in Italy, a Free Church in a Free State,—the great Cavour's aphorism,—has its partisans. The Scots, in Edinburgh, if still preferring the devout extemporaneous utterance of the heart, as truly appreciate, probably, as any fond

Anglican the Collects and Litany of the Church of England. At the time, however, of the episcopal parade in Holyrood, James was planting on his head a pontifical crown, propped by aggressive hierarchs from the southern kingdom. The Church of Scotland formed the resolute band which presented themselves at the gap, to guard it in the name of Civil and Religious Liberty, until, with the arrival at Torbay of the Prince of Orange, the whole patriotism of the realm came to the front. To have conceded to the encroaching monarch the point, small as in itself it seemed, would have been as real treason to the Saviour, as, at the bidding of Trajan, to have burned incense before the imperial image.

Charles the First, who afterwards visited Edinburgh with the same views as his father, shared the family perfidy, which, wearing the gloss sometimes of conscience, sometimes of policy, distinguished the Stuarts. But it is to his gay and dissolute son, hastened on the stage at the Restoration as King of Great Britain and Ireland, that the chief era of Scottish martyrdoms is owing. The canvas at disposal is not broad enough to hold a painting of the sufferers severally, even were it to be wished for. But, in M'Kail, who, in 1666, after a brief ministry, at the age of six-and-twenty, bade farewell to the world at the Cross of Edinburgh, the Covenant is fortunate in possessing a martyr that may represent the whole Cloud of Witnesses. If the greatest of Scotchmen, yielding to the Novelist's temptation, a passion for pictorial effect, soiled his escutcheon by caricaturing the Martyr, a poet of the present day has strikingly shown the patriotism of his lofty Muse in restoring the portrait.[1]

As the rise of the young Saint is watched, it seems as if he had come anterior to the galaxy of martyrs a decade and a half afterwards, in order that an adumbration of the Crucified

[1] 'The Bishop's Walk and the Bishop's Times.' By Orwell.

Lord might be exhibited by him, before the accidents of the time forced exaggeration into the ranks. Cameron, founder of the renowned Regiment of his own name, burned with the fervour of piety, as at Aird's Moss he rushed on the swords of the King's troopers, with the prayer on his lips to have the 'ripe' plucked and the 'green' spared. But, in his eccentric theory of civil magistracy, he forsook the plane of the Covenanters, and, like a blazing comet, was lost to the general body. Peden, again, the Prophet as he was called, starts in sight as Elijah did, suddenly delivering his message and vanishing to one of his retreats in Clydesdale, until, in familiar converse with God, talking in tropes caught from mountain and moor, he closed his eyes in peace. M'Kail, distinct from both, resembled Raphael by an harmonious union of majesty with sweetness. In his course he has the air of a celestial vision, come to witness a while to opposers, and, on withdrawal, leave an impression of himself which should continue to influence generations.

A special child, to whom Nature, as well as Grace, brought its adornment, he had, according to contemporary notices, a corporeal beauty scarcely of this world. The charm chiefly lay, however, not in the features, which looked cut in alabaster by the hand of an ideal statuary. A glow it was, flushing the whole countenance, but particularly the eyes, which sparkled as if fed from an invisible spiritual fount. The shrine, nevertheless, was not comelier than the soul, its lodger; nay, it was only a fitting home for the ethereal tenant. All objects around shed on him their influence; or rather, like Francis of Assisi, he allied himself with all, so that the sky, and the mountains, and birds, and every simple thing, as well as family and other human connexions, were viewed as akin to him. The theology of his creed had no vagueness or excess in it. It was drawn from the fountain of Scripture, in harmony with the essential confession of Chris-

tendom. But, a modern among moderns, the Christian scheme came to his lips through his affections, rid of transient technicalities, and grew, and blossomed in a perpetual, personal communion with the Holy Trinity. As the young minister of Christ wandered among the hilly byways of Liberton on the southern outskirts of Edinburgh, he tempered his spirit, weekly, by a day of devotion, in order to comfort and exhort his poor flock aright, forced to gather with him under the open sky. At his martyrdom, when the saint stepped on the scaffold to offer his fair yet resolute life, spectators broke into wailings as for a firstborn, inconsolable as if the light was getting quenched. Sorrow, however, changed into ecstasy, when the witness, already on the ladder of the gibbet, looked out like the martyr Stephen, as if the firmament had divided before him, and spoke those famous words of adieu, which flashed as the coloured orbs of flame given off by a rocket before its fall: *Farewell, Father and Mother, Friends, Relatives! Farewell the World and all Delights! Farewell Sun, Moon, and Stars! Welcome God and Father! Welcome sweet Lord Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant! Welcome, blessed Spirit of Grace, God of all Consolation! Welcome Glory! Welcome Eternal Life!* Unscared by the King of Terrors, glaring on him at that moment in hideous guise, he let drop the napkin, signal of readiness, exclaiming as he did so, *Welcome Death!*

Seen against the sombreness investing the Judges of the Privy Council, the Martyr dazzles by the contrast.

If the Duke of Rothes, Lord High Commissioner and President on the occasion, was not the worst of them, yet, in common with Middleton, his precursor in office, and Lauderdale who followed, he was verily of the ruffian breed representing the King in Scotland during his worthless reign. But these pages refuse to sully themselves with the portraiture of such notorious foes to God and Man. A figure,

however, a clerical figure, as if a system of fiendish crime could not work without a priest to bless and invigorate it, crouched behind, pulling the strings to the Privy Council. From his intrinsic wickedness, and his profession which so aggravates the dye of his guilt, it is impossible not to bring him forth for the pillory.

Of a nature prone like the worm which goes on its belly, James Sharpe, after crawling through the stages of his native ministry, holding the Parish of Crail and a theological professorship, burst on the Church at the Restoration as a florid dragonfly, under the title of Archbishop of St. Andrews. It is not that the man, in Presbyterian orders, coveted a mitre, which has won for the changeling the popular sobriquet of Judas. The saintly Leighton, of similar beginnings, but stainless of all ambition, accepted a see, hoping thereby to find a sphere of good otherwise inaccessible. The apostasy of Sharpe had nothing to explain or palliate it, beyond the essential badness of a wretch who played away his soul for place. No mystic mediævalism, as with Laud, lurked in his constitution. No trace of enthusiasm is discoverable in him ; no piety, except its decorum ; even no turn of thought leading him to dally with the abstract question. At London, in his younger days, giving himself to ecclesiastical business, the future archbishop caught the notice of men as a smart, assiduous, orderly workman, who profusely boasted of attachment to his Church, and seemed always occupied in advancing its interests. The Restoration, which, by the union of a despotic Court with a prelacy panting to crush religious freedom, threatened all that was dear to Scotland, led to his being appointed by the anxious Church to defend its cause. But, before the King had set foot on English ground, the sanctimonious cheat had as good as betrayed it into the hands of Clarendon, the bigoted Lord Chancellor, and Sheldon the political Archbishop of Canterbury. Oath, protesta-

tion, cajolery, were all employed to keep his countrymen from guessing the real scope of his activity. At length the agent came down to Scotland, announcing himself as Primate, with a commission to form an episcopal hierarchy, and subject the presbyteries to it.

It would be vain to follow the man: how he got an Inquisition, under another name, to be set up, himself as President, but, by his exceptional malignity, drove away the milder demons associated with him, unable to sit on the same bench, or even hear his rasping voice; and how, after twenty years of persecution, just as he had won over Charles to place the whole country at his feet, the cry of the souls under the altar was heard. In the Dance of Death, by hands no way thought of, the doer of these execrable horrors was hurried before the Judge of all.

About to start for London to support his worst card in the game,—an edict to empower anybody to slay a Covenanter going to or coming from a conventicle,—the Archbishop made a progress to St. Andrews in a chariot of state drawn by six horses. As he wound over the height of Magus Moor, with the collegiate and monastic towers of the city rising a few miles off, a gentleman, on a swift steed, galloped up, closely followed by others, and, after vainly calling the coachman to a halt, (for, at the affrighted cry of the Primate, shrieking, Drive! drive! the team was furiously lashed,) the bold rider cut the traces, and brought the equipage to a stand.

'Spare his grey hairs!' cried Hackston of Rathillet, one of the horsemen, a patriotic Christian laird, who, indisposed to act either for or against the hoary criminal, stood aloof, wrapping his face in his mantle, but, at an appeal of the old man, now approached with the above words. Nought, however, was of avail to save the priestly traitor: his function of state; his imaginary share in apostolic succession through

the hands of southern prelates; his lavish promises of favour; his ceremonies; his carriage and liveried servants. Even the only soft and true thing possessed by him at the moment, the daughter at his side, who, in agony for her wretched parent, was on the brink of falling with him, could not avert his fate. Weighed in heaven and found wanting, the hearts of his executors were filled with justice and not pity. Of their call on the occasion they had no doubt; and, if it be remembered that the Sword of the Magistrate was in hands which used it against the holy and the innocent, against the very country for whose good alone power could be held, to wrest it from them was involved in the constitution of society.

'Die Macht allein gibt Göttern selbst kein Recht.'

The Primate was summoned again and again to make his shrift with God, but he had not a word for any ear save that of his inexorable foes. Steel and powder, at last, did their office against the man who, without abilities beyond such as characterise fox and wolf, had, as the callous instrument of a vicious court, wrought for the land of his birth more misery than if a succession of wars had swept over it. Like his patronymic, he passed to his 'place,' probably regretted by nobody, except his family and parasites.

At this point, although years yet of trial, ever deepening in shadow, had to be accomplished before deliverance came with the Revolution, the curtain drops on the martyrology of Scotland. But the Covenanters' Communion,[1] a painting by Sir George Harvey, President of the Royal Society of Arts at his decease, is so characteristic, that an allusion to the work may fitly finish this notice.

The blessed symbols are being dispensed on a bleak upland moor in evening twilight. A whole volume on the times

[1] In National Gallery, Edinburgh.

breathes in the circumstances. The place, the hour, the armed watch, the venerable outlawed priest of God, the devoted flock who, at all risks, cling to the ministry of the Word; the fixed peace on countenances blending with it a preparedness to die, which suggests the possibility of the worshippers having their 'blood mingled with the sacrifices of the altar' on the spot itself: all recalls the faith which supported the primitive disciples in the face of martyrdom,—the faith aimed at in Scotland.

At the Revolution, under the great and honest Dutchman, William, Prince of Orange, the bark of the Scottish Church had opportunity to right itself. But, as the gusts of persecution were called off, and the sky cleared, the spectacle, though awaking praise, brought naturally, also, a burst of retrospective sorrow. Many a man was wanting of the faithful hundreds driven from their posts at the Restoration, who, except for the reckless tornado, had still swelled the congregation of ministers. Of sixty who survived, creeping forth from holes and corners, the majority of them could do little more than catch up the hymn of aged Simeon, Now, Lord! and take their way to the upper temple. The crisis justified, perhaps, the confirmation of the episcopal clergy who had been shoved into the vacant cures of the confessors, and now, disowning Jacobitism, professed readiness to serve under Presbytery. But the discordant element, later, sided with Queen Anne and Bolingbroke in a project to paralyse the constitution of the Church, and conspired with other agencies to drive out eventually the Seceders, as they are called, who ran a glorious course of their own.

The Secessions, so singular a feature of the Scottish Church, differ from the Dissent of the south, in that one and all of them, at their origin, were appeals to those left behind for a return to its constitution in doctrine, discipline, worship, and government. The chiefs, each in his time, arose like the

Jewish Prophets, who proposed no new cult, but called on a degenerate age to put away strange gods and conform itself to the primitive law. The National Covenant, as well as the Solemn League of Westminster, were, as the banners of their fathers, at each epoch, waved afresh over the seceding bands. At no period of the last century, it is true, not even when the spiritual shadows hung thickest about the Church of the Establishment, was there absent from it a body of clergy and laity sympathising with the evangelic attitude of the Secession. The Church of Scotland, accordingly, as composed of all Presbyterian divisions, stands like a walled city that has overflowed in suburbs, the townsfolk forming one community, although thousands of them, feeling need of breathing-space, have swarmed beyond the ramparts.

Some fifty years ago, or more, an agitation began in the country on what was termed the Voluntary Question, which stirred the interest even of children. The controversy, in Edinburgh, besides Congregationalists under the ministry of the learned and eloquent Dr. Alexander, brought into prominence those Seceders, now known as the United Presbyterian Church: a potent and prolific body, a member of the triumvirate of the Church of Scotland, the Established and the Free being the others. The contest took its rise from the revival which, under Thomas Chalmers, was exhibiting within the Establishment an expansive force that threatened the stability of Churches financially dependent solely on adherents. Since the Disruption, when the popular defenders of a Civil Establishment of Christianity found themselves forced to separate from the State, the argument has assumed a new importance. But the Secession, it must be noticed, at its beginning in 1733, when the stream, now broadened into a mighty and beneficent river, first trickled outside of the Establishment in the ministry of the Erskines and their colleagues, looked to return within its borders as soon as 'a

free, faithful, reforming General Assembly' showed itself. No thought of permanent isolation from the State which, from the age of Constantine had, in various ways, extended its patronage to the Church, entered the heads of the early seceders. Now, in the present day, the entire body ferments with the idea.

Who, in the noon of the century, might have been seen coming down by the University of the capital, on the way from the Old Town to the New; a notorious figure, for all citizens recognised it? Dressed clerically he was, but with such quaint taste as had ever zest for the eyes which most often beheld him.

It was John Ritchie, Doctor of Divinity, and Secession Minister of the Potterrow. Sturdy on his legs as he strode forward, with a swing, or rather swagger, which became the character, a broad, rugged, yet benevolent face,—Petrine in expression,—looked out from under a low beaver, that, like the style worn by the Russian droskyman, sloped inwards to the wide brim. On seeing the man, it was easy to believe, what was alleged, that he was a fisherman's son, if, indeed, before matriculating at College, he had not trimmed his own boat. Famous for witty speeches on the Voluntary side, antagonists winced under his lash, but, by his honesty and humorous brag, a reminiscence probably from fisher days, the Doctor was a favourite with all parties. At a time, as once in a public discussion of the reigning topic, amicably agreed on between him and the Rev. Dr. Cooke of Belfast,—a master in the special question,—the Potterrow Minister had a hard nut to crack. In short, he found his teeth so roughly tried, and himself caught in toils of argument which had never before closed upon him, that, on this occasion, the discomfited champion raved like a beast at bay. But, soon gathering himself together again, the ready disputant launched a joke of marine flavour level to the whole various

contentious audience, under cover of which, so racy it was, he managed to give his personal embarrassment a hue of victory. Vain, however, would have been his powers of talk in a secession pastorate, if a genuine piety had not characterised him, as well as the good of man been the obvious motive which winged the arrows of his rude energy.

At the other end of the scale, far wider and more elevated in faculty, was Dr. John Brown, Minister of Broughton Secession Church, and Professor of Theology in the same body. Nephew of the famous commentator, Dr. Brown of Haddington, uncle of the brilliant chemist, Dr. Samuel Brown, and father of the accomplished author of 'Rab and His Friends,' he does not stand a solitary instance of talent in the family. Possibly, one trait with another, he was the handsomest man of his time in Edinburgh: tall, of exquisite proportions; and showing a noble head with fine, chiselled features of a Jewish type, which might have been called beautiful in the manner of a woman, if the aquiline nose and firm, pressed lips had not indicated a man in every inch of him. Pleasant it was to come on the Secession Pastor, as, walking up and down on some byway in the city, he was seen in conversation with a clerical colleague, or ministering solace to a poor old matron (for he was of all classes, and could equally rise or stoop according to the case); while his long silvery locks shook with the emphasis of his words, and every expression of the face held a charm in it. A scholar he was, full and ripe, literary as well as theological; and, though of the first water in taste, he was critical rather than contemplative. Few hearts, probably, ever glowed with a stronger flame; but the heat of his constitution was more latent than sensible, except when his public conscience was roused. At such a moment, the vehemence of the Professor was terrible, as that of an offended cherub, a temper which visibly displayed itself in allowing his day clock to be sold at

auction for payment of the Annuity Tax, sooner than compromise himself by concession. Now looked at, through the softness of time, his controversies gone to rest, he gleams before the eye like a column of polished granite in the temple of his denomination, its—

'. . . tutamen et decus.'

Many were the distinguished clerical contemporaries of the Secession, Dr. Balmer among others; and the average in scholarship may have always been higher than with other ecclesiastical sections. But the generation which has followed, is adorned by at least one man in its ranks,[1] who, for splendour of genius joined to a saintly catholicism, not only surpasses all who have gone before in his own Church, but, it may perhaps be admitted, in any communion of the land.

Outside the Church of the State, a counterpoise on the Voluntary Controversy was found in the Old Lights, as they called themselves, a body unimportant for number, but potent in possessing among its ministry Knox's Biographer, Thomas M'Crie. Looking with romantic passion on the days of the Covenant, the Historian cleaved to the idea of its perpetual claims, while the columns of the Secession marched forward armed against all ecclesiastical connexion with the Civil Power.

In an age when venerable religious fabrics, buttressed by every appliance, give signs of yielding to time, perchance soon to belong to the past, or undergo—

'a change
Into something rich and strange,'

who may care to be arrested by sects of a small area, which are now merged in other divisions? Still, eccentric forms

[1] John Cairns, D.D., Principal.

grow out of national character; and one of those offshoots faithful to the deposit of covenanting days, which early nursed the student at its bosom, may briefly occupy a general inquirer, not only being typical of the whole lot, but having appreciably influenced the chief ecclesiastical event of the century in Scotland. If a few figures impressed on him who sought the retirement of Bute be called up, the reader may better comprehend the Disruption as it falls yet to be treated, as well as some gleams be cast on the conditions which urged the coming pilgrim into solitude for a season.

An individual of the class, a family connexion, still hovers before the eye, the Elder of the household according to Presbyterian arrangement, who served as a sort of patriarchal head to it. Persons, as the gorgeous genius of the author of 'Hero Worship' has illustrated, have, it is certain, a prime place in the progress of humanity. Yet the limner, although loving this overseer as he looms through the memory, cannot without a protest look back on his sway.

All the elements of his character conspired with office to give him predominance. To childish sense he was tall. But, figuring him now in the mind's eye, this impression, as with the Grand Monarque, seems to have been due to a certain pride of port, which, aided by high-heeled boots, imposes on courts regal and petty. The domestic councillor belonged to the time when knee breeches and buckles were in vogue, and raven locks themselves were powdered. A gold pin, fixing down the ample folds of a white neckcloth, was prominent in the bust, the point of taste; while a few thin hairs on the head, brushed up so as to meet atop, crowned a gnarled vigour of countenance. Like the good licentiate Sedillo in 'Gil Blas,' however, despite his ordinary gravity, he would, on the mention of some tickling incident, laugh till a cough seized him, which often threatened to cut him off years before he actually said good-bye to the stage. At a period when the

snuff-box still prevailed, he could not fail, it was apt to be supposed, to carry conviction if he argued, as he clenched his opinion with a pinch, and complacently leant back, crossing one leg over the other. But the moment most formidable for an opposer was that which followed, when he cast his grey eyes round with a peculiar hum, as much as to say who could, who durst, reply. It was his glory to preside at festal boards; and it is yet in recollection, how, at an entertainment given to a party of relatives visiting from abroad, he filled the office of host, bowing in his finest manner.

Such he was in a few words; but the description would scarcely have here found place, if he had not been an exaggerated instance of a powerful order in Scotland, and had not possessed something which enabled him to cast a spell over other minds, even of a far higher rank than his own. At the time—the beginning of the century—when, a young man, Thomas M'Crie,—

'clarum et venerabile nomen'—

was forming in Edinburgh that branch of the Secession just referred to, called the Old Lights, which, though now lost in the Church of the Disruption, continued to fly the banner of the Covenant long after other divisions had folded it up, the future guardian threw himself into the ecclesiastical politics of the sect. Called to the Eldership in the congregation, he became the *fidus Achates*,—friend, associate, confidant,—of the preacher then unknown, but destined to distinction as the Biographer of Knox and Melville,—the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' of the Scottish Church, as the lives have been named. In passion for religious circumstance, the Elder was sincere, indeed more than enough; being at a moment ready to drop the wheelbarrow of secular affairs, leaving it to be anywise pushed about, in order to discuss some perplexed point of controversial theology, lay down to a hair the opposite here-

sies of antinomianism and works, or revolve, in large, experimental phrase, a case of conscience. Above all, the old gentleman welcomed beginners in the Christian life, inquirers after the way; but to these, once they were hooked, he would, in his satisfaction with the issue, give line for many a weary and distracted plunge before he drew them to the bank. What afforded, however, a basis to his influence over the family which he cared for, was his devotion to their mother, who was early taken away, but not until her image had been enshrined within the breasts of all her progeny.

O my Mother!—

> 'A word of such a sound in thy child's ear,
> That it strikes reverence through it.'

Many a time, in fancy, in dream, has thy son sought Thee on that field of light where Thou hast now pursued thy course for a cycle of terrestrial years! Often, in moments, when—

> 'distressed
> With mortal care and cumbrous world's annoy,'—

has he cried to Thee. Inclosing in his heart of hearts the lowly hope of yet walking by thy side, he would for an instant turn to fix thy saintly form as it rises before him in all its womanly purity and grace. Even then when, a child, he hung at thy knee watching the play of maternal eyes as they glanced from the embroidery in the hand to rest a moment on himself, a prognostication of losing Thee,—such were his thoughts of thy worth,—brought tears down his cheeks. How did thy young family stand in awe at the door of thy chamber, when it was mysteriously known to them that, bent in prayer, Thou wert commending thy babes to their Heavenly Father! Strict Sabbaths, too, had no gloom, as Thou camest forth in the morning, thy brow smoothed, wonted cares put aside, and an air of peace and tenderness yet sweeter than usual on thy face! As thy son, later, sat with shaded lamp

in his cabinet, a small pile of books on the table, a sheet before him with uplifted pen, which slowly he employed to express his boyish musings, how wouldst Thou steal in upon his solitude, and look,—oh, such a look!—to approve, to encourage! Well does he remember also, for he could not but do so, thy meek submission, when, at the beck of thy Lord, Thou didst descend from a better estate of fortune to a poorer. Thy comely features, thy dignified gait, thy voice which often was a pleasant song to the weary and stricken, thy charitable pity, thy words few but apt, thy uniform temper: all, all come again upon him, and his heart proclaims that the memory of them is the fairest heritage reserved from childhood!

The Elder accepted the boy from his mother for examination, at that period when the soul first hears with throbbing sense the admonition of Jesus, proffering the blessed symbols of His sacrifice: Eat, drink; Do this in remembrance of Me; and the catechumen seems once more to take a walk alongside of his scrutiniser by Samson's Ribs, the Loch of Duddingstone below with its white swans and reedy banks, the tower of the Parish Church rising in front above the woody thickets which cling to it, and the coasts of the Forth in the distance, while, in special circumstances, they held a long and earnest conference together. The discipline of Loyola was not more testing than this relative's, nay, both partook of the same elements. The temper of the Presbyterian director, however, was most shown on an earlier occasion. Ushered into his room alone, the youth found him pacing up and down, continuing for a while his march after the entrance of the visitor without giving him any sign of recognition, but forcing out his customary hum with eyes raised as if asking relief from heaven. The candidate, cowering before the sight, shuddered as a dove fallen within the range of some deadly snake. On the walk by the Loch, the genial instinct which, after all, underlay the despotic disposition of the man, was drawn out

by the circumstances; the aspect of nature seemed to impose some of its own grace on the spirit. Still his foible for controversy displayed itself, which developed in his ward a resolute antagonism, despite thankfulness for other reasons. In the promenade, the occasion was not fitting for polemic, if it ever is, as a boy, with faith just forming in blossom, was in conversation, which, like a pebble in a shallow rivulet, might guide the stream either in one direction or in another. But the instructor showered obscurity over the topic, as it was emerging into light; time after time the learner was again dragged back to incertitude; while the fond disputant, like Mejnour of the romance, closing in on the tiro, lifted him off the feet, with a purpose, of course, of finally dropping him on the ground, yet desirous of keeping him still in a state of pupilage. As if it were yesterday, although more than a couple of score years have since rolled by, the aspirant after truth sees the landscape, as, catching the old man's eyes twinkle through his bunchy grizzled eyebrows with the pride of conquest, he turned, and sighed, feeling the bitterness of life.

If public men of the time be considered, the spirit of the Covenant has in no other stood forth so characteristically embodied as in the minister himself of the congregation. M'Crie, a fiery horseman, and an athlete in all games of prowess as a boy, shadowed out from the beginning, along with a charming tenderness, which made the youngling thrill as the historian patted him, the robust and chivalrous courage that at length brought him on the field for the honour of the Reformer. The popular reverence for John Knox had always survived misrepresentation, and even in the darkest hour of obloquy flowed in an undercurrent through the national heart. The apology, however, was opportune, and created in all classes a tide of love and devotion towards its object which shall never cease. But, the stirring brochures of the

Biographer apart, it was in the pulpit, where, within the circle of the Secession, a relic of the bold practice of the Reformers still lingered—a modified form of alluding to mixed civil and ecclesiastical questions—that he chiefly influenced the revival within the Church of Scotland which began with this century. The Chapel in which the great Covenanter exercised his ministry stood in a byway of the Old Town ; and, with a sober elegance in its internal arrangements, it exhibited on its exterior nothing of a sacred association, no spire, no cross, to tempt the foot of a churchman to enter it. Yet, besides the compact congregation which hung weekly, rapt, on his tongue, it was evident, from occasional faces present, that a mysterious attraction existed for others outside his own denomination. Of laymen, Hugh Miller, Editor of the *Witness*, and Author of the 'Old Red Sandstone,' before his fame had been blown far and wide beyond the bounds of Cromarty, his native fishing town, sought out the church on his first visit to Edinburgh, and afterwards recorded his impressions with that silver pen of his which made every word of the critic to glance. During the sittings of the General Assembly, the celebrated Dr. Andrew Thomson, of St. George's, Edinburgh, William Cunningham, of the College Church, and clergymen of distinction from the provinces, belonging to the reforming party of the Establishment, would be observed in the Minister's family pew. If any had come for consultation with him, as was the case in 1834, when the Veto Question, so called, was occupying the best heads of the Church and Parliament, the congregation would be startled by scorching appreciations of a temporising policy, which, dropping through the visitors into the mind of the country, fermented in later stages of that conflict which culminated in the Disruption.

At all times his eloquence was fed by a catholic Christianity. Yet it burned with the glow of the martyrs within

the mould inherited from them. The historical portions of Scripture, the story of Esther, especially, which comes back most vividly to the recorder, chiefly afforded scope for his hallowed genius, when the speaker blended in his offices the fervour of Ezekiel with the pathos of Jeremiah. Even the childish heart then throbbed under a force inexplicable to itself, which equally freed and exalted it, and the waning consciousness of aged bosoms was fanned into a flame. At moments, as the high figure of the Preacher expanded with the advancing discourse, and prophetic clouds began to brood in the face, an argument which had been forming from afar would burst on the audience, with a noise as of thunder following, so as to arrest every soul, and what Aristophanes says of Pericles's speeches, clear the air. It was Peden revived; but, along with the sagacity of the prototype, the present minister was adorned with all accomplishments such as can be had only in days of outward peace, and darted round his subject the comprehensive eye of a philosopher. A patrician of the old stamp of the Covenant, the modern representative kept aloof from all attempts to press the popular mind into any shape of later origin. The Town Council, the city clergy, and students from all the Colleges of Divinity, together with a deputation of the General Assembly's Commission sitting at the time, joined a miscellaneous crowd of some fifteen hundred persons, each individual a mourner, in following his ashes to the Greyfriars'. The extraordinary assemblage showed how profound was the common sense that, in spite of his ecclesiastical position, he was a real member of the Church of Scotland. As the future chieftain of the Covenant set out in his sixteenth year from Dunse, the town of his birth, bound for the University of Edinburgh, his mother, who convoyed him, drew him aside, it is told, behind a rock on Coldingham Moor, and in prayer dedicated her child to the Christian Ministry. The altar was

not that of Hamilcar, but the son was as true to his consecration as Hannibal; and when in a dream, as life was ebbing, the saintly parent, long gone before, appeared to his view with the same aspect as on that earlier day, but beckoning him away, how fit seem together the morning rise and the sunset, with the welcome falling on the ear as he vanishes, 'Well done! Good and Faithful Servant, Enter Thou into the Joy of thy Lord!'

Far back as memory goes, a sound like the stroke of a pendulum mixes with associations of the church. As every child grew to know, the noise proceeded from an elderly man, passing down the left aisle on crutches, to his place close by the pulpit. Of a large head, poised on shrunken body and shanks which ended in club feet, he resembled, indeed, a spinner with its limbs twisted beneath it. But, like Socrates, triumphing over all personal drawbacks, the cripple attracted into the Vestry for preparatory exercises in Scripture and Prayer youths of every rank, allured by his pregnant mind, bright genial temper, and holy life. A cheerful old saint, he long survived that period, though withdrawn from the scenes of his early activity, the dear Lord fulfilling in his case the desire of faithful Nehemiah, to be thought of for good according to all done by him. Since then, life has opened at large; but, at that time, with faith of few elements, he who remembers found these assemblies, on Sunday mornings, whilst the city was scarcely astir and only some wretched mechanic might be reeling home from a night bout, small heavens upon earth, where was met the Angel of the Covenant. At no moment did joy and thankfulness so fill the heart, as when a stammering tongue was unloosed in prayer, and the rush of the Almighty's wing bearing upwards the timid soul was almost audible. A simple cobbler of the Eldership, with short, erect body and massive expression, a thin discoloured cloak of camlet hanging round his shoul-

ders, would occasionally join the company. One such he was as St. Paul might have ordained for his meek, sweet piety and intelligent faithfulness. In a way very peculiar, as he led devotion, he represented the hope and awfulness of the Gospel, an image of eternity on the stage of time.

An incident of the period, in harmony with the interest since felt throughout Scotland in the fortunes of the Jewish People, may be here recalled as further illustrative of the religious life formed under such circumstances.

A Polish refugee of the sacred race had been spoken of, whose story linked him with pictures of the Bible, affording to the young member of the Church, as he sought acquaintance with the descendant of Abraham, a curious sense of the antiquity of Holy Faith and the involution of the past with his own age. The Hebrew needed bread, and his clothes were in pawn; but he was an inquirer after Jesus of Nazareth, in a sort a disciple even. To wait on him, accordingly, had all the charm of fulfilling the exquisite allegory of the Saviour, wherein He sets forth the identity of Himself and brethren; nay, as with the aid of others, the stripling fed him, and clothed him, and visited him in the prison of his lodging, he seemed to come face to face with Christ and testify some of the love with which the Cross had filled himself. Passages from the Bible which bore on the Messianic controversy were collated, and, at evening, within the cell of the exile, voice was given to prophet after prophet, to Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Malachi, along with Jesus and the Apostles. To the present hour the mind is not made up on the real motives of this poor Son of Israel; but, as Paul was introduced by Barnabas to the apostles,—'magnis componere parva'—he was led to the Fellowship Meeting, the gathering for social prayer, and commended to the sympathy of its members.

Fortune, by an unexpected turn of her wheel, years after-

wards, brought the friend of the Jew to a city on the Continent, where, Hebrews being in tens of thousands, he had the chance of occasionally mingling with families of the higher Abrahamic population. The vices of the race—the vices, above all, of avarice and chicanery,—have so wrought themselves into the facial expression, that the stamp has become hereditary, and is traceable even in the case of those born in the easiest circumstances. But the venerable grandeur of the ancient people of God still lurks in the physiognomy, not to be eradicated by time, change, or the baseness which persecution is apt to create; and the stranger, continually catching glimpses of it, has been since prepared to recognise fresh instances when they turned up.

One such occurred on a journey, not long ago.

At a chief railway station in Galicia, on entering an evening train about to start for Cracow, the eye fell on a group of Jews, who, with the foresight of the tribe, had secured for themselves the central compartment of the carriage, a sort of small drawing-room. A bull's eye lamp in the roof discovered as fine a series of heads as have probably ever been chosen, or idealised, for the canvas.

The patriarch of the company, bringing to mind the familiar and revered visage of the centenarian, Sir Moses Montefiore, might have worthily borne the mitre of the High Priest under David, had Providence then called him up for the pontificate. It was a fair, round face, fringed with a white beard, at once drawing the heart to itself by the broad benevolence which shone in it. Further, it was of a kind to inspire confidence, shadowing out St. Paul's Divine occupant of the post; for the large experience of generations seemed to link its owner with humanity, and, of all things, best fit him to accord the pity wanted from the character. Equip him with the sacred robes and other insignia of High Priest, thought the looker-on with himself;

in that case, well might he inspire hope in the sinner's mind as he entered within the veil to the Mercy Seat, bearing the blood of atonement.

As it happened, another of the band, by his high, stately brow, and fixed reflective expression, gave the idea of a Lawyer of the Temple; a third might have been Treasurer, for his grave honesty, yet having about the mouth all the lines of a hoarding temper; and it would have been easy, from those who remained, to pick out a Rabbi, along with Pharisee and Sadducee, as representatives of ancient Israelitish elements.

At once, (for what escapes a Jew's eyes?) it was noticed by them that they were objects of interest. Of course the country of the observer was detected; and claimed as a friend of the race, he was asked question after question, especially on the subject of the anti-semitic movement in Germany, raging at the time. The course of conversation leading out of transient phases of events to topics of permanent importance, every face glistened when the assertion was made that the speaker was more a Jew than the modern Jews themselves, as he believed in the Divine mission of Moses, and, in Jesus of Nazareth, held in his heart the flower of which Judaism was the plant. Some allusions to Daniel and other prophets fell as music on their ears, making them turn to one another with congratulations, as if, quoted in the mouth of a stranger, the seers of their people had come to life again. As the train drew up where the party reached their homes, and the blessing of the God of Abraham rose to the lips of him who was going farther forward, such was the ardour in their breasts, they shook his hand, each of them, with the strongest assurances of a full fraternal affection.

The skiff of life, alas! often leans to one side, even as low as to the water's edge. But, Providence, which, in

infinite Mercy, loves to evolve out of a composition of forces a nobler course, usually imposes limits to one preponderant influence, in others that restore the balance.

Such a counterpoise to the pressure of the stern Elder, while found in the general tone of the family circle, appeared, specially, in another, whose venerable form, moving to and fro with measured step on the ridge of St. Leonard's, where Jeanie Deans in the story used to milk her father's cows, was commonly met on the return from the caverned slopes of Arthur's Seat; and it may be a relief, before passing on, to recall him for a moment.

It was a figure that, as it rose in the morning air, taller than the average by many inches, was certain to give character to any landscape. The arms were crossed behind the back, and the head, as in meditative mood, bent slightly forward on the high shoulders. No furrows of the countenance,—and in his the shadows lay heavy,—could drink up the light which lurked in the eyes. An infant embraced by him, it might be supposed, would not have started, scared, like the little son of Hector, by anything about him. No dog, probably, would have barked at him. The long form might many a time be seen on the way to the Register Office, and everywhere he had a smile for youth. But the childish heart was particularly touched by his manner at home, when rising from the close conning of a precious vellum, he took both hands of some small visitor, and, at once, with a blessing in the voice showed a paternal interest in juvenile occupations. The school, the game of the season, the picture-book, were all brought under review, each object calling up one or other incident of his own days to embellish the hour. As the saintly mother lay on her deathbed, and the eminent consulting physician, Dr. Abercromby, drove up in his large, heavy professional carriage, the sorrowing friend awaited outside for news of the patient, all the time

pacing before the door, with grave mien, in prayer, until the spirit left its tenement. In youth he had filled the office of the Christian Ministry in a mountainous district north of the Grampians. But a cloud like that which formed over the New England clergyman in the romance of the Scarlet Letter, had mysteriously broken upon his head, when, according to the awful but just law of the Scottish Churches, to the sentence of which he humbly bowed, he descended to the rank of a layman. Still, he carried with him into his fall the pastoral heart. The discipline of contrition that marked his subsequent course cast a glow about him, which insensibly brightened into a sacred aureole, never seen around the Pharisee, when a Pharisee's pride and hardness stamp obedience. The temper of Magdalene shone within his submissive soul; so that, in the absence of the Saviour, he kissed, as it were, the feet of disciples, often not worthy to untie the latchet of his shoe. The grave has long closed over him, but the chastened man lies in memory, as a rill of water gushing from the rock,—

'Sweet as the desert fountain's wave,'—

and embowered in softest shades, with moss and every wild flower clustering on its borders.

CHAPTER V.

WHEREIN AFFAIRS ARE FOUND COMING TO THE AID OF FAITH.

Bearings of Practical Life on Speculation.—The Warehouse.—Catholic Sermons.—The Convent of St. Margaret.—Music of the Street.

PERSONS, such as those shadowed out in the foregoing pages, (and the types abound in Scotland,) cannot, in a social circle, fail to leave traces of themselves on a dawning mind. Like portraits hung round the walls of a bedroom, which strike on the eye at waking, they insensibly mix with later impressions. But character, even the best, is limited for good; and, as all know, tends to hem another under its power within a few beaten paces. Agreeing as the critic does with Elia, he would not, no, not for anything, be domesticated, solely, with a giant; and all, whether living or in history, to whom childhood looks up, are giants for it.

In the tide of business, however, which bears some stamp of divinity about it, (for, as Victor Hugo says,[1] if Man has a voice, and Nature, too, so *les événements ont aussi la leur,*) a complement to individuals is often found, along with a broad additional experience. A thinker of the cloister only, who has never dealt in a practical way with that composite world which yet he professes to expound, lives without a corrective to bias,—

[1] Preface to 'Les Voix Interieures.'

'Nur
Das Leben lehret jedem, was er sey,'—

or is apt to be sucked within a maelström of ideas, which may carry him below to forms of recondite interest, but, in doing so, removes him from life as it is. Solon, Pythagoras, Descartes, as helps in law and speculation, left home to study mankind in a wider circle. Alexander, if Plutarch may be credited, began a career of conquest by mounting his future charger, Bucephalus, as yet unknown to the young prince, a horse of such mettle that the grooms looked on in terror for their master's safety. Peter the Great saw that he could not introduce contemplated changes into his empire, until he had examined the arrangements of other countries, and put his own hands to in the dockyards of Haslam. Napoleon was himself a model in the management of the musket. Gibbon acknowledges the aid afforded by his short service in the militia, towards describing the battles of his history. If Hume, who, as a young man, had a chance of learning life in a mercantile house, had not thrown it away, it is probable that his fondness for thinking rather than for observation, would, by the check of facts, have saved him from many a sophism. Even within a diviner company, in accommodation to human conditions, the shop of Joseph the Carpenter, the fishing-boats of Zebedee, and the receipt of Customs contributed, each, to the task that had to be done; and, assuredly, it entered into the fitness of St. Paul for his mission, that he could make tents, and made them, as well as that he had sat at the feet of Gamaliel.

It was happily the fortune of him who withdrew to Bute, to carry with him into the retreat some of this practical lore, gathered between school and college life. The introduction here of a slight experience of the kind, might seem scarcely, if at all, connected with the main topic. But, besides serving to relieve ecclesiastical discussion, as well as having

in the texture incidents which directly bear on Scottish religious life, the qualifications, it may be found, for comprehending various Confessions, have been affected by the judge's relation to common human affairs.

The mercantile warehouse into which the youngster was ushered, belonging to a class now almost pushed aside by puffers, lay within the shadow of the Tron Church, where the General Assembly of the time was held; and during the diets of the great national convocation, the oratory of the ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical lawyers, as debate ran high and the arched windows were drawn down, swelled across the street, mixed at intervals with applause, which broke forth like the strong buzz of flies risen from their quarry. The locality itself, otherwise, was an influence. O'Connell, chaired by the city on one occasion, passed the door, and the unctuous face of the great Irish tribune, as he was dragged along by his harnessed admirers, huzzaing, still shines in memory. Sir John Campbell, afterwards Lord Chancellor, harangued his political constituents from a balcony in an opposite Square. And the tramp of regiments, mostly Highland, with kilt and feathered bonnet, garrisoning the Castle, marched by to the clang of fife and drum, stirring martial thoughts, and keeping the sentiment of patriotism warm in juvenile breasts.

The assistants were filled with veneration for the establishment. Now and again the aged founder of it turned up in a noddy, leaning on a gold-mounted staff as he shuffled forward, and, though in the last stage of bodily frailty, maintaining, by force of mind, a something of firmness in his gait. A certain awe attached to the old man, owing to a tradition that, according to a profitable custom continued to the era of railways, he had, in the manner of the hero in the 'Excursion,' carried his pack and built a fortune out of nothing. The face of the patriarch bore the stamp of

originality, and, in its union of plebeian strength with the toning imparted by years of ease, there was room to believe that, like the City merchants in the 'Canterbury Tales,' he might have maintained with credit the portly state of an alderman. All hastened to him, on his visits, with every mark of respect; and the recorder remembers how, the day after his installation, he was sent to the New Town, where dwelt the retired merchant, as the bearer of a special message, to be given in a grave, ceremonious fashion; and how, while awaiting the answer, every sound, from the stroke of the lobby clock down to faint whisperings, broken syllables caught on the momentary opening of doors, aged coughings, and the like, was to him the solemn livery of the successful pedlar.

The department of the youngest apprentice, along with furs, included ribbons and artificial flowers. The fascination of such objects, slight as it might seem, is, in town, great, tinging the current of feeling; and business people who take to build for themselves palaces, with conservatories of exotics, may now and then find the origin of these tastes in forgotten impulses derived from the romance of trade. The new-comer revelled among the floral display, which exhibited rarest compositions in ivy, daisies, lilies, camellias, fuchsias, every kind being brought together; and the flower girls on the Piazza of St. Mark offer to a stranger scarcely more delicate gifts, while the song of the maidens in 'Faust,'—

> 'Unsre Blumen, glänzend künstlich,
> Blühen fort das ganze Jahr,'—

could have been taken literally. Blocks of ribbons, displaying all the hues of the prism, and hung in festoons, or arranged by contrasts in cases, touched many a spring of fancy. Simple colours are delightful, as the inmates of the Harem at Constantinople show, flaunting their balloon

dresses out of doors. But, while a green with fretted edge might suggest some glade of the woods, others embossed in various patterns planted the garden within. Over and over again, collections of these would occupy the eye, and thought roamed to scenes and occupations far apart from the present. Shot and brocaded silks, and silks of richest cord, from Paris, bearing the odorous name of Pompadour or other court belle, transferred foreign capitals to the spot. Such a matter even as a French style of type, with its flowing, involved letters, had a singular power; while a pastoral of Arcadia, glowing on the lid of some trumpery pasteboard box, caught the spirit, laying in it trains ready to be fired in later days. Furs, as well, ministered to the imagination. The brushes of the Fox started the chase; the glossy Chinchilla called up the Andes; the Sable wafted the observer to the snows of Siberia; and the coat of the chattering Squirrel gave the American forests to the vision.

At times bevies of fair ladies with their cavaliers, radiant in amorous bloom, stood on the floor, scattering fragrance as they entered, a curious study to youth which has busied itself from childhood with only essential interests. Many a comedy, and things not untragical, were now and then enacted. Nay, one might doubt whether Asmodeus, by taking off the roofs of Madrid, afforded to Don Cleopas more opportunity for knowing the world, than circumstances offered on such occasions. With intent, though impenetrable gaze, the boy amused himself in divining the characters of those who came before him, drawing inferences from trifles, and following in fancy dames whose passions were noticed fluttering ever so slightly; anything sufficing as a clue, a simple glance, a start, or a word dropped as if casually, or an averted eye. Every feminine caprice fell within view, enriching him with a perception of the countless metamorphoses of the sex. What a succession of groups comes

up in file! Some of the members of them are grown from gay girlhood into grandmothers, with troops of children to commemorate their charms; others, that budded all over with promise, are long ago dust, mere dust, guarded in home or continental cemetery, or strewing the bed of the ocean with their ashes. Some are beggared in fortune, living out of sight, if they live at all, who were once followed by obsequious lackeys, and seemed as from another sphere to look down on the slight apprentice, counting him but a part of the perishable shows among which they found him.

The farce of the warehouse commonly came from the male sex; but one actor gained for himself distinction above others, a thick-set, dapper little fellow, a probationer, as the fledged ecclesiastic who is licensed to preach, but has not yet got a cure, is called in Scotland. The manikin, peering coquettishly through a gold eyeglass, with a restless snub nose which represented the whole face, had unfortunately been a successful prizeman in classics. With the brains addled by early honours, he became a spectacle to gods and men as, turning before an oval mirror which hung by the door, he shifted his collar up and down, talking Church politics, and held on high to the glass his gloved hands, that he might see them at once in reality and in reflection. A famous leader of the Church of Scotland now and then trotted in, to be closeted with the chief of the establishment; while Mrs. Opie, and the tall, grave, venerable Mother in Israel, Elizabeth Fry, and the plaided Ettrick Shepherd, with other literary and philanthropic celebrities, mixed among the figures, serving to keep thought in contact with a wider spirit. At that period, many parts of the New Town were yet only mapped out; and, as by moonlight, glimpses were caught of rising columns, or, on a solitary stroll along the Royal Terrace with whirling currents of wind from the shady Calton at the back, the Inchkeith Light, perched above the

darkling inlet of the Forth, gushed out at intervals, the whole being was stirred, though, as yet, the mind had no adequate expression for itself.

As the days closed in with winter, the phantasmagoria of the place of business came to an end, when it was possible for the associates to exchange ideas. Of the band, it so happened, one there was, belonging to an old Jacobite family, who drew the heart by his purity of manners and a passion for cutting out gothic tracery in paper. The dilapidated abbeys of the country which, in his fond persuasion, the enthusiast, (for he was a Catholic,) confidently believed should one day or other return to their first owners, were familiar to him. The Church of Rome verily burned in his blood. From whatever point conversation began, or however it winded, a dogma would insinuate itself; and the angler for a convert was never without a line in hand to throw in hope of a bite. Many, many were his devices to win a proselyte. Among others he once conducted his comrade to the musical rehearsal of a Mass. But, a certain clumsiness of execution, and a discordance with the object in the mirth of some of the performers at dispersion, made an unfavourable impression on the novice, and the occasion passed without any consequences.

During the same period, the companion of this amiable propagandist was introduced, for the first time, to those scenic effects of ritual, to which the Romish hierarchy so habitually lends itself. A festival had come round; and, although it was not consistent with Presbyterian usage to witness the ceremonies, an invitation to be present was accepted.

The chapel being entered, crowded with an audience chiefly of immigrant Irish navvies, the eyes rivetted themselves on a personage enthroned to the right of the High Altar. The figure grasped a tall crook, and was so seated that a concealed jet poured its light full on him, bringing

out into relief a swarthy face, as well as distributing itself strongly over his robes to the feet.

It was the bishop, the late Dr. Gillies, a pupil of Maynooth, able, learned, respectable, and endowed with a bold, popular eloquence. The organ having given forth a few notes, the imposing prelate rose, and with a theatrical flourish, in which the pastoral rod played a primary part, began a discourse pitched for his flock, but glancing aside on the strangers expected to be drawn by the occasion. Greenland and its snows; China with its populous plains; the forests of the Amazon: every quarter of the globe was summoned as witnesses to the conquests of the Church. The Tree of Heresy, it was added, its branches daily rotting off, would at last vanish in the pit blazing with fire and brimstone; and the Church of Rome, against which the Gates of Hell would never prevail, should alone stand, the sole true Church, the only infallible refuge!

After a score or two of years, returning from residence abroad to his native town, the visitor to the chapel, which had been elevated into a pro-cathedral, again crossed the threshold on the Feast of Pentecost. During the Mass, celebrated with an increase of pomp, a short ecclesiastic, in a white toga, showing Hibernian features which resembled Goldsmith's, was noticed hovering about the Monsignore who officiated, directing as master of ceremonies a copious body of deacons and acolytes. But, as the rite at the altar touched the point when the Host is consecrated, the person in white, the preacher of the day as it turned out, mounted the pulpit, and, after the usual act of devotion, commenced a harangue which proved an advance on former days. The Spirit of Pentecost was his theme, handled in a plain, vigorous, sincere manner, as the listener deemed it, and delivered with a clear, sonorous voice; first the world presented emerging out of chaos by the power of the Holy

Ghost, next, the Jewish Church coming on the scene, and, finally, the Christian. Amidst some practical remarks of value, it was, however, characteristic of the bias always manifest in Catholic discourses, to find the Church of Rome set forth not only as the sole deposit of the Spirit, but as the missionary which had Christianised the whole globe. England, of course, under St. Augustine, came in; Ireland; and Scotland. But, as the stranger, afterwards, asked the guardian of one of the plates at the door the name of the preacher, and expressed a gentle surprise how the Eastern Churches with their hundred millions descended from a different source had been ignored in the sermon, a smile broke over the honest face of the treasurer, who, from no fault of his, probably knew nothing of the matter. When he that, in youth, had been tempted in, walked long afterwards down the Links by starlight, he involuntarily turned the head round to the Bishop's Palace, which then stood away amidst a clump of trees, looking for the lamp that, with obvious symbolic intention, or what seemed so, was wont to stream out into the darkness, and expecting to hear the vesper-bell tinkle from St. Margaret's Convent. At the time few would have conjectured that the Papacy should ever have sufficiently won ground in Scotland, as to venture to round off its hierarchy. But still more extraordinary it is, that it has been forced to mourn its temporal crown fallen, and the apostasy of the body of the educated classes even in its chosen seat on the seven hills.

The Convent of St. Margaret, to young eyes, was a puzzle, as, leaving the golfers of the Links in red coats to follow their balls across the sward, the feet were guided past the retreat to meadows beyond. In going by, a word, whispered into the ear with a shake of the head, imparted ever afterwards to the home of the Nuns a weird, mysterious character. All belonging to it took this hue. The low, oak Gate, and, especially,

the moulding which overarches it,—a stone cable knotted at the ends,—curiously symbolised the exceptional ways of the inmates. Family life, which seems a matter of course, with boys and girls of various ages pushing out like rosebuds on the same parental bush, was the test by which the isolated conventual state was judged; and it required a wide experience even to imagine the grounds on which an unnatural institution has come to be consecrated in the view of millions.

A student already, it was a day to be remembered when accompanying a fellow collegian on a visit to his aunt, Lady Superior of the Convent, the narrator passed through its fateful gateway. The moment was, for more than one reason, of interest. The nun had been Presbyterian, as all her connexions still were. But, so the story went, the good lady, a spinster of mature years and confident in her powers of persuasion, had, in order to convert the Pope, sought an audience of His Holiness. But, subdued by the Magician, through a fine mixture of argument and blandishment, she changed her hereditary faith for the Papacy. After some time, with the wisdom of the Church of Rome so admirably painted by Macaulay, she was installed abbess of the nunnery in the capital of her own country.

At once, soft and grave though her tone was in the reception, the coiffed dame, by an involuntary expression of the features, showed the family quality of explosiveness. But it was as she was left alone with her visitors, that the characteristic trait broke out and diffused itself over her whole manner. A sister, who was mother to the college friend and widow of a Scotch Parish Minister, had been always known for her warm, enthusiastic temper. It was customary for her, as she spoke, to hold her listener, being a youth, by the lap of the jacket, until the climax, a kindly jest, was reached, when a mouthful of teeth was shown from

side to side, the juvenile was pushed off without ceremony, and laughter, which

'shook the sides,'

made the room tremble with the vibration.

The Abbess was a counterpart to her sister, but in another way. The family demonstrativeness expended itself in argument shaped according to the Romish fashion. The only point of the interview worth remembering was, on the stranger's rising to go, along with many kindly words, a prophecy, yet unfulfilled, addressed to him by her with an art borrowed from her adopted school,—that he would either cease to believe, or embrace the Church of Rome. At Cologne, in the Dom, years later, the same vain forecast was thrown out by a member of the choir, and, later still, at Rome, by a Canon of St. Peter's. It may be a narrow basis for a generalisation; but probably the dilemma is an appointed weapon of controversy, for use when other means of taking captive have proved futile.

At the close of the week, during the period of apprenticeship, an influence opened to drudgery itself a sense which angels might have participated.

A wandering harper, worthy to have swept the strings in honour of Roland, usually paused by the door on Saturday evenings, and with his instrument accompanied his daughter in a song of romance or stirring chivalry:—

'Some tale of love and arms in time of old.'

Sorrow clung to a weathered visage, half seen, half hidden in the shadows, while he approached to the portal, holding out his tartan bonnet for a mite. This solicitude had nothing ignoble in it. A tenderness of mien towards each other, on the part of father and child, along with a southern hue in the maiden's small features, gave rise to the conjecture that the sire might have served in the Peninsular War, wedding

where he had fought, and that this girl was all that remained to him of a fond and regretted past.

But the chief solace of the sort came from a company of German artists—for artists they might be called,—a Violin, a Clarionet, and a Bassoon, who played airs of all nations and passages from operas of the hour. In what folds of delicious harmony the soul felt wrapped, sighing in each soft pause, and floating off with the melody as it struck into a bolder measure! The *Geige*, by its wild, passionate, bewitching tones, resembling a sprite of another planet, yet subtlely informed with all the moods of humanity, at once chafed and ravished the ear. At these times, under the mysterious grace showered from the instruments, all, the commonest person, even the most trivial act, seemed touched with the loftiness of an ideal sphere. With the first notes the burden of life loosened and fell off the shoulders; nor could the Porter in Sindbad, if he had come up, have failed to choose the spot for his breathing-place. Old Time shook his glass with joy; and, tucking in those garments which make his flight so slow to the sad, to the disconsolate, he smoothed every wrinkle in his passage. If the heavenly Cecilia be always disposed only as Raphael has painted her, with the common sensibility arrested as she turns her eyes to the choir of seraphs, the Saint could hardly have patronised the concert; for no strain was dedicated to the hopes which she favours. But it may be doubted whether, had she chanced to go by, she would not have listened for a moment without a frown. From the week's edge, while the chords throbbed, the soul could look over to the Day of Rest,—a day more needed in modern than in Jewish times,—and descry 'the green pastures and still waters.'

It now falls to turn again into the stream of public events, and, in a few traits, paint the Disruption, the chief ecclesiastical incident of the century in Scotland.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DISRUPTION.

Lord High Commissioner in the General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland.—Revival and Expansion of Faith within the Church.—Procession of Clergy and Elders to Tanfield at the Disruption.—Thomas Chalmers, First Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland.—His Character and Services.—Robert S. Candlish.—William Cunningham.—Thomas Guthrie.—Causes of the Disruption.—Effects.

AT Glasgow, as, one autumn, the Red Togas,—students in college garb,—began to cluster in the court of the old University, the name of him who had been a while under the training of the world, now residing in the western mart, was enrolled with a view to the Church.

The moods and experiences of Bute were far from foreshadowing themselves to him; but affairs had become a simple instrument of education; and the aspirant, latterly, soothed himself by filling into the frame of existence a picture, which, as on the shield of Achilles, exhibited within the central round objects of celestial worth, while secular pursuits held the outer circles. He figured himself sitting in one of those offices, which, by means of ground-glass, cut off communication with the panorama of the streets; where, like Wilhelm Meister after his fever, tracing letters in all languages,—a task favourable to private culture,—clerks are directed by shining bald pates, with eyes running through the earth; and where the fortunes of a hundred argosies are

engrossed in ledgers large and portly as cathedral missals of the Middle Ages.

Now, however, that Faith called away to regions of knowledge visited only in fancy hitherto, the alumnus, in early morn, donning the quaint college livery as the public clocks sent forth their hoarse alarum, groped his way up the dark turret leading to tutorial rooms, at every round catching on his cheek the flakes of snow which drifted in by the paneless casements. But he found himself in the forenoon among the ingenuous crowds that collected in the halls of the Roman Ramsay and the accomplished Grecian Lushington. As the spring buds formed, it was his habit to steal down between classes to the grove of elms which stretched behind the venerable edifice, where youth lurked with books under every tree, striving

'—inter silvas academi quærere verum';

and all other sense vanished in the consciousness of being what Emerson has called the favourite of heaven and earth—a Scholar! The class of Logic followed next year; but in course of the subsequent summer, drawn by the University of his native city, the student returned to Edinburgh, just at the moment of the famous Disruption, 18th of May, 1843: when the long file of Clergy and Elders, led off by the Moderator of the Church of Scotland after having bowed to the Queen's Commissioner, formed at Tanfield into the first General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland.

It still comes to mind, how, in childhood, measuring with his small feet the granite pavement of South Bridge, the collegian walked hand in hand by his father's side along the thronged way, to witness the procession of the Royal Commissioner. The show, holding the same place in Edinburgh as the Lord Mayor's in the southern metropolis, had a holier interest; for it was the Church which was honoured, and the Commissioner personified the sovereign. To set forth royalty,

and through royalty the State, mace and pages went before the Representative's carriage; the Lord Provost, with the Lord Advocate and Solicitor General, accompanying it. A guard of dragoons, with drawn swords and helmets glittering in the sunbeam, pranced in advance from Holyrood to the place of Assembly, while the bray of trumpet, imparting a sort of spiritual element, stirred as well the hearts of thousands out of sight as the surrounding spectators. But, after all, gorgeous as was the parade, the whole was nothing more than a pageant. According to the historical basis of the Church north of the Tweed, the presence of the Lord High Commissioner in its General Assembly,—an honour not accorded to the Convocation of the Church of England of which Royalty is the real, avowed, legal head,—is a badge only of the good wishes of the monarch for the Church, and of the Church's loyalty to the monarch. The Church receives no laws from the Representative, who is a simple looker-on, registering its actions for the royal knowledge; the Assembly meets in the name of its Great Spiritual Head, the Lord Jesus Christ, by its own appointment, and dismisses itself; in a word, the tie, such as it is, means the alliance of friendly but independent powers, who may loose it if they please, yet have won no right by favours, how long soever bestowed, to overawe or invade one another's domains.

The Disruption, the most brilliant event for the Church since the Assembly of 1638, calls for notice, if the religion of a country which yields an essential member of Christendom be worth comprehending. The wave of faith on the occasion heaved and broke over the whole land, agitating the most sequestered vale and reaching heights where only the shepherd pastures his flocks. The movement was the upshot of half a century of revival, ever more and more taking hold of the popular conscience and heart, but growing into a passion during the previous decade, until it burst all

barriers. Professors of Universities, specially the Professors of Divinity and Church History, had, on platforms and in ecclesiastical courts, by arguments which pointed back to the Reformation and the Covenant, striven for the deliverance of the Church from the obtrusion of Civil Courts in its spiritual administration, as well as from Patronage, a system since abolished by Parliament. For the first time, a school, properly so called, of evangelists, grew up in Scotland, contemporaneous with the saintly M'Cheyne of Dundee and Somerville of Glasgow. From it,—which stood connected with the general recovery of Christian life,—issued forth a holy and learned band, including the Scottish Xavier, W. C. Burns of China, and the pious Bonars. Earlier, indeed, the Journals of the Mission of Inquiry to the Jews, and, still farther back, the fervid appeals of Alexander Duff of India, the first and most gifted missionary of the Church of Scotland, had diffused a cosmopolitan evangelism throughout the country, which penetrated to the huts even of the remotest Highlands and Islands. The British Colonies and the Continent shared the benefit; while, at home, under the wondrous and seraphic energy of the apostle of the outcast, Dr. Chalmers, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, and afterwards Principal and Primarius Professor of New College, systematic efforts to reclaim the lapsed masses became the permanent glory of the Scottish Churches.

Such a procession as now took place had, for kind and motives, never before been seen in Edinburgh. The Disruptionists, forsaking St. Andrew's Church, the seat of Assembly at the time, with the Moderator in gown and bands at their head, turned down to Tanfield, the extemporised hall of reception, winding in triumph like a mighty snake, coil following coil, the clergy alone counted by hundreds. No Royal Commissioner, with pomp of cavalcade, drove

in advance. The representative of the Queen,—Marquis of Bute on the occasion,—remained behind on the throne, along with a minority of the General Assembly, as the Church of the Covenant made its solemn progress. But, at the exit of the confessors, the applauding shout which burst from the dense multitude awaiting it, was the voice of Scotland, and echoed round the globe. To an observer, as rank pressed on rank, if he knew the clergy and other public men of the Church, it was obvious that the flower of them was found in the procession. The Moderator, the representative president of Assembly for the year, who led the way, was Dr. Welsh, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh. Scholar, gentleman, as well as Christian, whose piety, chased in classic and historical studies, sparkled like a diamond freed of every excrescence, he bore himself with the dignity of a witness, a hallowed joy, as of liberty won to glorify the Saviour, on his calm face. The ministers from the country parishes, swelling the march in so large a proportion, came on with a special aureole around them; for most, laying down stipend and manse on the altar of duty, did so with no visible prospect of being provided for. At length, as the General Assembly, the first of the Free Church of Scotland, formed within Tanfield, where it was received by an audience of two or three thousand of all ranks, many of them in their seats since early morning, it then began to appear how great was the occasion. The whole body of the Church of Scotland's Missionaries, spreading from the Ganges to the Cape of Good Hope, as soon as news of the Disruption reached them, annexed themselves as parties to it. The annual delegates from the Presbyterian Churches of Ireland and the Continent, with Merle d'Aubigné, Historian of the Reformation, conspicuous among them, recognised the Free Church as the Church of Scotland to which they had been commissioned.

To form an opinion of the movement, an examiner may fitly pause an instant on the most illustrious man of the galaxy, whose name will be identified with the step as long as history commemorates its course.

Thomas Chalmers, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh at the time, and of modern Scottish Churchmen best known on the Continent, was at once raised by acclamation to the Moderatorship. Of dazzling genius, and adorning it with a piety which burned ever higher in holy fervour as the conflict for ecclesiastical freedom from foreign interference thickened, he, by his simple weight, attracted, and kept in harmonious action, as variously gifted a body of men, each a chief in his way, as have borne a part in any religious crisis. As Divinity Professor for quarter of a century, Chalmers, at the epoch of the Disruption, was surrounded by scores of clergymen, his own former pupils, clustering about him as sons round a revered parent. But what, in the general love, had wreathed for him a crown of amaranth, was his enthusiasm for the moral and spiritual wants of the common people, the masses, above all, lost to hope in the large towns and manufacturing districts. Earlier, a couple of hundred churches, under his glowing breath, as if the rod of a magician had waved over the land, rose, in less than a dozen years, to welcome under their roofs such as had grown up beyond the reach of ordinary parish provision. An experiment, especially, for forming a territorial church, as it was styled,—a congregation, that is, drawn together out of an unoccupied neighbourhood,—was made by him in Glasgow, long before the Disruption. But it was not till after that event that a model example, through his efforts, was at length produced. A quarter in the West Port of Edinburgh, infamous for its crimes, was chosen as the scene of operations; the plan was carried into execution under the ministry of the Rev. William Tasker, a man to win all hearts (friendship

prompts the just eulogium), who combined zeal with a vigorous, popular eloquence, and tact, force of will, broad sympathy, sound sense elevated by imagination, perseverance, all together; and a Church soon stood forth which awoke the hallowed rivalry of surrounding denominations.

Once, once only, except at the breakfast table along with other students, was the narrator brought into personal contact with Dr. Chalmers, after he had become Principal and Primarius Professor of Divinity in New College, Edinburgh. During the currency of a Session the turn of the collegian for a private conference having come round, an open note of invitation, in the familiar raking characters of the professor's caligraphy, was delivered to him by the janitor. At the dismissal of the class, as the winter evening fell,—the lamps already lit,—the Doctor was awaited in his robing room, when his firm, rapid step was heard to approach, and, entering the next instant, he graciously bowed, taking the hand of the expectant with paternal greetings. Drawing in a chair with a single moment's characteristic look of abstractedness, he began on the subject of studies and practical piety. Cardinal Wiseman, in a graceful panegyric on Pius the Seventh, referring especially to his first reception by that Pope at a time when he was a simple pupil, affects to be ignorant how the chief of any other Church, though not clothed with royal state, would welcome such a youth, or whether he would consider it at all worth while to grant him an audience. If the learned and estimable dignitary of Rome had been present on this occasion, he would have had his doubt solved. At the Principal's entry, the alumnus, roused to catch his expression with all completeness, thought him like an angel of light, just descended, with his large shining countenance and fair white locks. In the course of the interview it was asked if any of the student's reading had lain in experimental theology. On the names of Bunyan, Boston, Jeremy Taylor, Samuel

Rutherford, Serle, Sibbes, Flavel, and the like being mentioned, the Doctor poured forth a profusion of discriminative sentences on the various types, benignantly signifying sympathy with all of them. But so swayed was he by the main purpose of a Church, the evangelisation of the country and the world, that, mathematician though he was, and chemist, and philosopher, and political economist, every taste was merged in the vehement desire to probe the conscience of the scholar and have the Gospel in its Divine simplicity fixed in the heart. With the ingenuousness of a child, this Master in Israel, as he sought to mould the generation passing through his hands into active evangelists, seemed not to dream that, within a reverence for such writers as those named, a subtle power, drawn from a larger surface than had been the theatre of the Disruption, was at work to carry youth beyond the range of any exclusive influence. If the truth be said, the student must confess that, with a rare sense of the noble and saintly character of the teacher whose counsels he had now the honour and privilege of receiving, he left the room with the hardy reflection traversing the mind that the Doctor had accomplished his sublime mission, and that the special perplexities of modern civilisation must look for settlement to other sources.

Dr. Candlish, Minister of St. George's, Edinburgh, played a part so distinguished in the Disruption, that his figure, although in every way subordinate to that of him just brought before the eye, can never be lost in the crowd. The versatility of the doughty little man's genius, which expressed itself in a rich and sinewy rhetoric, often enthralled hearers of another opinion than his own. A study, indeed, it was of the most curious interest to mark the progress of his speeches. At times, the operation of thinking on his feet was visible, the stuff of argument, loose at hand, being drawn to the necessary threads with a skill which

seldom suffered any of them to be broken in the process. A debater of the highest order, the passionate and despotic will which nature had given him was yet so tempered by grace, and by a sense of responsibility which the magnitude of the issues seemed to keep continually awake within him, that, in the very crisis of discussion, he is not remembered ever to have spoken a word needing apology. Opponents themselves in the Assembly, withered by his exposure of their honest sophistry, were nevertheless now and then charmed into calm, if not converted, by the power and chastenedness of the orator. What, moreover, in addition to his capacity for the business of Church courts, secured for him a foremost place as a popular leader, he coquetted, in perfect good faith, with the Covenant, suggesting overtures for its revival in adaptation to modern needs. Even yet it is not forgotten how, at a gathering of thousands in the City Hall of Glasgow, as a majority of the Court of Session in the notorious Auchterarder case drove a spear through the whole body of law about the Church from the Reformation downwards, a burst of enthusiasm broke out, like the chivalrous display of the Hungarian nobles when Maria Theresa asked their swords for her child. At mention of the banner of the Covenant being possibly unfolded again, such was the aptness of the allusion amidst a torrent of fiery argument, that every class of both sexes, masters and workmen,—for some of all had thronged to the meeting,—sprang to their feet, and waved hats and handkerchiefs for many minutes, along with passionate hurrahs. If, indeed, the published theological speculations of the Minister of St. George's are marked by eccentricity and bad taste, as soon as he goes beyond commonplaces, he has yet rendered to his country services of imperishable worth.

The Disruption, however, and the discussions which went before and after it, cannot be dissociated from the long, bulky

form of the Minister of Trinity College, Edinburgh, William Cunningham, D.D. Afterwards Professor of Polemics, New College, as well as Principal on the death of Chalmers, his influence chiefly bore on the minds of the new generation of students, a wholesome breeze emanating from his prelections, which largely dealt with the Papal Controversy. Dr. Cunningham was a Cyclops in theology, his logical hammer forging with abnormal energy link after link of argument. But, on the platform, aweing like a lion his auditory as he swung himself to and fro with a peculiar glare of the eyes, the same man was a lamb in privacy, sweet and playful of manners. From his forwardness, in frank contrition, to withdraw any harsh word into which a constitutional vehemence for truth tended to betray him, the Demosthenes of his Church had no personal enemy.

But, how describe all the magnates, lay as well as clerical, who followed in the wake of the Moderator, and were joined in spirit by the country over its whole breadth? Sir David Brewster, afterwards the illustrious Principal of the Edinburgh University,—whose statue, shining like an ideal form of Scientism, fills the eye on passing into the court between the noble monolith columns of the portal,—was a staunch suffragan of the Assembly at Tanfield, although all his eloquence flowed through his pen. The most original journalist of his time, Hugh Miller, Editor of the *Witness*, the tribune of his country if too shy to be an orator, carried by the brilliant pungency of his articles the cause of Disruption into the cabinets of Statesmen and courtiers. Alexander Murray Dunlop, M.P. for Greenock, Graham Spiers, Sheriff of Midlothian, James Hog of Newliston, the Marquis of Breadalbane, are names, among a crowd of others, dear to Scotland for their consistent advocacy of its Church in the hour of trial. One, indeed, of the same class, Maitland Makgill Crighton of Rankeillor, is specially memorable for

the chivalrous valour of his speeches on the platform. All were Elders.

To finish this notice, it may be added that, of the many preachers of the Disruption, Dr. Thomas Guthrie, Minister of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, was the prince, his tongue dropping on his thronged audiences, drawn from all sections of society, —legal, medical, fashionable, as well as the humblest mendicants, the bland message of Grace in a shower of figures. Philanthropist of the North, the tall, gaunt humanitarian awakened laughter and tears together, in his pleas for Ragged Schools.

What, now, more particularly, was the cause of the Disruption? What so agitated the old national Church of Scotland within itself, at length rending it asunder, as well as separating the reigning majority from association with the State? Hundreds of beneficed clergymen, it is worth noticing why, renounced Stipend and Manse, agonising sacrifices in many cases, along with the public consideration which the patronage of civil government commonly brings with it.

The sum of the reason, as already indicated, was, the necessity of maintaining the spiritual independence of the Church, within its own sphere, against the passionate encroachments of the Court of Session, at length backed up by the House of Lords. Far, indeed, far, far was the controversy from being, as critics of Dean Stanley's temper paint it, an abstract one. The Judges of the Court of Session, (the supreme civil court in Scotland,)—dissentients, however, including on the bench men such as Lords Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Moncrieff,—summoned the Presbytery of Dunkeld before their bar, because, in spite of an interdict, the Presbytery had ordained to the spiritual charge of a long vacant parish the minister made legal, according to the law for centuries, by the Call of the Congregation. The interdict was in favour of a drunkard, who was without a single vote; and, for

refusing to give him consecration, the Church Court was frowned upon, rebuked, fined, and, if one voice had not turned the scale, its members would have been imprisoned! Not only were orders issued by the same tribunal to prevent the most venerable clergymen of the Church publishing in the churches the suspension of some disobedient presbyters, or, even, when debarred from the churches, preaching the Gospel on the roadsides and open fields; but the civil arm was stretched out to intrude, by means of these suspended men themselves, a nominee of patronage on the Parish of Marnoch, the whole body of the people to the number of two thousand,—the parish publican excepted,—disavowing him.

Such were minor, though flagrant, incidents in the series of provocations which forced the Church, if it would not sink into a worthless tool, to loose the tie to the State. The injury culminated in the Auchterarder Case, which, brought up once and again before the Court of Session, more clearly than ever disclosed a bold purpose on the part of the Court to destroy, by its simple fiat, the constitution of the Church. In this Case, for a parish of three thousand souls, a presentee had only a couple of names in his favour; while a Call, proportioned to the parishioners, was a necessary link in the appointment. The Presbytery, moreover, was alone acknowledged by the State as well as by the Church, to be capable of ordaining a clergyman. Not only, however, was the benefice assigned to the presentee by the Court, a decree owned by the Church to be within civil jurisdiction, even if wrong in itself; but the Veto-Act of the General Assembly, an act to regulate popular rights in the Call, was overthrown, and the Church, within her domain, placed under the secular heel with its power of fine and imprisonment. The invasion of the Church was carried to its gloomy close, when, on appeal to the House of Lords, Brougham, joined by Lord Cottenham, judicially affirmed, in terms of coarse ribaldry, the sentence of

the Court of Session. Going out of his way to illustrate, not the law, but his own theory of what it must be, it was even added by him that the Christian People counted for no more in the settlement of a presentee than the recalcitration of the Champion's horse in a coronation! At this issue, which made inevitable a dissolution of the bond of centuries if Parliament itself did not lift the load from the breast of the Assembly, Aberdeen, Argyle, and others, Whig and Tory, sought to modulate measures which might again reconcile Church and State, and for ever settle the difference. In every one of them, however, even though the framers were animated by patriotic motives, a snake lurked in the phraseology, which would need only time and occasion to lift its head against the Church, when, in her various schemes of extension, she sought fuller conformity to the spirit of the Apostles. The Church of Scotland, accordingly, stirred to her extreme boundaries, the laity still more than the clergy, from shepherds, artisans, scullery-maids, up to Marquises and Marchionesses, withdrew from all hope in politicians; and wrapping herself in the mantle of the Lord, set her house in order for departure. A Convocation of ministers was held at Edinburgh, in which the venerable Chalmers, after a sermon from the words, 'Unto the upright light ariseth!' expounded his famous Sustentation Fund,—imitated by the Irish Episcopal Church on its disestablishment,—through which the poorest parish clergyman might have an honourable independent maintenance. The hour being at length arrived, and the Assembly ready, the Disruption took place, giving a new era to the Church of Scotland.

A principle, vital to her existence, it will have been seen, (for it has been more than once mentioned,) underlay the whole conflict on the part of the Church: the principle of Spiritual Independence, as it is called, which contains the germ of all evangelic action. On one hand, this axiom, con-

trary to the claims of the Canon Law of Rome, how often soever sought by foes to be confounded with it, concedes that all the secularities of the Church,—her revenue, the common behaviour of her clergy, everything about her, in short, which ordinarily falls within the province of the Magistrate, —is a subject of his office. In assuming this position, the Church imitates her Lord, who acknowledged the coin with the image of Cæsar on it. On the other hand, established or unestablished, in opposition to Erastianism, which is the sovereignty of the State in ecclesiastical matters, the Church maintains that, as regards the determination of her doctrine, discipline, and worship, along with the licensing and ordination of her ministers,—all, in a word, which belongs to her religious work,—she receives orders solely from the Lord of the Conscience, her Divine Founder, as got through His Word and Spirit. In the struggle, therefore, which closed in the Disruption,—although in harmony with this balance of rights she went into the Court of Session and House of Lords on the question of the benefice, when the benefice was being separated from the minister of her appointment,—the Magistrate as Magistrate was not acknowledged when he invaded her sanctuary, summoning her to place on some head holy hands for ordination. If the Church should wrongly withhold or depose from office, she might, calling herself to task, reverse her own decision. But she could not, durst not, consent to homologate the act of any secular authority, even the highest, forcibly crossing her borders to correct an error, which, being ecclesiastical and not civil, remains with herself to deal with.

A painting, the 'Leaving of the Manse,' (the Scottish parsonage,) by Sir George Harvey, in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, gives vividly to the eye what took place a hundred times over at the Disruption, when the clergyman of the parish was forced to renounce the home endeared to

him as the sanctuary of his family and sacred studies. In it, Dr. Bruce, of St. Andrew's, a notable man in his long day for genius and humour as well as revered for his piety, represents the country minister, who leads off his aged mother on the arm, while his wife, surrounded by a group of their children, turns the key in the manse door. Laymen of distinction in the ecclesiastical movement, showing the popular faces of Panmure, Islay Campbell, Cockburn, Dunlop, and others, look on over the heads of weeping parishioners, with the church itself in the background. All these divisions in parishes, some will say, might have been dispensed with by compliance. But the Hand of God was in the movement, to demonstrate to the incredulous that religion is a reality, to bring disputed virtues to light, and to flood the land with a richer faith, prolific in every variety of good work. At present, manses, called into existence by the pathetic eloquence of Guthrie, fresh with holier associations, shield the outed ministers, or, rather, the generation of their successors. While traces of the battle have been mostly effaced, all parties have gained by the conflict: those who remained in the Establishment, those who came out, and those who,—for a century witnesses for Christian liberties,—were ready to welcome their enfranchised brethren. It now only remains that the three sections, always one in their confession of faith and worship, should, by the abolition of distinctions, be banded in one catholic Church.

In the attempt to represent Presbytery to the general eye, it might have sufficed, perhaps, to say what has been said through the foregoing chapters. But the relations of the Church of Scotland to sacred art,—wherein it agrees with others in its appreciations, and wherein it differs,—seem necessary to be unfolded in order to complete the portrait. The subject of religious taste is in itself interesting; nor, if rightly considered, can it ever be regarded as of small moment.

CHAPTER VII.

PRESBYTERY AND ITS RELATIONS TO SACRED ART.

A Scotch Place of Worship compared with Latin and Greek Churches. — Example of Presbyterian Service. — Characteristics of Scottish Doctrine, Sacraments, and Government.—The Saviour's Relation to Ecclesiastical Æsthetics.—Custom of the Church in the Early Ages.—Change after the establishment of Christianity under Constantine and his Successors.—Difference of Races in Taste.—Art and Language.—Ghiberti's Gates.—The Sacred Biography full of Pictorial Moments.—Christ's imaginative Manner of Teaching.—Practical Use of Religious Art illustrated.—Painting in Churches.—Place of Music.—Tamberlik.—The Oratorios of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn.

IF a church north of the Tweed be entered, to whichever division of Presbyterians it belongs, one and the same characteristic strikes the eye. A Pulpit, with Bible on the cushion, and beside it Psalm Book and Hymns, is the sole prominent feature. At its foot, stretching around, is a spacious railed dais for the Eldership, a body of laity consecrated to assist in the spiritual governance of the flock, and for the Deacons, who are financial helps, while precentor and choir occupy the middle region. But, what is apt to surprise strangers and grate on their devotional feelings, the rostrum has rarely any symbol on it, not even a Cross, to mark its destiny. Still less does it whisper to soul or heart by any design borrowed from the Gospels: Christ preaching on the Mount, or a Baptist at the Jordan pointing to the Lamb of God.

A Scotch church, in this respect, broadly contrasts with Latin and Greek places of worship, which at once impose on a visitor by a profusion of religious emblems. An altar, is, in them, all know, the focus of interest, fenced off to mark its awful sanctity. If a pulpit is also included in the furniture, it generally clings to a pillar aside; and, however wielded for purposes of edification or proselytism, its station in reference to the holier area expresses a subordination of office.

The Church of Scotland, by the very aspect of its sanctuaries, shows the aim of its Reformers, which was to assume as closely as possible a primitive attitude. The Apostles, as they went forth into the world, breaking constantly into adoration of the 'Mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the Flesh,' did yet never suggest the continuance of a Holy of Holies, which should receive the Blood of Atonement. The Sacrifice, the Only Sacrifice,—'Jesus,' so called, for He 'saved His People from their sins,'—had been already offered, and was risen; and men's eyes, turned off from any sublunary shrine, were fixed on the Lamb mediating in the Temple above. The Church of Scotland, accordingly, eschewing anything which savours of the ceremonial system practised before the consummation of the Living Sacrifice, links itself directly with the Victim of Calvary. A unity of association is given to the Service, by all the offices being led from the same spot: praise, readings of Holy Scripture, and devotion. A free utterance of thanksgiving and supplications drawn from the hour's condition, is, in prayer, joined to a liturgical element, yielding, when it springs from the heart, a pathos impossible to a prescribed ritual.

A sample of Presbyterian Worship, taken from the Eglise Réformée, which in Geneva and France corresponds to the Church of Scotland, may afford a breathing-point for a

moment, and introduce a discussion of the general subject.

The Service took place in a port of the Black Sea; and its bareness, its absolute nakedness, its rudimental character, held among a small mixed congregation drawn together out of a populous foreign community, at once showed its strength and of what development it admitted.

The church was severely plain, from the pulpit itself, a canopied porch crowned by a gilded spiral knob, down to the wooden settles for the worshippers. It was, in sooth, a room and nothing more, accommodating one or two hundred persons; any good of the space was to be hoped for only from the spiritual influence that might move within hearts; all were dependent on the pastor, along with Scriptures and Hymns, for bringing Living Water to their lips. A shower from above, if the arts are needed to obtain it, was to be least expected, and yet it fell: drawn down, not by a ceremonial attraction which affects to coax the skies, but through the inspiring eloquence of a biblical priest, who sought in faith and prayer for its efficacy.

A small, lively, nervous man of Gallic temperament, it was, who ministered, with soft silky locks, greyed before the time, which, covering his ears, shook around them at every motion. But it was his pale pensive face, with ample brow, the eyes a mild hazel, and the jaws narrowing fast down to the chin, that gave him chief expression, and, on his entry into the pulpit, at once isolated the people with God. What brought into relief the silvered head, with an imprint of holy and learned vigils on its features, was the black Genevan gown which clothed his person to the feet, together with white lawn bands pending on the breast. No ring, no staff, no college decoration, as in other Churches, tempered the modesty of his equipment.

The subject of discourse,—a valedictory one on finishing

his ministry in the city,—was taken from St. Paul's apology for himself in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. The defence, in the present case, bore, happily, no touch of soreness, either in the retrospect, or actual circumstances; a brother it was, who was bidding farewell to those who loved and were beloved by him. Yet the voice of the speaker trembled, and a still, undemonstrative tear stood in most eyes, while the glittering lancet, by his handling, probed deception after deception. As the orator continued to advance, God was felt at hand, but for adoration, not for dread, approaching the hearers in the midst of their cares, sorrows, and mercies, rather than revealed in a sky remote from experience. Following the Apostle, the Pastor next carried the judgment-seat to Conscience, and then appealed from the conscience to Him 'whose Eyes see, and whose Eyelids try, the children of men'; when the sentences fluctuated in application, enforcing how life is to be consecrated in little things as in great, in copecks equally with roubles, in trifling transactions of business as well as those on a large scale, and in fireside talk not less than in the weighty speech of parliaments. At length, by a peroration in which the heart predominated, swaying all other hearts, the discourse poured itself out to a close in gushes of sweet and hallowed words.

Except in the fervour of the Preacher, the service, now described, offers one of the simplest examples of Presbytery. But, for that reason, it may bring before the mind how real is its power, producing such results with none of the common means of stimulus: no glowing symbols, no apparel of embroidery, no rich orchestral music, or any story on the walls which, by its topic, might soften the heart. If higher forms be asked for, the burning speech and devotions of Chalmers the preacher, or Duff the missionary, which set all a congregation in flames, may be called back, or they

may be found at present in Edinburgh, under the apostolic ministry of Free St. George's, or the Parish Church of St. Cuthbert's, or Broughton United Presbyterian Church.

A travelled Scotsman, indeed, even when himself kindled by the services of his Church, feels that its ordinary ministrations may seem cold to those fed on the florid worship of other rites. It is to be noticed, however, that the very same absence of show in the exercises of the early Christians, down even to the third century, brought on them the charge of atheism from idolaters accustomed to the gorgeous drapery of paganism. True to the Master's example, it is seen from the words of Origen, in answer to the contemptuous reproaches of Celsus on the plainness of Christian worship in his day, that the same simplicity then marked ecclesiastical arrangements as at the beginning. 'No temple, no altar, no image!' was the taunt of the mocking sophist. 'God's Temple and Image,' retorted the Apologist, 'are seen in the manifestation of Christ, and in all His faithful disciples! These,' added he, rising to a climax, which still makes the heart throb, 'are breathing statues, with whom the Jupiter itself of Phidias cannot be brought into comparison!'

The same disposition of Presbytery appears in its Doctrine, Sacraments, and Government.

The Apostles' Creed, so called, was welcomed, God be thanked! by all the Reformed Churches, the Scotch as well, and became incorporated in their symbols. The Creed of the Council of Nice, too, proclaiming the glorious divinity of the Saviour, together with some additions from subsequent Councils, is embodied in the Confession of Faith, and, as already shown, in the Catechism, of the country. Sin and Grace, finally, as St. Paul presents them, shaped by the experimental expositions of Augustine, bring into just view Man and his Salvation. At the first Pan-Presbyterian

Council, held at Edinburgh in the summer of 1877, where representatives met from all lands of the Old and New World, Jesus and His Gospel, rather than the Church, was the rallying cry.

The Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, the only seals, as of the Saviour's own appointment, recognised for confirming the rise and growth of the Christian life, wear an aspect in Presbytery, more simple even than other things, accordant with the gracious mysteries as presented in the Acts of the Apostles.

Beautiful shines the ordinance of Baptism in these Acts! One convert, and another, and another, caught by Divine Grace in all manner of ways and situations, is seen joyfully coming up for it; not thereby to receive faith, regeneration, life; but, by a public acknowledgment of Jesus, to testify to Him, and get sealed the birth from above, already astir in their souls. The Eunuch of Candace, in his chariot, rivetted by Isaiah's picture of the Lamb slaughtered, and, after Philip had preached Christ to him, 'believing with all his heart,' is then found obtaining the holy symbol. Lydia, the hospitable vender of purple at Philippi, as Paul and Silas arrived, was baptized, after the Lord had 'opened her heart,' the essential thing; and the gaoler, shivering with the question, What to do to be saved? is beheld sharing with awe and delight the same symbol, as soon as he trusts in the Lord Jesus Christ, which he was bidden do beforehand by the imprisoned missionaries. The almsgiving centurion, Cornelius, comes in sight, confessing Jesus to be 'ordained of God Judge of quick and dead,' and crucified 'for the remission of sins,' the Holy Ghost falling on him as Peter spoke; when, already Christian, with abounding spiritual gifts, the sacrament was added. Thousands, it is written, accepting the Word under the strong breath of the same Apostle at Pentecost, entered, saved, into the Kingdom, by the door of the visible initial ordinance;

faith in every case being presumed, although, in many who passed through, it might exist only in embryo. If Ananias and Sapphira, and still more Simon the Sorcerer, stand out as beacons, they prove for ever to the Church how the transit through the waters of baptism may accomplish nothing of itself, while it remains for a believer the richly appointed way of professing the Gospel and being confirmed in it. Jew came to baptism when he had found the Messiah in Christ. The Gentile did so, when, before the blessed sense of one true God and of Jesus as the Saviour, the whole flock of false deities, like bats at the break of day, vanished from his soul.

In the Scottish Church, as with the Apostles, the water is but water, although with a plethora of holy significance; the priest is no more than minister, servant, who yet has the honour and privilege of doing his Master's will; and both help the eye of faith to realise the gracious and adorable Saviour at hand, bending from the clouds, who, as He bids to baptize in the Name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, embraces the disciple in the seal of that purification which, if the ordinance has worth at all, His Spirit has already begun to accomplish within him. The white act of life, indeed, in the case of almost all, now, is done in babyhood; for, following in this also the Apostles, the Scottish Church, like most others, claims the 'promise' for the offspring as well as for their Christian parents. The father, therefore, or a widowed mother,—touching sight!—being proxy, taking for a time the vows of consecration in room of the infant candidate, holds it at the font. The Church thenceforth strives that the conversion symbolised may become a reality: an attitude altogether different from that of a conventional ascription of regeneration, which in so many instances alas! is grossly contradicted by the life. The administration of the sacrament, as often as it is witnessed, teems, in fact, with fresh power, calling up for the heart the primary truth folded

within it, and offering to youth a potent stimulant to walk worthy of the Christian vocation, until, assuming publicly for itself the place of discipleship, it rejoices in participation of the Lord's Supper.

The Lord's Supper, in its presbyterial form, is, like baptism, simple as it was at its institution, when the common elements of a paschal feast were for ever exalted to be blessed emblems. Natural, indeed, as it was to the Reformers to estimate the Mass at its lowest, regarded through the abuses which had aggregated about the sacrament in their time, it would yet be hard to doubt that millions who have taken the Communion in that way have really enjoyed the fellowship of Christ. To him, whatever be his evangelic disposition, who has stood before Jerome receiving the Eucharist in his last moments,[1] the conviction cannot otherwise than come home that the grace of the Lord is quick enough to penetrate through every crust of circumstance, and stamps the same fundamental image on His disciples born in Churches the most diverse from one another. What a faith reveals itself in the expression of the aged saint, as the worn-out, withered lips part in expectation of the wafer which the priest bends to offer him! A faith it is, which is the 'evidence of things not seen,' true, clear, composed, all traces of servile fear, as well as the irascibility of the disputant, wiped from the countenance, and suggesting a meet readiness for 'the inheritance of them that are sanctified.' The subordinate actors of the group, besides fitting to their parts, have impressed on them the same hue of character which illustrates the principal personage, and which is never found except in a life communicating with the Saviour. Touching is the varied grief, so genuine yet so calm, which marks their behaviour, especially the subdued aspect of the crushed Pauline, embracing the

[1] Painting of Domenichino in the Vatican.

pale and wrinkled hand of the moribund! Even the lion at his side, the legendary companion and protector of Jerome, shows the reigning temper. Jerome, how much soever he shared the ideas of his time, yet, being a student of Scripture, nay, more, its translator, exhibits that Christian style which comes of direct, personal, spiritual relation with Christ, even under a cult cumbered with accretions.

The basis, happily, of the Communion, however the assertion may disturb controversialists, is one and the same in all Churches. It is faith in a Sacrifice, residing in the crucified Saviour, who, for the heart, is not dead but living, and who continually applies its virtue to every penitent, particularly in the Feast of the Supper. The real difference, is, that, while the apostolic doctrine presents the Lord as 'once' offered for sin, yet operative at all moments, the creed of the Roman Church, in order to supply this working efficacy, sacrifices Him over and over again as often as the sacrament is constituted. Such divergent types of the ordinance may seem to afford no common ground for fellowship. It is nevertheless possible to see in both, in the later with the exotic growth which winds round and impoverishes it, as well as in the doctrine preserved from the beginning, the same fact of a perpetual prevailing sacrifice. The soul, however, in a Church which fancies to itself a transubstantiation of the elements, is tempted to fix the eye of faith on the shadow held up for adoration; Jesus, whom it represents, being Himself often buried for the mind beneath the divinised symbol.

Government in Presbytery, though far from so vital a distinction as Creed and Sacraments, is yet most characteristic of it. It is its polity, as embodied in the General Assembly, the ecclesiastical parliament of the Church, that catches the attention of strangers accustomed to episcopacy, as in England under the sovereign, or in Rome with the pope for its apex. The May Meetings at London, noble in their life,

resemble in missionary interest the Assemblies; but have nothing of the legislative and judicial action, which, in the Scottish court, so calls forth the energies of the Church, as well as imparts to its deliberations, on a holier field, the same gravity and attraction of debate which gives weight to the House of Commons. The Irish Church, in its new form, with so large an infusion of lay commissioners, wears something of the features of a Presbyterian synod. The Church of England Congresses of the day, leaving far behind the Convocation, possess a deal of the same popular character. But the General Assembly in Scotland, the heir of centuries, and the theatre of all the grandest events in the history of its Church, has an authority which distinguishes it from all other Churches, and calls to mind for comparison councils such as that of Nice, with the difference that it is not an occasional, but a permanent, wheel in the machinery.

The Scottish Reformers, in room of the tapering Papal hierarchy, which was remorselessly brought to the ground, established the Presbyterian platform. Instead of rising, like the Romish, step by step, pyramidally, closing in as it ascends, it spreads out on the same plane in growing circles, until every individual of the faithful is represented. Each congregation, or body of communicants under a pastorate, is the unit: a flock, fully constituted, having along with the minister, a court of elders, the Kirk Session,—composed of ordained laymen chosen by the membership to assist in the spiritual oversight,—and a court of deacons, often of a high religious tone, to manage the finances. The next circle of power, consisting of the ministers and elders of a town or district, with the name of Presbytery, receives appeals, originates measures, and is the arena that first shows the direction of public opinion. Synods, again, still wider in their comprehension, bring the presbyteries of a province together; and the General Assembly,—which annually meets in May

with the blossoming of the lily of the valley, its white pendent cups in the button-holes of members,—crowns the system, the final and sovereign court in the Church. The mixture of lay and clerical elements in all these courts, from the Sessions up to the General Assembly, is a guarantee equally against sacerdotalism and worldliness. In this combination the lay constituent balances the professional. The ministers, on the other hand, coming up from parochial duty, and infusing a biblical tone into discussion, prevent the Church degenerating into a bare moral institute.

The relations of the Saviour to the whole subject of ecclesiastical æsthetics, as far as evidence goes, first of all solicits attention, while probing those of Presbyterianism.

It is touching to observe that only once, in the crowded Ministry of Christ, the glory of the Temple came to be a topic of allusion; and this very casually, when the beauty of its stones fixed the eyes of His followers. So far, however, from catching the sympathy of the Master, the artistic interest, if any existed in His mind at the moment, vanished before the vast moral issues involved in the future overthrow of the Jewish sanctuary. Often as the Lord entered the Temple, and many a time as He makes express reference to it, not a word falls from His lips which shadows out, by the most fugitive suggestion, anything except what stood associated with its fate. At that awful and pathetic instant, when Jerusalem rose to view as the Saviour came round the hill of Olivet amidst the hosannas of His disciples, it was no monument of art foreseen to be involved in destruction which drew His tears, nor does any such event seem at all to have entered into their sources. Scarcely was His emotion modified by that spectacle of the city, which must have been like a dream of magic as it stretched away, the Temple itself below in the foreground, glittering with its golden-spiked roof and its fair courts. The misery of the Roman circumvallations, the in-

expressible horrors of the assault, and, above all, the neglected 'day of visitation' which was the moral cause of the catastrophe, such were the ingredients which shook His frame with sorrow. The Temple was His Father's house, and therefore not to be made a den of thieves. But as it was not to be at Jerusalem, any more than on Mount Gerizim, that the Father should now be specially worshipped, an acceptable supplicant might offer his devotions anywhere, without a shred of traditionary piety lingering about the spot, or another roof than the sky over his head. Worship in 'spirit and truth,' it appears, bulked so largely with the Lord, as to shut out from consideration all local influences or helps of the senses. The Apostles, if tracked after they are left by themselves, are beheld walking in the same lines from first to last. The Beautiful Gate, so eulogised by Josephus for its workmanship; the gate where Peter and John found the lame beggar; evidently did not cause the slightest ruffle of feeling in their breasts, lifted above matters of taste, like Howard after them, by the majesty of their mission.

The upper room of Jerusalem, as homely in itself, possibly, as Leonardo da Vinci has painted it in the Last Supper, was the first of a series of private chambers used for sacred functions: rooms of domiciles put by love at the disposal of the Church, without any regard except commodity. Gaius of Corinth, and Aquila the tent-maker, shine as stars come to light among a crowd of benefactors in this way. But not a word occurs in narrative or epistle to imply that their houses differed from the dwellings of thousands of their heathen fellow townsfolk, or had any sign to mark them out. The work of the Gospel destined to revolutionise the world, it was, which characterised them, and gave hallowedness for the heart to the appropriated spaces.

At the same time can one fancy that when the Church became tolerated, growing in wealth as well as expanding in

every city of the Roman Empire, it should have continued to assemble only in hospitable retreats of privacy? The question rises in the mind at this point: does apostolic custom condemn the Church to perpetual baldness of form? or may the integrity of its spirit not be kept, in the midst of accessories adapted to changed circumstances and the progress of the world? As long as the Christian life preserves a healthy vitality, it is of its very nature to root itself in the situation; to stride forward with Society, anticipating its fresh developments rather than lagging behind them; and to rival the attractions of theatre and ballroom with its own means, as Whitefield, at fairs, routed the rabble of showmen by the hope of the Gospel enshrined in the splendour of his voice. At the Disruption, when the Church of Scotland, going out from the State, found itself committed to its own resources, the hall of Tanfield, where its first Assembly met, was taken as a model for hundreds of churches. The place, which possessed nothing except expanse to recommend it, had become endeared from its association with this springtide of religious faith; and its low, flat, dead roof, copied in town and village, was for long a notable object to travellers. But as time flowed on, although without any abatement of zeal, artistic necessities, which are called into play as much by gracious spiritual feelings as by any other, asserted themselves; and crude forms yielded to structures coping with the generality of sacred edifices. At present, scarcely a Presbyterian church of any section lacks a spire with a cross on its apex, and some, like the Free Barclay of Edinburgh, are externally adorned with sculptured emblems, which, how fitting soever to buildings consecrated to Christian worship, would, probably, in an earlier age, have caused the mob to shrug the shoulders at the sight of them, if not to pull them down. St. Giles's, cleared of the walls which, for a century or more, had made three churches of it, exhibits its noble space devoted to

the pure worship of the country, and yet, conformable to the times, showing a religious fulness of expression. The cathedral of Glasgow, even, changed at the Reformation only by the substitution of a Presbyterian service for the Mass, now glows in the choir and aisle windows with painted scenes from the Bible, which, without a trace of superstition, call up the warmth of the Middle Ages. The organ here rolls its varying notes in harmony with the uplifted voices of the congregation.

Presbytery, as already casually shown, although revealing its capacity for holy art, has not generally yielded to the temptation of having pictures, statues, or even a symbol within its walls. The chief ground of this, is, the absence of all example in the apostolic pattern. But, doubtless, the stern prohibition of images as aids to worship in the Decalogue, enforced by the reflection that idolatry is invariably seen to have attended their presence, has greatly intensified sentiment on the point. The condition of the Latin and Greek Churches, which have most depended on images for the culture of their people, has not seemed to afford reason for abating objections to their employment.

The subject in modern times, in presence of so prodigious a development of artistic sensibility in Society down to the very lowest stratum, wins daily in importance. One cannot shut the eyes on it, ignoring the question. At the same time, the possible effects of adopting visible objects in worship, which might introduce corruptions rivalling those of the Brazen Serpent, or the Golden Calf, demand wariness at every step.

It is a tendency of some countries, as it assuredly is of individuals, to shoot forth ideas, sacred ideas specially, into palpable forms. With them, until all lives before the eyes, or musical expression has given body to feeling, the soul vainly struggles with emotion; the most stirring and passionate

scenes in the life of the Saviour, it appears, lie in dim twilight, except they are presented in colours of fancy; and even the Father, whose attributes mock created symbols, fails to touch the heart, if not, strange to say, brought somewhat within the ken of human vision. Others, on the contrary, recoil from exposing their religious experience, or they utter it only in abstract terms. Yet the most phlegmatic proser warms at times; and if art is not possessed, he will help himself with broken metaphor, or seek assistance from some aspect of nature in harmony with the bias of his mind. A plot of mignonette, or lilies mingling with the dahlia and the hollyhock, a rude cliff, a tree, a stream, a cloud, any object may relieve the soul in toning its wants, or affording it a reflection of its own state. All have enthusiastic moments, when there opens a fountain of sensibility which common channels cannot carry off, and verse, painting, music, are obvious resources. It is when a theme is false or base, as alas! so often happens in religious as well as other art, that life is wounded; or when a sensuous manner entangles the being, even while the subject is precious, as in some examples of the Crucifixion. But it is an error of various evil to imagine that the exhibition of sacred facts through art, is, in itself, and necessarily, destructive of their purity. A painting of Angelico's beaming with all the hues of the prism, may give a more spiritual conception of the original than a sermon. A cartoon of Raphael may reproduce a gospel story with less of foreign matter than a paraphrase.

To go a step farther, it is observable that the Bible itself abounds in imagery so realistic, that no painter has ever yet fired his canvas with colours which have more potently set forth their subjects. Raphael, in his rendering of Ezekiel's vision, does not inflame the senses as much as the Prophet's words. No tints can match the effect of the sentence which

describes a whirlwind coming out of the north, enfolding a chariot with life within itself, and over the chariot a throne bearing One on it who wears the likeness of the glory of the Lord. So short, indeed, may pictorial exhibition come of language, that, in designs from the 'Paradise Lost,' the pencil of Turner even has failed to impart equal awe to the Battle of the Angels, when—

> 'Deeds of eternal fame
> Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
> That war, and various: sometimes on firm ground
> A standing fight; then, soaring on main wing,
> Tormented all the air; all air seemed then
> Conflicting fire.'

In a letter of Samuel Rutherford,[1] the Jeremy Taylor of Scotland, a passage occurs which curiously illustrates this representative force of words, with substantially the same effect, for good or evil, as coloured forms.

In allusion to the tyranny of Laud and his wretched ecclesiastical tools, the poetic theologian of Anwoth describes Jesus as crossing from Geneva, in Knox's ministry, and, lying down, having the curtains drawn about Him. But scarcely has the Lord fallen asleep, continues the writer, than irreverent bishops, by masses, processions, and holiday amusements, awake Him. The fancy of the fervent Covenanter, before he closes, summons up other circumstances yet more quaint, and his correspondent is asked to entreat the Stranger to lie down again, lest, wearied out by such usage, He should abandon the country.

In visionary plainness, this imagery is not gone beyond by any of the early painters, when art had not yet exchanged raw literality for a more ideal expression. Men may address sense without using colours; while, if art be like the art of Ghiberti in his Bronze Gates at Florence, it may be as spiritual as any discourse.

[1] Letter XI. William Whyte & Co., Edinburgh.

Of these Bronzes, Michael Angelo, the pure, the austere, who could not be warped from his integrity, was accustomed to say, with warmth, that they were worthy to be the Gates of Paradise. If nothing were known of their author, it would yet be possible to infer from them that Ghiberti was a Biblist; and one easily fancies how, during the forty years taken for the completion of the pair, he must have often brooded over the Holy Scriptures, realising every jot of his subject, now weighing it, now comparing it, now scrutinising it, weeping, rejoicing, adoring, as much, at least, as any of the devout commentators among the Fathers, and with a more intense adherence to the Word.

One Sunday, chancing to miss Divine service, the describer, in order to compensate himself for the loss, took his way to the Baptistery of which they are the doors; but, how was he awed and surprised, as he stood jostled on the thronged pavement, to find the spot turned into a Bethel, with the sentiment streaming through his heart that, verily, God was in that place! On this occasion, it was the Gate not of the Old Testament but of the New that arrested him, which presents the Saviour from the moment of the Annunciation to His Ascension, with the disciples, in joy, returning to the Temple. What thoughts controlled him, as he looked on the Boy among the Doctors, turning to Joseph and the Mother, with the words, like sunbeams, on his lips, 'Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's Business?' Striking, too, and awaking to the last degree, is the Tempter retreating from his vain work in the wilderness, his wings outspread for flight, and shielding with his hand the eyes, blasted, as they seemed ready to be, by the dazzling blaze emitted from the conquering Lord! Always is the great moment of the scene chosen, as in Peter and the Saviour on the Water, which makes a timid observer vibrate with confidence. But, in Christ driving forth the

Money Changers, a curious attempt exists, to fill in by the attitudes the varying thoughts of the multitude scattered before the sublime wrath of the Saviour. One culprit stands under the Divine Hand lifted up with vehemence; another already lies extended on the ground. A figure, in affright, is making anxiously off; while a companion, less exposed, turns round as if to ask what it all means, though he knows right well in the root of his conscience; and yet another, escaping, quickens his steps by the sight of him who has fallen. To complete the society, a woman is bearing away, for safety, a basket of fruits on her head. All lives in the blessed story, as if now transacted before the eyes.

To the joy and consolation of an evangelic student, guarding his simplicity, yet moved in presence of the masterpieces of religious art, he recalls that the sacred Biography itself is full of brilliant pictorial moments, which constantly stimulate him to place them historically before the mind's eye, along with all the scenery and colour of nature cleaving to them. At the Birth, as he ponders over the circumstances, the caravansery, the stable, the manger, the Mother, the Babe folded in her arms,—and such a Babe!—throng on his fancy and heart together, so that he seems also to kneel with the overawed Shepherds, hastening in from the apparition of the Angels. The absorbing interest of the Child, all centred in it as in a focus, gives for him naturalness to the Nativity of Correggio, when he finds the whole scene and its figures lighted up with the rays emanating from the face of the Infant. The Gospel imparts all of the impression beforehand; and the painter, in bringing the attendants, Mother included, out of obscurity through the brightness of the Babe, only expresses what the scholar has already felt thrill within his inmost being,—the sense that the glory of Him who 'lightens every man that cometh into the world' has verily begun to dawn. Jesus on the Cross, with John and the Mother at the

foot, or, as in the altarpiece at Antwerp, brought down for burial, who can look on them without emotion! Who, having gazed, until the semblance has vanished in the biblical reality, can go as he came! But no one can exhaust the subjects in the Divine Life which are pictures in words, set in nature, and so powerful in perusal, especially if the eye has been opened by the Spirit of God, as to shake the heart of the veriest wayfarer. All the sacred paintings of Europe taken together, leave countless topics untouched, and constantly give the sense that, in such as they treat, they exhibit only a faint and blurred impression. Each parable of Christ is intrinsically a painting. Each of His miracles starts of itself into day through the sharp realism of its details. Nay, the very tissue of His speech blossoms with figures, which invite themselves to be put on the canvas, but scarcely need the hues of the colourist to give visible life to them.

A point of import, missed by those who expect nothing but language of the letter, is, that, among the styles in which Christ teaches and comes forward in the Gospels, the symbolic often occurs. The piece of money with the imperial image on it, is an example; but cases of the sublimest application lie strewn about.

At the Baptism by the Jordan, the tenderest and loveliest image bursts on the eye, the Dove, emblem of the Holy Spirit, hovering and resting over the Saviour. The effect of this pregnant apparition, though only read of, is such, that the Divine Sanctifier can rarely come to mind in connexion with Christ, without being clothed in this form.

The child called by the Lord into the circle of the Apostles, for the purpose of fixing deep in all hearts the character of the New Birth, offers a significant instance. Probably a baby disciple fascinated by the glance of the Lord (for infants have often premature perceptions and

attachments) the child, in its office, was a living statuette, a thing making an appeal through the eyes more than any effigy ever shaped by the chisel. All of principle involved finds a place in one as well as in the other, the real difference only being the use made of it.

But the Procession of Olivet, what is it, if not a religious pantomime, acted in order to reveal the sacred Kingship of Christ? The royal situation, grafted on prophecy, and assumed near the tragic close of the Lord's earthly task, crowned by a pageant the intimations of His Divine Majesty hitherto given in word and deed. Except for the lustre of His Mission,—to redeem Man and rule over him with a Sceptre of Righteousness,—the scene would have been striking rather by contrast than resemblance, in the case of One who, unlike the foxes which have holes and the birds of the air which have nests, had not where 'to lay His head'! The humbleness, however, of its elements,—the borrowed village colt, the improvised honours of vestments and branches torn from the surrounding trees to strew the path, the applausive shouts of the commonalty listened to with impatience by the lettered Pharisees in the crowd,—all brings out, along with the glorious sense, the mimic form of the incident. The spiritual grandeur of it only the more triumphs thereby; for nothing fixes the eyes grossly down to visionary display, or confounds the rule over hearts with the pomp of worldly dominion imitated to shadow it out. The brightness enveloping the Saviour emanates from the celestial life; and the simple voices of disciples, chanting in joy and faith, 'Hosanna! blessed is the King who cometh in the name of the Lord!' are, how undesigned soever, in subtle accordance with the chorus of the angels over the plain of Bethlehem.

One illustration stands forth in yet richer power, but surpassing description, namely, the Transfiguration on the Mount. Moses and Elias, it is found, are summoned into

the holy circle formed by the Lord and His Apostles, partly as witnesses, partly as foils, to Him who had come in the Fulness of Time. But accepting with pious obedience and gratitude the symbolic help afforded by the light raying from His face to comprehend His Divine nature, how translate into words the tide of awe which courses at the sight through the spirit!

As a substitute for speech, which it is to so great an extent in the Latin Church, and still more in the Greek, art, representative art, must ever fail fundamentally to Christianise a people. Religious feeling is, radically, nothing, as long as it is passive, or is confined chiefly to vague sensuous impressions. Only when, in its reception, it is reacted on, appropriated, and reproduced in life, does it correspond to the outline of regeneration drawn by the Lord in His discourse with Nicodemus. Children and the majority of adults, it is often thought, can only be amused into submission. Yet, was not the event of the Crucifixion, with all it implied,—which, by the mouth of the Apostles, converted the world,—preached to every class without any pictorial aid, any accompaniment to the great verbal appeal? Jesus, who, as it may be read, found such acceptance with the 'common people,' pronounced before all those words which are, professedly, the 'life and spirit' of the Church; and is it, can it be, that a modern audience is incapable of being addressed in the way which had such force with the villagers of Judæa and Samaria! The history of infant instruction, the records of Protestant missions, the power of preachers among the waifs and outcasts of towns, proclaim the Divine worth of language, and are a grave lesson to Churches which cling to images as their anchors, and dread, as a revolt, the awakening of the popular mind to personal conviction.

At Loretto, once, after having examined the famous Sacra Casa, the presbyter was standing by the bronze gates of the

church which enshrines it, as a peasant group in holiday dress passed out.

The doors are superb for their designs, taken from the Old Testament; and the foreigner's eye was resting on the fold that exhibits the first human family, when the rustics, observing, it might be, a special interest in his expression, turned round and courteously begged to be told something of what it was all about. The position of the Heretic from the North became a novel one, as he preached, so to say, from the bronzes an easy conversational sermon to the Catholic audience that closed in on him. But what most impressed the speaker, was, the intelligence sparkling in the faces of all, and the growing charm which the discourse had for them, as soon as he advanced beyond description, and, taking up as a text one after another of the compartments, brought home their truths of universal application. The Creation of Man introduced the scriptural phrase about his make in the 'image of God'; the handing of the Apple, and the Expulsion, led to the obvious remark how, daily, the same thing is going on in city and village; and the club lifted against Abel, with the discovery and punishment, also brought in its appropriate moral. The gates were no longer dumb, but overflowed with life for the hearers; and breaking forth into thanks, which far more than compensated for the service, the simple villagers went on their way, looking back and back again with glancing eyes, as if to testify that the light of truth is inherently accommodated to the human soul, which finds it most quickening when it falls direct, and not primarily through pictorial means.

The worth of art for religious purposes is casually illustrated, indeed, rather than shaken by such an experience. The correction, however, of Churches whose worship and instruction are mostly involved with the senses, appears yet more boldly to view.

The same judgment was once forced on the critic, in presence of the great painted windows of the Milan Cathedral. Long, long he had stood, musing on the Prodigal Son, bowed down, in one section, with head on hand, and in another welcomed home; feeling touched to tears as it was remembered who spoke the original parable.

Give, exclaimed the observer to himself: give, give now the Scripture! Let it be pondered as it dropped from Christ's lips, with the Divine Love speaking immediately from it! As these stained panes of glass teach, and teach tenderly, when their lessons have been directly learned from the evangelic record, so, added he, by all the good in them, let not the sinner know the Gospel chiefly by image or ceremony, or liturgical selections of the Word modified by the asociations in which they are brought forward! The Christian who 'meditates in the Law day and night,' comes to art with a preparation impossible to others. Like Michael Angelo, who, by his anatomical studies, knew every dimple and swell on the body, the Biblist finds a significance in sacred art concealed from him who has not early drawn his knowledge from the fountain-head. Even with the most favourable management, it is difficult to keep the senses under spiritual control. But if first stimulated into exercise, and principally addressed all the life long, what hope can there be of hindering them from distorting the truths which pass through their varying medium?

At the beginning of Christian Art, which was probably not till the Apostles had all long gone to their rest, the Cross, the simple cross, the symbol that had so vividly run in the head of St. Paul, alone spoke to the eye of disciples. The Saviour drooping on it, as when He died, lay, in the opinion of the early Fathers, under the ban of the Second Commandment. But, if the exhibition of the Lord Himself, although He had actually appeared to the sight of men, was forbidden,

the rude art of the Church was prolific in various emblems; and the seal worn on the finger, or the lamp round which the family gathered at evening, or the drinking cups, bore a dove, a ship, an anchor, or other hallowed device representing the Christian life. The Good Shepherd found a place on the Chalice of Communion, that, as disciples passed it about, they might be reminded of Christ's essential office under the most winning of forms. The symbolism, however, broadened day by day, until at length it was exchanged for imitation, when the Church embarked on that sea of art, which has generation after generation produced many a glorious work of saintly pains, but, at the same time, warped from its legitimate use, has so often ministered, and still ministers, to prop false ideas.

The first recorded employment of pictures in churches, about the end of the fourth century, or beginning of the fifth, carried its apology with it. As appears from some verses of his own, Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, anxious, at the festivals of St. Felix, to provide a better banquet than cakes and wine for the boors who fell intoxicated around the tomb of the Saint, got the colonnades of the church painted with subjects from the Old Testament. On the walls, Joshua might be seen crossing the Jordan with the Ark, and Ruth casting in her lot with Naomi, along with similar lessons, which the faithful overseer hoped would keep the thoughts of his flock from the flagon as well as edify them. It is easy to animadvert on the corruptions in the diocese of the Bishop, which resembled those of the Corinthians described by St. Paul; and, in the present reformed state of the Church, the eye can turn to more apostolic ways of dealing with such a case. But it is not to be forgotten that, with the dominance of Christianity under Constantine, crowds must have pressed pell-mell within the Fold, rushing like an over-swollen flood, and brought many an earnest pastor to his wit's end in

devising how to manage the converts without driving them back again into paganism. Paulinus, who was a patrician, a man of the world, and a husband, before he was a bishop, took a practical view of his own difficulties. Led by a holy impulse, he applied what still seems a palliative, if not a cure, for evils which grew out of the condition of the empire. To Augustine in Kent and Boniface the Apostle of Germany, what historian, in considering their methods, even those most removed from the sincere and evangelic policy of St. Paul, does not feel that much, if not to be imitated, must be excused, owing to the era in which they lived and the posture of the nations to whom their zeal carried them!

Scotland itself, the citadel of Presbyterianism, has, at least, begun to push out scouts into the domain of sacred art. As the eye glances round the walls of the National Gallery in the capital, it remarks that not only paintings, religious in subject, from the hand of Titian and other continental masters, fill important spaces, but that here and there hangs a work of the same kind produced by her own sons. The Gospels furnish a text for Robert Scott Lauder: Jesus teaching Humility by the Child called into the midst of the Apostles. Sir David Wilkie, in 'Knox Preaching before the Lords of the Congregation,' has given some immortal touches of his brush to the task of illustrating the fiery eloquence which burned on the tongue of his country's great Reformer. But even these products, expressive as they are, do not indicate so distinctly the tendency of art under a system which is supposed to be hostile to it, as the Disruption scene of Sir George Harvey, described on a previous page. The 'Lux in Tenebris' of Sir Noel Paton, it may be added, exhibits Scottish art striking into a more ambitious path, without sacrificing dogmatic truth. The Saviour, in this work, is beheld meeting the Soul under a girlish form in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, all, except the chief Person, symbolic;

but whether the brilliant artist will follow up the style or have any imitators in it, must be left to time to show.

Still more than Painting, Music, as the Poet of 'Measure for Measure' describes it,

> 'oft hath such a charm
> To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.'

But, as it springs from the nature of man, and is consecrated by too high sanctions ever to play an insignificant part in worship, a glance must be cast on it before dropping the general subject.

Music, even without words, as in a Voluntary, the preliminary strain to service in almost all churches, awakens, it is found, the most sluggish to some religious emotion. When the organ opens voice, and waves of solemn sound break on the ear, the cares of life, its absorbing pleasures as well, seem to lose their power. How worldly soever may be the habitual tone, a preparation is made for devotion, with the avenues to better thoughts cleared of hindrances. A reconciliation is suggested between the discipline of trial here and future hopes. Sense and soul are wedded together, or at least a truce is secured to hostilities.

But it is when the facts of faith, in the words of angel, prophet, or evangelist, assume a musical form, that the most powerful effects of harmony are experienced. A confession of sin gains, if the outburst of penitence be supported by a commentary of sounds, which at once fathoms the heart and bears up the trembling bark through the turbulent waters. Still greater is the benefit, when the Incarnation, or the Christian Sacrifice, or the Trinity, which ask for their apprehension the exercise of all natural and supernatural capacities, have assistance from music. An ascetic, who, as far as possible, realises with the spirit only the great religious verities, will succeed in their appropriation; for, as St. Paul says,

they are spiritually discerned, fundamentally. But, when Christianised sense is brought to aid, they glance before the eye; they take forms accommodated to man's general condition; and are no longer distant, but embraced within the arms as familiar objects of love.

A year or two since, Tamberlik, the famous tenor, who, along with Mario and Grisi, won his first laurels in the opera half a century ago, was passing southwards from St. Petersburg to Italy, his native country, when, caught by one of the towns on his way, he ravished the community by a simple concert. The voice, indeed, was a ruin, some of the notes nodding to their fall, and for a moment awakening in the audience anxiety on behalf of the singer. But the ruin was beautiful above words to say, and still preserved enough to give an idea of the power, expression, and art, which, combined together in their prime in former days, agitated to the core the capitals of Europe.

Of the airs the veteran cantator rendered, one there was, which, far from being the finest of the performances, more than any other thrilled the assembly. The Crucifix it was, by Faure, a melody that winds round and interprets a stanza of Victor Hugo. The tender offices of the Saviour to sinning and suffering man,—the subject of it,—breathe into the verse a pathos beyond all it itself possesses. Read only, the words, though metrical, are prose, and with a taint of that artificial sentiment which so often occurs in the works of the great French poet. But as they were given, wreathed in lyric notes, and, yet more, sung with the voice of Tamberlik, who lifted up both phrase and music in the purity of his own feeling, they seemed as if enforced by an angel standing at the Cross, and pointing to the compassionate Redeemer hanging on it. By the wish of the whole house it was encored; but, what was really touching, at a later stage of the evening, when again a piece, a secular piece, was asked

for a second time, a voice from the choked ranks close on the ceiling begged that the repetition should be 'The Crucifix.' The fine old man, as if years and the satiety of fame had brought out for himself, personally, the force of the Cross in its fulness, gently turned his eyes aloft to the supplicant, and, with a smile on his glowing countenance, whispered to the pianist accompanying him, 'The Gallery wants "The Crucifix"!' A 'verse,' specially when rendered in fit music, as the antique sacred poet says,—

> '——may find him who a sermon flies,
> And turn delight into a sacrifice.'

But who may estimate the power of hallowed and expressive Music, working in the sphere of the Oratorio!

The Oratorio, an offspring of the hymns of the Crusaders and the dramatic Mysteries of the Middle Ages, owes its name and early form to Philippo Neri, the pious founder of the Fathers of the Oratory. Only, however, did it rise and expand the wings for its most glorious flights, when, in Protestant England, by the consecrated genius of Handel, it clothed the themes of Scripture in sublimest chorals. To incalculable numbers, come within the majesty of the 'Messiah' since its inauguration a century and a half ago, how has the experience proved to be a new spiritual epoch! Not that Jesus of Nazareth has in these cases always just then begun to be known by them. But through voices and instruments, harmonised by thousands to bring out the glory of the Divine Life, theses on the subject have for them leapt into glowing facts, and events of the past changed into history of the day.

A componist of such faith that prayer was his resort in musical difficulties, as well as at the commencement of an enterprise, Haydn, — the Sophocles, as Handel was the Æschylus of Oratorio,—continued the illustrious line by the

'Creation.' The 'Creation,' rivalling in music the verse of Milton and the painting of Raphael, presents through the ear the grand theme which opens the Book of Genesis, from the Chaos out of which all rises, to the apparition of Adam and Eve on the stage. But without appreciably diverging from the sublime simplicity of Holy Scripture, all, in the entrancing notes of the artist, starts as if visibly into life. Chaos, in his hands, is not a record, but a representation, in which an auditor feels himself present at the noisy concourse of elements, summoned into order and beauty. Angels,—Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel,—joyfully preside, announcing each Day's work; when Light bursts on the gloom brooding over the face of the deep, the Firmament is established, the Land emerges, and grass, flower, fruit-tree, grove, forest, are called up, as if in all their primitive charm, by the magic of musical description. The Sun next gushes on the sight, with the Moon and Stars. Fish, Bird, Beast follow, now that a fitting home exists to welcome them. But, Creation being yet in want of a conscious voice to acknowledge Him who fashioned it, Man, in Our First Parents, crowns the scene, emptying the adoring heart, in various song, which brings together God and the Children formed in His Own Image. It is the world of innocence that is rhymed to music. As if, however, the gay notes which extol its evolution would fail in truth, if some sign of the discord of Sin soon to enter were not given, Uriel, while congratulating the happy pair, warns them of their risk, and the Chorus closes with a call on all Creation to sing Jehovah's glory.

It would be vain to attempt an exhaustive notice of biblical oratorio; but Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn, who, succeeding Handel and Haydn, may be called the Euripides of sacred tonic drama, has left behind him contributions too eminent and fondly cherished to be passed without allusion.

Of his works in this kind, a recent opportunity brought

'Paulus,' probably his best, within hearing; and the characteristic difference of subject, had the music been less remarkable, would justify singling it out for mention with the masterpieces of his predecessors. The ineffable tenderness of the air which expresses the compassionate wail of the Saviour over the unbelief of Jerusalem, would alone make the oratorio memorable. But how is the whole strewn with piercing passages! The tragedy of St. Stephen, so pathetically linked with the career of the future Apostle, is a notable foreground. The Violins, as the face of the proto-martyr, in presence of the High Priest and his accusers, shines like an angel's, so stimulate the fancy as to give one the sense that he is verily gazing on the saintly hero. The parts played by the rough populace, as well as by the hierarchy, all receive fit utterance. It is, however, St. Paul himself glancing in his Conversion, and in his Ministry, who holds the chief place in the lesson. To have him presented as he is at Lystra, with Pagans fancying him and his companion Barnabas to be gods of Olympus come down, is enough for opening up at once the heathen world, and, in holy and blessed contrast, the Kingdom of Heaven established in pity for fallen Man's reception.

Such appears to be the good of sacred music. If this power may be employed to throw an hallucination over error, it can be no argument, obviously, against the just use of it. Yet is it indispensable, as a habit of life, continually to pass by meditation within the very sphere of the Saviour and His Apostles, freed, wholly freed of all adventitious interest. Should the soul thereby become well assured in the circle of Divine verities, and catch, as it were, the spirit of the Lord,—the Ithuriel spear by which falsehood may be detected and cast aside,—music in worship, hallowed by the Christian source from which it has been drawn, will give firmness and elevation to faith. Piety, on the other hand, always loses,

when the susceptibility to harmony becomes a simple indulgence, and the voluptuary, yielding up no more than his ears to sacred impression, is encouraged to fancy his enjoyment religious. In Churches given to a sensuous culture, the power of realising truth is apt to get lost, or is never reached, and a tumult of passionate devotional emotion often goes before a flagrant breach of moral law, without so much as a suspicion of incongruity. An illustration, once more taken from life, may wind up the discussion.

One Sunday abroad, on a festival, the Presbyterian, in absence of an English Service, attended High Mass in the cathedral of the town, when, after the style of the Romish Church, the Office was conducted with a pomp adjusted to the occasion. The adjustment was perfect of its kind; and the crowd of gay loungers who thronged the commodious recesses of the aisles rewarded by their presence the tact and industry of the ecclesiastics. Figures elegantly dressed clustered about the pillars, standing with all the decency possible to the situation, but with backs to the ceremonies and glasses pointed on the orchestra; while shyer natures hid themselves away within the nooks about confessionals, though obviously exercised in the same manner. For, sorry to say, as the Catholic poet of Queen Anne's time describes the case,—

> '——some to church repair
> Not for the doctrine, but the music there.'

The visitor from another land, for his part, sought to get whatever good was to be had from the service; he craved union in worship; and putting his own meaning on all, like Sir Kenneth of the 'Talisman' in the desert, who, though a sworn crusader, offered his devotion with the Saracens, the Scotsman strove to draw nigh to God in faith and lowly reverence. As the Host was lifted, and all heads bowed, he shut his eyes on the actor and the action, and thought only

of Him who, once for all, as St. Paul has said, was nailed on the accursed tree. When the censers waved, throwing off clouds of incense, he prayed with them who prayed; for he knew that choice souls, guided to rise above the senses, entangling as the appeal to them so often is, are found thus worshipping the Father. At times, however, it was beyond his power to fence himself off from the worldly spell of the music, all instruments, along with the voices of the cantatrices, conspiring to enthral. The voices, of a truth, were as of angels, but angels rather of earth than heaven; for the shiver of earth ran through the frame as the ear listened captive to the sounds.

Leaving the fane for the free air, the sharer of the service hung about the palisade of the Bridge of Boats which there spans the Danube, catching every gleam in the darkling wave which answered to the attitude of his mind. It was felt by him that he had worshipped, and yet that, from a cause not fathomable at the time, the soul had lost strength. The enchantment had ceased. Fallen, weak, he had to look around for help to raise him. Like a flooded stream, the whole grand concert had come rushing down on him; but, now that it was past, the temporary exaltation made his state less hopeful in the strife with sin. The eye and ear only reach their noblest uses in a religious ministry. Still, in cases like the present, after frequent analysis, an examiner is compelled to acknowledge that a certain delusive influence animates a service so operatic, arming the senses against the spirit when apparently most obedient to it, and arming them with a potency the more terrible, as their exercise wears so bland an aspect.

While buried in reflection, the worshipper found his thoughts wandering back to the Scottish Missionaries for the Jews, located in Pesth, with whom he had had more than once an opportunity to join in the public services. From the

whole posture of his mind at the epoch, he was scarcely disposed to accord as much as was due to these services. In their elementary baldness, they could satisfy nothing but the barest necessity of religion—a mere fare of bread and water. Yet now he realised that, after all, it was a sublime ministry rendered by the Missionaries, compared with the entertainments of the Cathedral. What fair and honest means were theirs! What apostolical simplicity of demeanour! What holiness and devotedness! And when suffered to penetrate within their families, as he had the happiness to be, and when he marked the beauty of life which adorned their wives,—accomplished in various learning, yet offering it all on the altar of Christian love,—he was forced to avow that, judged by fruits, whatever deductions were made by his languishing spirit, the Puritans had the victory.

The distinction of the Church of Scotland may be stated in one sentence, but a sentence worthy to be wrought in gold: it is, its final trust only in the Gospel, and in evangelic motives for the accomplishment of its objects. Every means, with it, accordingly, counts for nothing, which does not present or suggest the Saviour, or can by any way come in His room. Even when it has carried its message down into the slums of great cities or among pagan idolaters, it has never dreamt of bearing high before it, as in the Middle Ages, effigies of the Redeemer, or at all prompting faith by appeals to the senses; although, if the drums and cymbals of the Salvation Army draw men out of the kennel to listen to the Word, let all say, God bless it! Confident in the Cross, as the Power of God and the Wisdom of God unto salvation, Presbytery has ever boldly brought it face to face with men of every class, expecting it, and rightly, as in apostolic times, to work its heavenly effects. To boast still therein, without uncharitably judging others, or pushing from itself anything which may clothe its naked forms in conformity with ad-

vanced civilisation, such an attitude, as in the past so in the future, will justify its existence among the Churches of Christendom.

But this brings all close to a crisis which, working on the mind of the student at Bute, ended in the Pilgrimage.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUTE.

Influx of Rationalism and Ritualism.—University of Edinburgh.—Professors Sir William Hamilton, John Wilson, and William Spalding.—Societies' Hall.—Influence of the City itself.—Withdrawal to Bute.—Controversies of the Church.—Effect of Nature on Opinion.—Storm on the Loch of Ascog.—The Vow of Pilgrimage.

AT the epoch of the Disruption, absorbed in the event as was the heart of Scotland, currents of foreign thought streaming over the country created doubts in young minds about various theological traditions, or abated their worth for them. Rationalists, at one extreme, holding up a banner of revolt from the ancient faith, beckoned all to follow them into the liberal discoveries opened to their eyes. At the other, assuming the chameleon hues of mediæval sacerdotalism, a knot of Anglican priests, the Ritualists of Oxford, sought, under cover of the Fathers, to introduce the institutions of the Church of Rome, with the pope left out. Students most disciplined to keep the old paths, plunged into the exciting inquiries, glad of contact with views, whether original or only rehabilitations, clothed in fresh speech. In New College, Edinburgh, with laudable anxiety for candidates of the ministry, the novelties were glanced at, or formally treated, from all the professorial chairs; but although handled with ability, the commentary seldom showed learning of the kind or sympathy enough, to shake the interest awakened in them.

Theology, it may be noticed, in the curriculum of a Scottish aspirant to Holy Orders, comes after a four years' attendance on the classes of language, logic, and moral philosophy, with other things, in the University; and any retrospect, of course, must go as far back as this preparation, which, besides stirring the soil of the mind, often sows germs that afterwards spring up in unexpected forms. Boccaccio could scarcely have been filled with more enthusiasm at the tomb of Virgil, than is a collegian, in the presence of instructors whose renown has passed into the world. To sit with other novices as learners, and yet be appealed to on topics which have their roots warped in with the foundations of life, adds at once to responsibility and dignity. But if the character possess any enterprise, sufficient at least to prompt the student beyond familiar landmarks, storms may be looked for, and a moment comes when the firmness is tested until new shores break on the sight.

Of Professors in the Faculty of Arts at this time, the illustrious expounder of the Syllogism, Sir William Hamilton occupied the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics. The spirit and product of his teaching, however, had, through the *Edinburgh Review*, already long mixed in the philosophic discussions of Europe.

It was on another mouth that the collegian chiefly hung, that of the Chrysostom of Moral Philosophy, the Proteus of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' John Wilson. A score of times, it has been said, and justly, that the Professor was himself one of the shows of the capital. As he moved in leonine form along Princes Street, a daily walk during the session, it almost appeared as if, anticipating his own statue which now adorns the Gardens, he had leaped from the pedestal, shaking his tawny locks about the shoulders, and advanced radiant with the ideal look of departed heroism. Little, indeed, as far as came out, had the professor to oppose to erudite sophisms,

except the bosses of a healthy and jealous instinct. The class, however, was a gymnasium where pupils were braced, raised above the temptation to a futile scepticism, rather than a theatre of illusions which, catching though they be, leave conviction vacant when the curtain falls. All formed a combination so inspiring, that it was easy to wait on the speaker as his sentence was sometimes suspended, and parenthesis after parenthesis thrown in before it came down with due momentum. The manner of the teacher, a characteristic strongly marked in his writings, now and then flowed into the comic. But the effect was impressive, when, leaning forward, the brow projecting over the eyes which then burned like lamps in their caves,—the hair shaken free around the neck,—the gesture perfectly answering to the bounding rhythm of the language, this philosophic master, drawing off the mask from some disguised system of selfishness, poured a flood of light over its character. One example, for refutation, followed another out of the cornucopia of history. At length, having discharged his chief arguments, the orator relaxed his energy; he began to roll back the forehead, showing his eyes soft, twinkling, animated, but with the warmth visibly vanishing; and came to a pause with strokes of the palm on the desk, the hand rising less and less till, like a spent billow, it reposed with the close of the period.

To go from the room of Moral Philosophy into the class of Rhetoric and Literature, at that time conducted by Professor William Spalding, was to pass from the tropics of style to a cool, serene climate. The poets and tragedians of Greece called up,—Homer and the glorious roll of subsequent names,—gave a sense of harmony, which no tones could render save those proceeding from the Chair, so free of excitement yet so passionate, without disturbing the repositories where they lay away.

Everything within the classes, as it chanced, was thus

conservative. Beyond, in the Societies' Hall, to which students of any aim gathered for discussion, a speculative disposition had scope for exercise. Bringing his collected impressions for the revision of his peers, an alumnus drew around himself a circle, which no authority, as such, was allowed to enter. The genius of the spot inspired liberality. Over where the essayist unfolded his sheets, or debaters stood to speak, the bust of the great Roman orator looked down almost changing the floor into the Forum,—

> 'Where the immortal accents glow,
> And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero.'

Around, each on its bracket, were the effigies of Plato, Aristotle, and others, combining various types of thought, and wearing that mysterious expression which reveals a mortal birth with the awe of eternity on the features. As the President of the Society,—which, in this instance, was the Metaphysical,—took his seat, a strange sensibility overspread and thrilled the spirit. In obedience to conditions which themselves had made, the members were to gather up and verify the evidence given by nature on the primary problems of Philosophy: God, the Soul, and a Future State, with all essentially pertaining to them. By the very laws of the association, a call came to examine the grounds of belief. To age, youth is oftentimes an object of smiles, as children are to those next above them, looking on their mimicry of manhood. But unconsciously, within such efforts, the character forms itself; and, if Lord Bacon is right, the direction of coming generations may be inferred from the opinions of seventeen and eighteen. The Fathers (so the tiro reasons) were once themselves inquirers, having had an infancy and growth. In striving to 'know,' accordingly, and pierce to truth with his own eyes, he is simply entering, it seems, into the heritage of their example.

One circumstance threw an ineffable charm over the transactions of the Society; and that was, the variety of idiosyncrasy found among its members; who were few in number, indeed, not above a dozen industrious workers, but, like the towns of Italy, no two of them showed a fundamental resemblance. In calling up the period, their companion alas! is forced to summon from the domain of shadows the images of most of those remembered; for either they have passed away, or have vanished where he fails to trace them. Of those who sleep,—and in this case, in the Faith of Jesus, it cannot be doubted,—was one, the most attractive in some respects, a young lawyer who, often delayed by his avocations, was sure to present his long supple figure before the close, picking up as he could the substance of the evening's work. The Ecclesiastical Fathers and Schoolmen, with the early English Poets, had been his favourite study; and he brought before the Society many a curious feature of that odd world which he treasured within him. To the mind's eye another lifts his straight form, whose bones, as a Missionary of the Cross, lie buried by the banks of the Hooghly: a resolute hater of humbug, and the dry humorist of the band. Once more, a student from across the Border, rises, who visited the University for its Philosophy, and who, bringing with him some liberal opinions of the South, which he expressed with a poetic glow of diction, scattered many a grain fitted to germinate in susceptible minds. Shades, indeed, they all are, whether living or dead, associated with an epoch which borrows a tender interest from its circumstances; when the common sunshine passed for a time, and the stars came out glittering with mystic power; and when, in the case of one, the foundations were laid of that state of opinion and feeling, which seemed likely to shift the courses of life into other channels.

The City itself, and such a city! could not fail to be a

school of influence for a student, even if M. Taine's exaggerated views on the force of locality prove how an able and ingenious theorist may be so far swayed by system as to trace to a single cause the product of various co-operants. Streets, monuments, as well as the noble amphitheatre of hills around, which had always unawares modified life, were now looked on with consciousness, and they mixed with those trains of contemplative reflection, which, once started, become controlling powers.

To a Scotsman, who has made the tour of Europe, the capital of his native land, as well as many other things, indeed, will probably have been more before his journey than afterwards. For he has become aware of what it lacks, as well as how some of its finest features have been borrowed from other towns. An inhabitant of Rome, or Athens, may recognise with satisfaction the traces in it of his country's mind. The same facts affect a citizen differently. The Parthenon is copied within it, but Athena, the pride of Phidias, and the friezes are wanting, which, in the Greek fancy, exalted the fane into a living, inspired existence. All the churches are not an equivalent for the Duomo of Florence, with its glorious cupola and variegated crust of marbles. What, moreover, one asks oneself, can compensate for the absence of that palatial dream of the Doges, reared out of the Adriatic wave, in which senators sat as kings, and to which every art flocked with its precious offerings! A single fountain of Rome may have soothed a townsman of the Northern capital, more than what all the streets of his own city can show in the same kind. A cameo of the Museo Borbonico has, perhaps, educated his taste above what the works of his native town together are capable of doing for him. Still, after reflection has fulfilled its part, Edinburgh, he finds, retains its fascination. The perfection of it, is the perfection of a Venus, which, as a feminine statuary once

remarked in society, requires that it be beautiful from all points, and that these be many.

To stand, for instance, on the North Bridge, a town at either end, the Old and the New, and turning towards the east, as the prospect has been blown clear of vapour, is, truly, an event in life in any circumstances. At hand, on the left, a glance takes in the obelisk raised to the martyrs of political reform; it passes to the dungeon which glooms on the Calton rock, the height beyond clustering with mausoleum and cenotaph, together with the doric range of the High School sheltered by the southern escarpment; and it scans the shrine of Burns, festooned with lyres, which crowns the last rounded prominence as the hill sinks into the valley below. To the right, Arthur's Seat rears its basaltic cone, its many dark knolls jutting out against the sward and furze of the descending slopes; while off lies the blue Forth sparkling with its coasts and islets.

But every foot in the centres of interest varies the attraction. Musing by the Urn of Dugald Stewart, as the notes of some organ below warble through the thick foliage, what a vista opens westward along Princes Street, the old gables on the ridge opposite lifting their gaunt forms, and the soft, wooded banks of Corstorphine closing the prospect in the distance! How does the sight leap from object to object, running over sombre roofs, a tarnished beam haply glancing from the sky windows, the lantern of St. Giles's, the New College, and the soaring spire of the Assembly Hall dominating the mass! Arches of large span are seen to join the towns facing each other; yet, although of stone, hanging so light as to appear to be creations such as Turner might have feigned in one of his airy moments. Statues of distinguished Scotsmen everywhere, as well as monumental and collegiate towers, blend with gardens and sheep pasturing in grassy nooks. Galleries of art divide the middle view with the faint,

fluctuating course of the Castle rock and its fortifications. Below, in the valley, all is alive, puffs of white vapour marking the line of railway, while a train from the south, redolent of London and, with it, of the world, possibly rushes to the terminus. If the head be slowly moved round, one, and another, and another distinct scene presents itself. An ascetic's solitude is called up by St. Anthony's ruined walls and the fountain which trickles down from them. The romantic towers of Holyrood, rising where the Crags lower their green back like a caparisoned camel kneeling to receive its mistress, recall the tragedies of the court of Mary. Each aspect of the city catches attention in turn, and, along with the products of thought, indelibly fixes its image within the mind.

It was in a mood formed from all the varied influences recorded, that the collegian, during his theological curriculum, withdrew to the retreat of Bute. In its solitudes, the controversies of the Church, so often increasing the embroilment of minds rather than uniting them, softened into silence. One only Voice was listened to by the recluse: the voice of Him round Whom all discussion, it was obvious, broke, what form soever it took; Who has risen on the world more sovereign over the stormy waves of the heart than, in mythological times, the god of the trident was feigned to be on the seas.

At a later, much later period, when these agitations were so long gone by that they wore the aspect of a dream, the same student, in Russia, drove up to the frontier bordering on Austria. A rivulet which a boy could leap was the barrier between the empires. A wooden bridge, half blazoned with the double eagle of the Muscovite and spiral stripes of black and white on its balustrades, the other moiety showing the oblique yellow and black colours of his rival, formed the authorised path for passing from one to the other.

A whim of the moment, while the passport was getting examined, prompted the traveller to straggle down the winding stream, thinking how, with the cry of patriotism and the horrid machinery of war, man asserts his appropriation of the world. But the same flowers grew on the facing borders. The frogs on both banks, croaking in unison, mingled their families, and, scared, shut up their mouths at the same moment, recognising one common danger. Flocks of minnows, when, fretted by the artificial fence, the traveller bestrode the runnel like an ancient coloss, shot together within the dark water-mosses. A bouquet plucked from the opposite sides was formed as a symbol of the amity which should join neighbours. Scarcely, however, had he drawn back his foot from Austria to Russia, than a sentinel, with gun across his shoulders, appeared from behind a knoll, sure to have given trouble had he witnessed the trespass; while a step only on the return way had been taken, when a Russian patrol started up, who would doubtless have hurried the offender into custody for following a deeper and holier law than was acknowledged by his painted posts.

At a time of the year when nature conduced with disposition to increase susceptibility, the student was walking home from Rothesay, by the hill behind the town. It was moonlight, and the wind, after a soft day, was astir in fitful gusts. Ash and larch crossing their branches by the wayside cast shadows on the path, up which, buried in thought, he slowly took his course. But on entering the wood, where a foot-track ran through bushes of furze and bramble, he paused to look about him, arrested by the aspect of the trees, every spike and leaf transfigured in the glittering beams, and by the varied underwood bathed in the same spectral element. It was for him one of those moments observed by the poet of 'Childe Harold,' when a single reflection, suggested by circumstances, brings to light many unconscious trains of

meditation, unifying them ; and is remembered for a change given to the current of existence. For

> ' —in itself a thought,
> A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
> And curdles a long life into one hour.'

As it was, everything seemed applicable to his own state. An eddy of wind beating by successive pulses in the ear as if resolved to have exclusive possession, was like the clamour of popular opinion. The leaves rustling at the feet, caught up in the breeze and whirling from spot to spot, corresponded to a great part of speculation then drawing attention to itself. While, again, the solemn music of the boughs overhead floated down as the sounds from the oaks of Dodona,—as Revelation to the soul fretted by modern perplexities. Enough it was ; the walls of the spirit, like those of Jericho, fell flat before the consecrated trumpets, and he who had been listening went up to possess the city.

For days the denizen of the woods roamed about, haunting some ecclesiastical ruins of the island, and the wild inlets of the shore where only the shriek of the seamew mingled with the splash of the wave. To a child the earth stands out as little more than a show. Owing to the struggle for truth and the development of the reflective faculty, it comes away only later, if at all, into images casting light on the problems of life. At this moment, everything spoke to the mind as it had never before spoken ; and as the inquirer wandered about, the stock of earlier associations fell off, and each object blossomed with fresh leaf. Nature, the work of God, made reprisals for having been kept in abeyance, or granted only a precarious acknowledgment as illustration and ornament.

Conviction, however, hastened to take a yet more decisive form to itself.

More than ever the distractions of the Church were anew

claiming notice. Christendom showed like a volcanic region in which not only the old craters belched forth flame and smoke with revived force, but mouth after mouth was opening for the first time.

With this phase of things burdening thought, the recluse came on one occasion to the Loch of Ascog, as a thundercloud broke and a few heavy drops pattered on the surface. At the feet was a parapet coped with turf; a straggling fence ran into the waters, on the higher edge of which were settled some blocks of greenstone; while a stream from the lake boiled up before a sluice, reaching, lower, an old millwheel which it turned. The scene passed into the mind. The rings formed on the pool by the falling globes of rain, it occurred, though doubtless circular seen from their own centres, must look like ellipses from the point of view of one another; and is it not so with Churches, thought the speculatist, regarded from other centres than their own?

The sky soon cleared, when, continuing his way, moved, he turned off by a break in the hedge to a height above.

It had been long stealing on his sense that, for one situated like himself, with so much alluring him into broader spheres of sympathy, he must suspend going forward to the ministry. But now, calling up the state of religious commotion everywhere, (a picture exaggerated by his own condition,) a vow of pilgrimage was formed as he scrambled up the face of the rock. A resort to foreign altars was resolved upon, not to find the elements of faith, the centre of the Christian hope; for, at a period too far back to be remembered, the Light of the world had dawned on him, never to set. But a wider circumference opened on the view of the collegian, drawing him towards other divisions of the catholic Church, composing, with his own, the Christian family, for any confirmation and comfort which they could afford him. Sitting down on the summit of the hill, with a prospect

stretching far off to the south, he looked speechlessly to Arran, whose bold and soaring peaks seemed more uplifted than usual, and became composed by the noble sight. The purpose to delay was reviewed and fixed, its practical meaning for himself marked; and, rising with an altered scheme of life, he went his way.

To see the world, indeed, is an instinct which, at one period or another, will of itself without any special cause tempt the feet of most beyond familiar ground. Man is born a cosmopolite, an organ of various stops, with all nationalities in his constitution, although, except his own, they may remain dormant. In any case, an individual, once feeling more than is expressed by the ideas which surround him, is sensible of a need to cross his native borders, to come face to face with his fellows on a larger area, and, breaking the chain of local association, visit the homes of foreign life. The moralist, the critic of manners, the Churchman above all, speaks of other theories than his own to small purpose, if the faith and institutions which have sprung up elsewhere have not been studied on the fields where they have grown. In the wanderer of Ithaca, nothing gives so decisive a weight to his judgment as his acquaintance with men and lands. The hero is recognised in his reason for awaiting the appearance of Polyphemus,—desire to know the monster for himself, while his companions, eyeing the cheeses, pails of milk, and flocks of the giant, think of nothing but at once to stock the galleys and set sail. The Garden of Alcinous, too, rises in worth, as the minstrel sings how Ulysses, who praised it, had been far and wide, and could therefore bring it into comparison with others.

So closes the First Stage.

STAGE THE SECOND.

STAGE THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

FOREIGN SHRINES SOUGHT, AN UNTOWARD INCIDENT AT THE OUTSET BRINGING GREATER PROFIT THAN LOSS.

Home Left for the Continent.—Misfortune and Rescue from it.—A Portrait of Austrian Piety.—Dom of St. Stephen's.—Preachers.—Church and State in Austria.—Corpus Christi Festival.—Social Phases of the Capital.—Eduard Strauss.—Modern Society.—Carnival at Presburg.—The Dance.—Belvedere Garden in Vienna.—A Cloud.

MAY had called back the swallows to their old haunts in Edinburgh, and whitened the woodlands with hawthorn blossom, as the hermit of Bute started on his pilgrimage. At that instant, it would have been vain to attempt humming over the tender line of Casimir Delavigne:—

'Que la patrie est belle au moment qu'on la quitte!'

Sympathy with country was suspended; while voices from the Continent and the glowing East, as with the notes of sirens, summoned him across the Channel. Never on his journey, thought he, leaving his native town, could the sighs and fears of the camel driver in the 'Eclogue'[1] be his, exclaiming,—

'Sad was the hour and luckless was the day
When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way.'

[1] Collins's.

Scarcely, however, had the traveller set foot abroad, when he was forced by calamity into close contact with some individuals, who, at the threshold, did for him what Madame Quinet had done for Michelet, as the brilliant historian informed mourners round her bier in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse,—they served him as an introduction to a land, they introduced him to Germany.

The pilgrim found himself in Dresden, as the summer sun flooded the fair Saxon capital; but cheerfulness had gone from him. At Berlin, in the Railway Wart-Saal, expecting every instant to hear the bell calling off passengers to the platform, he had suffered his attention to be fixed by a couple of young people, who, about to separate, it seemed, although it was probably a farce prepared for his special benefit, were, according to a fashion unfamiliar to the novice, passionately embracing in the crowded saloon. As reward for his vagrant interest, a bag of thalers, into which his English gold had been changed by advice of a chance travelling companion, was at the same moment withdrawn from a pocket of his overcoat. The fact would have been of less consequence, if, a stranger, with as yet small store of German, and still many hundreds of miles from Hungary,—where it was proposed to pass a period of preparation,—he had not had his ways and means cut off. But, after arrival in Dresden, visiting the Picture Gallery, on the floor of which he felt the first grand wave of sacred art pass over him as he stood before the Madonna Sistina, he got back his tone. A painting of Segers, in which hemlock, holly, and thorns combine with roses and tulips to inclose the Saviour as Babe, yet more inspired courage. What truth, it seemed, was in the mixed emblems! And how did the heart swell with the thought, that deliverance from an evil infinitely worse than any material loss had come through the Sacrifice! As the victim of his simplicity descended the staircase, a plan was buoyantly conceived for

extricating himself. The plan grew out of his situation: without a friend, even an acquaintance of any kind in the town, it was resolved to repair to some public resort, and make up for help to the first gentleman whose looks gave encouragement.

The Brühl Terrace, a favourite promenade, was chosen. Seated on one of the benches, under the shadow of an aged elm, the experimenter on foreign bounty gave himself to the task of scrutinising the crowd; but more than one condition was wanted in the hoped-for assistant. Besides knowing English, he needed to be generous in construing appearances, and have the means, as well as a disposition, to come to the rescue. At length, when scores had tripped past without any promise in their faces, the observer marked a short man of middle age walk up with the step of a citizen; a cane lightly put to the ground, in hand; a trace of academic wisdom in his grey eyes, together with a catching air of benevolence: from which combination, like propitious omens, the forlorn augured that now was his opportunity.

The townsman, on being accosted, at once affably placed himself, in bland English, at the service of the Briton.

The party, as the first stage in the business, proceeded down to the Elbe, in quest of information about the Steamers for Prague. But, as a money question had to be brought up, the islander, much like Yorick of the 'Sentimental Journey' when recommending himself in trouble to the Count at Versailles, struck in on Shakespeare and the British Novelists, with the innocent view of indirectly getting somewhat known to his associate, and of awaking interest in his misfortune, should a favourable moment turn up for mentioning it.

Such a moment arrived. On casting over one scheme after another for remedying his case, it had finally occurred to the sufferer to dispose of his watch, trying though it would be

as well as inconvenient, as the time-piece was a gift commemorative of a special occasion. At mention of the idea, the extemporaneous friend immediately led the way to a dealer in old chronometers. But, being the dinner hour of the tradesman, when the custom is to lock the door, the conductor offered to take the watch in pawn, and forward it to its owner as soon as there was opportunity of redeeming it. The sum proposed, it was thought, would carry the traveller to Vienna, where letters which he had for that city might free him from embarrassment.

But Samaritan Goodness had not yet found the limit of its resources.

As the berobbed was later in his room at the hotel, pacing up and down, unable altogether to repress a sigh, a tap was heard at the door, when his benefactor, who had bidden farewell an hour ago, walked in. After a salutation as if of ancient friendship, he observed that, on reaching home, he had mentioned the affair to his wife, who, reckoning up the items of the journey and fearing that the advanced pittance might fall short of the need, had suggested to him to add to it! Such noble consideration could not fail to touch the foreigner; and proving, as it did, the sweetness of the human heart when its action was least of all to be expected, it made him aware, as sad thoughts at once took flight, how cheaply he had paid for the inestimable experience.

Woman, however, had still a part to play in this frolic of Fortune.

At Vienna, the Scotsman had a letter of introduction to the daughter of a gentleman holding office under Government; a maiden in the dawn of womanhood, and, like German females generally, embellished with languages, music, and every fair acquirement. The introduction was from an Edinburgh young lady of about the same age. The pair had met on board a Danube steamer working its way up to the

metropolis: spoken, loved, clung to each other with romantic attachment, and, forced to part, vowed indissoluble friendship, all in a few hours. Years had since gone; but the missive, accompanied with an English Bible and a Cross of gold, was the latest of a series that had passed between them. A charge withal was given to the bearer to read with the affectionate Viennese the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. The fulfilment of the commission drew tears from her eyes. She had been brought up in the ceremonious religious breeding of the Romish Church, at the most bigoted of courts. But her spirit had got loose from technical bondage, although the heart still sought repose in historical devotion. A remark of hers struck the Scotsman, and was afterwards connected with speculations covering a larger field. As he walked by the Hofkirche of Dresden, when in that city, a soft flute strain of the organ had sobbed in his ear, awakening worship. The incident being noticed and some comment made on the sacred uses of music, 'Ah!' she exclaimed with animated gesture, 'it is well now and again; but always,—and to know that by such methods the soul is bowed so as never more to lift the eye to the Father save as He may be seen through a cloud of sense —that is another thing!'

It was arranged that, along with Papa, the lions of Vienna should be next day visited; but, notwithstanding the attractions of the town, and the fascination of cultured society showing a new and unanticipated phase of the religious life, the mind of the foreigner often ran in the track of his condition. Whether sweeping through a suite of imperial rooms, the face given back from many a mirror; or in the Church of the Augustines, gazing on the funeral group of Canova; or examining the contents of the Belvedere, and from its steps glancing on the esplanade which was soon to become a stance for revolutionary cannon; whatever was seen

or discussed, one thought mingled with it—it ever bubbled up like foul air from the bottom of a marshy pool,—the thought that farther on his way he could not go without assistance. If he had other introductions, it was to find that, without room for wonder, nothing came of them. To advance by the only remaining avenue, the avenue opened by the confidence of one damsel in another, and she of a different land, was, to say the least, abhorrent to delicacy. From a simple visitor, yielding for courtesies a sort of return in conversation, (as, with a generous soul,—

'. . . company
O'erpays all'—)

to pass into a borrower, perhaps to be doubted as a charlatan! Pah! The fancy carried a dagger with it.

Yet, how escape from the vulgar imbroglio! The first impulse was to communicate with the parent. But the shrewdness which courts usually impart to their servants, so apt to shoot too far, was dreaded, and the needy one turned to the daughter at his side. Woman's instinct, pulsing under the faintest breath, at once appreciates a situation, when the grosser sense of the other sex stumbles and falls over it. For, according to the poet,—

'—wie leise vom Zephyr erschüttert
Schnell die äolische Harfe erzittert,
Also die fühlende Seele der Frau.'

As it was, the cause of disquietude being disclosed, lo! it seemed to vanish. 'Have no thought for the matter,' she enjoined, with calm and delightful tenderness, almost in the words of Nausicaa to the Son of Laertes; 'all will be righted on reaching home.'

Home was reached. The contents of the privy purse were rolled out on the table. But alas! on counting up every zwanziker, the whole sum did not mount to enough!

'Only let me say it to Papa,' she entreated; 'a word will suffice.'

What so reasonable? What so becoming? And yet the prospect made the stranger wince, and, like the Spartan boy of the story, almost willing rather to endure any other agony than have his condition brought forward. Permission being accorded, however, the maiden was gone in an instant, by a side door which opened into her father's cabinet.

Oh the misery of those moments during which fate hung in the balance! The suitor for a paltry loan sat as one liable to be condemned, not to the axe, or noose, but, worse, to suspicion, to scorn. After a pause, which drew the perspiration in cold drops on the brow, and was itself supposed to imply a sentence against him, the door again turned on its hinges; the gentle and gracious child re-entered, pale, agitated, with eyelids drooping and the face aside. All was lost, it appeared, when her sire himself followed, glowing with benevolent joy, and, hastening up, folded the guest in his arms! At the same time, a protestation of gladness was made by him at having an opportunity to be of service; and, to anticipate any further annoyance, a moiety beyond what was wanted was proffered.

It need scarcely be added, perhaps, that, at the end of the journey, the sums advanced were reimbursed. From the Saxon capital, the watch was forwarded to Hungary, with a note in which the sender expressed a kind hope on his wife's behalf and his own that, now their address was possessed, their correspondent would not pass through the town without calling on them. At a period soon afterwards, the traveller again visited Vienna, and could thank the courteous old gentleman of that city in his own language.

The Faithful of all Churches often find themselves in sympathy, how divergent soever may be the forms of their worship; and the wanderer, at this time, as he came in con-

tact with such about him as strove to nourish assurance of a better world, turned to them as to stars, blessing his path, which maintained in him the hope that a day should yet dawn when all shadows would flee away.

One additional illustration of the sort sparkled for him with special lustre; and, before passing on, this further example of Christian life in Austria may be imparted. In recollection, indeed, the vision floats before the eye with an outline so aërial that an idealisation is apt to be put in room of the reality. But the lady referred to, (in this instance as in the former a member of the sex, Faith often keeping an altar to itself in the female heart, even when fallen to ruin in man,) made an impression of so much more than lay on the surface, that fact and fancy melt into each other.

At Presburg, during the winter months, the islander became acquainted with a retired Austrian colonel, who, having been in England, and preserving a few phrases of its language which he loved to air on opportunity, invited him to spend an occasional evening at his house, where a brother and sister-in-law resided,—the sister-in-law a countess by her own right, and the lady in question. Frau von Gnade, as she may be called, resembled Madame Guyon in the cast of her piety; for, though her life constantly expressed itself in definite practical acts, she often showed in conversation a tincture of mystic ecstasy. An infant, a daughter, whom she had early lost, or who had rather to her feeling left the maternal bosom for the embrace of angels, as in the drawing of Flaxman, hovered over her path, and the sense of its neighbourhood imparted to her manner an appearance of readiness to follow at any moment. The countess might be above thirty; yet time had only ripened the spiritual beauty of the face, and left in fulness the graces which became a tall, noble figure. When she spoke, her thoughts progressed as in the theme of an oratorio, preparing one for another with flowing sweet-

ness, but together composing an original and varied harmony. The voice, for its part, clear, yet rich, throbbed with the whole burden of life. She slightly stooped in addressing others, an attitude which imparted an undefined sense of something akin to celestial condescension; and, at times, in the upturned hearkening posture of the head, she resembled Isaiah of the Sistine catching the accents of inspiration. Black eyes, fringed with black lashes, and arched with brows of the same sable hue, gleamed impressively in the countenance, all the more as the complexion was pale, and the skin of the finest texture.

Whether it was his situation as a stranger or anything else that drew her sympathy, he cannot say; but with fascinating ease she at once unbosomed herself to the exile. Finding him sensible to music, she sought to dispel clouds casually visiting him by the piano, which, in her hands, served as an exponent of ideas; and, while the husband and his brother amused themselves in the shooting-gallery, she entertained her guest with a Gloria of Palestrina, or an Agnus Dei of Mozart. But her favourite pastime was at the foot of Calvary with Haydn, rendering one of the Last Words, when her face assumed an aspect of holy entreaty at the Prayer of the Penitent, or flamed in charity as the tones of interposition for the persecutors fell from the sacred lips. The dogmatic additions of the Church of Rome hung about her like curtains in a boudoir. As it is the books, articles of taste, and works of the fingers distributed around the room, which show the character of the occupant, rather than any conventional piece of garniture, so the choice and treatment of religious topics by the countess marked her essential principles. At bottom, these were the great doctrines of the Common Faith,—sin, penitence, the sacrifice of the crucifixion, Divine influence, the hope of eternal life, and personal sanctity. But, in her, what are often only faded

articles of creed, sparkled with the charm of glowing conviction. The polemic temper which wins the wreath of reform when reform is needed, and is indispensable to the health of a Church, so exclusively incarnates itself sometimes in individuals, that they are nothing if not fighting. Consequently, like Tybalt of the play, (who, in the brawl on the streets of Verona, struck in against Benvolio, peacemaker, crying out, 'What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word!') they will rather beat the air than want a foe. But above their views, and in a region to which they have rarely access, are found those of every sect worshipping the Head, who hold slightly by peculiarities, how much soever such may bulk with controversialists, and, in spite of testy doctors, shake hands with one another across the borders.

At this instant the impression of the Frau von Gnade comes up in a single incident, of the simplest sort. As one morning, the snow lying on the ground, the Gräfin returned from matins, she chanced to be observed passing under the arch of the court. The frosty air breathed around, the day was pouring its early joyous rays athwart the threshold, when, just as she crossed,—

> 'With Morn's first sunbeam staying on her hair,
> Which turned to it as if they were akin,—'

the countenance was richly brought into view. All know the power of circumstances in setting forth a character, doing for it what an apposite frame does for a picture with the effect of which it mixes. On this occasion the elements blended with the expression of the saintly lady. Fitted by rank and accomplishment to lead in the festivities of the society which the Hungarian Parliament had drawn together from every province, she chose a holier though less brilliant path to walk in,—the Valley of Humiliation. Nor was it matter of wonder, if, having given the dawn to worship, she

should wear, as she now did, an aureole borrowed from the morning's sunshine. The lustre on her brow symbolised the light within, such as sparkled on the face of Moses, and broke in Divine effulgence over the Mount of Transfiguration from Him who came as the sun itself in its strength.

It may appear superfluous to linger longer in the Austrian capital, seeing that, on entry into Italy, at a later stage, everything characteristic of Catholicism will show itself in profusion. But the city, lying in the way of the pilgrim when all was yet fresh, and possessing, moreover, a charm and a type of its own, may keep an inquirer occupied with it for at least a few moments.

At Vienna, nothing so much stirs an ecclesiastical student, breaking new ground, as the Dom of St. Stephen's. Even in the opinion of inhabitants, it is the glory, the core, of the metropolis, from which the numbers of its houses begin to be counted; and the Ring itself, with its magnificent Opera-house, its Museum of Art and Industry, its University, its Parliament buildings, as well as its array of stately private edifices, which have of late years sprung up on the bases of the old fortifications, can be looked on only as a setting for the Cathedral. To come to it, on a summer's noon, by the Rothenthurmstrasse, amidst the gay, genial Viennese who here throng the pavement, or emerge on it through the courts in face, where omnibuses are constantly putting down and taking up passengers, causes a thrill which at once isolates the mind. The eye enlarges itself to the magnitude of the great gothic church, with its acute gabled roof, standing like a bronze jewel case wrought by the hand of Benvenuto Cellini. The tower, unequalled of its kind, shoots into the sky at one bound, a tall, tapering pyramid, all fretted over with knobs and pinnacles. Time has worn away the surfaces of the church. So fair, however, has it been from origin, that still the beauty of prime, as with a queenly lady,

shines through the ravages of age. The façade, with a high, receding porch,—the Giant Gate as it is called,—in which the Saviour as glorified fills the tympanum, is for some feet from the base covered with funereal sculptures; and these all have the Redeemer as their subject, mostly as He is seen in the Crncifixion and Resurrection. An observer at once recognises that he is looking on a place of Christian worship, whatever be the form of service which goes forward within.

As the foot crosses the threshold, all expressive of mediæval faith meets the eye. A width of cool air, with the hot and dusty streets left outside, relieves respiration, while the hallowed scent which loads it, caught at the very doors, gives an immediate sense of sequestration. Shadows, deep shadows, bathe the sight, and partly through relief from the outer glare, partly by association, prompt a religious mood. The choir being come up to, the soul is awed into devotion, as a glance brings into one view the soaring clustered pillars of nave and aisles, with arches of spacious span, which yet hang so aloft on their columns as seemingly to collapse in the distance.

The light streaming above the high altar scarcely disturbs the gloom which broods where the Catholic mystery is performed. But, on a week day, for a stranger, it is not the celebration of the Mass that will chiefly fix attention; it is the worshippers. The body on the outskirts is continually changing, like clouds which form and dissipate at the same moment; for, while some individuals are seated, collectedly conning their missals, a constant current flows both ways across the transepts. A few of this circulating throng content themselves with an inclination of the head as they pass opposite the altar. The majority of them, however, breathe out a transient prayer, which must temper, in how small soever a degree, the tone of the day. Strange and affecting is this procession through the sanctuary. The pale

sempstress, with her small bag of work in the hand, is found in the crowd; the kitchen-maid, too, is there, laden with a basket of provisions on her way from market; and even the charwoman presses in, who, as she trudges to her humble toils, still finds time to drop a petition. One notices, also, shop boys, as well as the confidential porter grasping his leathern portfolio under the oxter. And now a mother appears with baby in the arms, and, by her side, her little son dragging a kite almost as big as himself. The tiny coquette, still innocent, mingles in the ranks, kneeling with unconscious grace, and crossing herself in sympathy as the bell is jerked at the altar. No manner of person, indeed, no age, is wanting; and amidst all, although a simple office, the organ sweeps in with its large waves of sound, so pure, so solemn; the incense curls in wreaths; and the motley multitude come and go, a kreuzer, drawn forth under the softening influence of the spot, being dropped now and then into the palm of some withered mendicant at the exit.

On various visits to St. Stephen's, at intervals of years, the pilgrim had more than once the fortune to assist at a sermon, a thing which always opens a view into the living policy and condition of a Church. It was found, one of these times, to be an extraordinary position for the preacher to be in; a man with a deal to say for himself, but the advocate of a foregone conclusion; pleading against the common sense of the world, his very audience included, despite an air of sinister content lurking in some visages.

As the orator, a Dom preacher on this occasion, wound up to his pedestal in an unctuous, mincing manner, breathing out on arrival what seemed meant for a holy afflatus, the idea arose, how terrible was the test in such a place! The staircase itself, balustraded with foliage, was the man worthy to tread it? became the question. The situation for him was still graver on his looking forth from the pulpit, with

sculptured popes and doctors in their insignia,—Augustine and Gregory it was thought among others,—leaning from its rich involuted body to listen. But the fretted canopy over the head, which hung like a crown lowered by an angel's hand, made it awful to reflect what wisdom and piety ought to drop from his lips! Shall it, or shall it not, be, whispered the observer within himself, apostrophising the robed object before him, that,—

> 'thou from a throne
> Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark
> Arrows of lightnings'?

The cynosure of all eyes,—for people flocked to his feet from every side,—the cathedral itself, hallowed by the incense of centuries, was as if standing only for him; and the stranger waited in curiosity to know how far the voice, which, in a spot like this, might be expected to break into oracles, would do so.

A preacher in the small Imperial Chapel, a venerable elderly man, of soft mellifluous tones, has often been heard with a sense that, under conventional forms, the sweet truth of the gospel was yet somehow told by him. But, here, in the cathedral of the people, shame to say! it was simply a farrago of fanatical religious politics that was served up: stones instead of bread, serpents rather than fish. If the flints of the Mount of Olives might have cried out for Christ, had His disciples been silent in His praise, it could not, on the contrary, have astonished anybody, had the toads carved on the banisters of the pulpit stairs croaked on the priest, who had now so unworthily borne his consecrated garments.

Far more to the purpose, though strongly redolent of popular Catholic devotion, was a discourse by another of the clergy, on the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin. The sanctuary was the same, the pulpit the same, the rich storied glass of the tall gothic windows behind threw as

ever its hallowed lessons into the scene, and an auditory again stood thickly planted; but, in this case, the interesting thing was, that the locality became secondary in presence of the man; as he moved his lips, it was felt that he was alive, a speaker who uttered what he believed; and monstrous, blasphemous, as is the Romish dogma on the offices of Mary, —the topic of the occasion,—it was an advantage to have it once for all exhibited in a rhetoric that made fiction glow with the vivacity of truth.

On looking round Vienna, Church and State under Catholic rule are seen amicably at work together. If, throughout Austria, the despotic system of Metternich, which broke to shivers in his hands in 1866, has been exchanged for free institutions, a great deal of the mediæval spirit, it is very observable, continues to survive, in civil and ecclesiastical connexions. At the celebration of the birthdays of Franz Joseph,—a justly popular monarch, a father to his wayward political family, loving all his children, if not all equally,— the service in the Dom, emphasised by the whole stock of pomp at command, is moulded in his honour. What further illustrates the union, is the fact that when, in 1853, the hand of an assassin sought the life of the Emperor, the people of Austria, to commemorate the deliverance of their prince, called up on the spot a church, the fairy modern gothic Votiv-Kirche. On a holiday of the Virgin, shortly after a devotional visit of the Empress to a shrine of popular pilgrimage in Styria, the bishop of the province, preaching, took for his text the piety of the august lady, although more known as a votary of Diana, the huntress goddess. After the behaviour of his imperial mistress was shown in all combinations, and passionately held up for imitation, she was withdrawn within the halo surrounding the holy mother, where, in some mysterious way, one became confounded with the other by the inspired dignitary.

Corpus Christi Feast, when, on a June day, the institution of the Eucharist is commemorated, is the occasion of all the year, however, which presents in its most impressive form the blazonry of both estates on one banner.

The whole population of Vienna draws out for this ceremony, which, under the guidance of the Church, is composed of a religious procession through the city. Altar after altar, reared at various points, arrests the steps for solemn service. The Emperor in state, attended by his family and high officers of all kinds, joins in the march, devoutly prostrating himself at the stations. All the orders of either sex, the societies of orphans, and the members of benevolent institutions, gather along with the municipal authorities. No one is absent who can add to the dignity and imposingness of the spectacle; nor is it to be doubted that the marriage implied by it between Church and State, how much soever the sacrament has lost of its ancient sanctity, forms an important part of its interest for the people.

Of the Social Phenomena of a capital, which are always vitally related to the style of its Church, nothing, in Vienna, more impresses a moralist than the passion for amusement. Sunday forenoon sees the churches thronged. In the evening, a large portion of the same crowds glut every temple of pleasure. The Volk's Garten, especially, is on holidays remarkable for its musical entertainments; which not only attract families of the middle classes, dispersed through the whole area, promenading, or seated under the aged chestnuts; but draws within the grounds of the Restaurant, when the magic wand of Strauss is lifted over his band, the highest aristocracy, as well as the civil and military chiefs of Government. There, in the season, mingling with politicians of all divisions of the realm, the Imperial Chancellor of the day is now and then seen, soothing, it may be supposed, his

fagged brain with the delicious clang of the orchestra. The family of Strauss, which, for three generations, has wielded the musical sceptre, is a public possession; and, in the minds and affections of the Viennese, an object of veritable idolatry. Eduard, its existing representative, small in size comparatively, with a dark bilious complexion, copious brow, and black moustache, has a stamp which easily distinguishes him from the artists congregated at his feet. Probably as pronounced in talent as any of his kin, he is a prince of conductors, a genius in his department. To see him on his nervous legs, which, during a performance, seem to dance beneath him, swaying the band in a waltz of his house, (and the choice of waltzes never goes outside of it,) is a sight worthy of study. At moments, when, dropping his *bâton*, he himself catches up the *rôle* of first Violin,—doing so with an enthusiasm which plainly obliterates from his view the audience, whatever its composition,—the ice or coffee which the spectator had been sipping is totally forgotten. The style of the leader is modest, artistic, a remarkable contrast to the extravagant action of most others, who strike out arms and legs like jumping-jacks, affecting to give to the eyes what is meant only for the ears; but every glance, every sign, controls the players with the irresistible exactitude of an electric flash. Such, moreover, is his sensibility to children, that, though he never for a moment drops, or even holds loose the reins, he has been observed, in the very whirlwind of execution, fixing his gaze on some small beauty who, with charming confidence, dared to come close up to the dazzling *capelmeister*.

If, in the chosen home of Haydn and Mozart, music holds a chief place among the popular recreations, a more doubtful pleasure,—the Dance,—predominates, especially in the revels of the working classes. But the subject suggests a broader one.

Society, all over Europe, it must be owned, now offers to the Church one of the most perplexing problems; and travel abroad reveals this in the baldest form. The difficulty is not to know what Christianity, as it dropped from Divine lips, claims in its moral office. The ethics of Jesus and His Apostles are found on the surface. The real task lies in the application of them to the actual state of things, with an abounding love of pleasure, and the taste for a scientific basis to manners accompanied by humanitarian tendencies, such as has existed in no former period. At the crypt of St. Denis, as one stands within it for the first time, how is the mind shaken by remembrance of the foul revenge inflicted by the French Revolutionists on the bodies of their kings!—an act opposed to elementary Christian principles, yet springing from sympathy with the miseries brought on by misgovernment. If the horrors of the Commune in Paris during the Franco-German War of 1870 be considered, the same contrariety to morals is felt, along with the same partial justification. The Jardin Mabille in its day, with its bosky bowers and mimic wildernesses, was an acknowledged fane of the subtle meretrix, and has been copied in other metropolitan cities; but what gave it significance, was the attempt to hide the baseness of its aims by accommodation to the modern love of nature. It carries reflection further that a church has bestowed its name on a whole class, at once the most refined and the most demoralised of the sort, —Notre Dame de la Lorette, for the reason that it is chiefly frequented by them. The mock sanctity of marriage expounded by Montaigne, flaunts its seductive theory with new vigour in the present day; a sanctity which, affecting to consecrate wedlock by confining it to the sober purpose of progeny, would divorce from it the play of passion to seek its objects on the broad common. In the lyrics of Béranger, so fitted to mould a nation, a world, a poisonous

taint permeates the strain even which rises above the region of bacchanalian song, and a sense of despondency almost comes over the heart at seeing so brilliant an intellect feathering the arrow of irregular desire. Heine, Jew by race, German in education, French of temperament, is a notable instance how a poet, for the sake of unexampled verbal beauty, has not only had verses of his set to melody by a genius such as Mendelssohn's, but has won the worship of accomplished women, the Empress of Austria among others, although the sex often appears in his lines merely as a thing to be patronised for some moments, and then flung aside.

At a recent epoch, the fashion was shown in the rage for 'La Belle Hélène' and similar operettas. Frivolity, sheer frivolity, has perhaps never before been dramatised with so much skill. A student of manners, who may have chanced to sup on a *pot-pourri* of Offenbach, will have scarcely failed to be struck with the originality and emphasis of his compositions. But when brought on the stage, and men and women, personating the favourites of Olympus, come tumbling in with the hubbub of children, such an incarnation of folly repels, or can only commend itself by first corrupting taste, and, in the end, transforming the audience into its own image. It is a sign of the times that 'Nana' has been translated into English, whether the cause be the contagion of vice, or the absence of any present master of romance in Britain.

To the youth on a pilgrimage of inquiry, the impressions made by the public balls of Presburg, as he entered Hungary, are still preserved. During Carnival, the Magyar nobility, arrayed in the picturesque national costume, and animated by the discussions of the Tables,—the Houses of Parliament,—often led forth to the dance their fair countrywomen. To look on, an observer only, from a post full in view of the floor, while wave of graceful motion flowed in on wave

melted back, and gathered again in climaxes to the alluring notes of the orchestra, gave some sense of a primary influence affecting society.

> 'Oui, je les vus, ces danses amoureuses,
> Où la beauté triomphe à chaque pas.
> De vingt danseurs je vus les mains heureuses
> Saisir, quitter, resaissir mille appas.'[1]

At Cafés, too, in the suburbs, the witching fiddle set large, miscellaneous companies a-circling.

It would be absurd to blame the dance, absolutely, on any principle high or low. It has the capacity of a fine art, if only a pastime, often; it mediates between the sexes; it has served to inflame devotion, as by the shore of the Red Sea, and even before the Ark, with no less a sanction in the latter instance than the accepted example of King David. Groups of children like Albani's, painted from his own numerous family, yield an enchanting spectacle, Innocence itself dictating and presiding over the rhythmic movement. All national dances, the Tarantella of the passionate Neapolitan, the dashing Polish Mazurka, as well as the Magyar Tzardesh,—which are not to be confounded with corruptions of them in the stews of great cities,—are of simple growth, and come on holidays to restore elasticity of spirit to peasant and townsman. As the eye catches the gambols of Donatello in the Borghese Grove anticipating the arrival of his companion,[2] and sees both afterwards, faun and nymph, join in a sylvan dance, it would be difficult for the most precise to resist the attraction which draws to share in it. A taste, how rigid soever, could still less quarrel with the Sisters in the 'Battle of Life,'[3] careering before the honeysuckle porch, or refuse sympathy with the work-folk plucking apples, who

[1] Béranger: 'Mon Carnaval.'
[2] 'The Marble Faun.' By N. Hawthorne.
[3] 'Christmas Tales' of Dickens.

look in happiness down on the scene. Yet, enjoyed even with decorum, and when no occasion is given for the satire of Byron on the Waltz, how easy, it must be admitted, can a flavour of the senses by its means spread over the soul, penetrating religious feeling, and forming an indisposition to sober occupations. What thought, in preparation for a public ball, is given to arrangements of toilet and jewellery! During the festivity, what thick tumult heaps about the heart under luxurious glances and the pressure of hands! So it is expressed by Goethe:

'*Prometheus.*
Was hub im Tanze deinen Körper
Leicht auf dem Boden?

Pandora.
Freude!
Wie jedes Glied, gerührt vom Sang und Spiel,
Bewegte, regte sich,
Ich ganz in Melodie verschwamm!'

In the 'Tempest,' tragedy and comedy are rightly put together, for they are found side by side in life; and the smile evoked by Caliban adoring Stephano for the powers of his bottle, is as fit as the horror called up by the plot of the drama. But principles cannot help suffering as soon as the softer emotions, and specially such as are germane to sensations, come forth broadly, absorb in themselves the various raptures of sight and ear on prolonged occasions, and finally arrive at the point of barring all recreation which approaches not in a garb of artificial excitement.

As festal scenes are withdrawn from, an observer is forced to own the want of any satisfactory maxims for testing them. The pulpit does not deny the healthiness and necessity of amusement; but the dance, the theatre, the opera have been often condemned, or, what is commonly the case, treated as not in question with those who have chosen

the 'better part.' If the general view, however, be noted, it is obvious, as one becomes at once aware, that the pursuit of pleasure, in all its forms, is looked on as a matter of course. In face of the exactions of a devout life, indeed, the ordinary impression under Catholicism seems to be, that indulgence is a frailty, a sin, but, once confessed, necessarily to be followed by absolution. A sort of patronage thus comes to be cast over error.

To a man of the world, who may still have his own fashion of religion, such an arrangement appears as wisdom. Far more difficult is the problem for him who wishes to keep company with Jesus of Nazareth, and is yet conscious of desires planted in the heart at its very origin. Questions like these will be put by him: Is it then incompatible with the profession of a Christian to contemplate the Venus di Medici? Must the tragic agony of Medea, as represented through the art of Ristori, be kept far from? Are the ears to be closed against the outpourings of Faust's poor Margaret, or of Norma appealing to the Casta Diva in her majestic perplexity? Molière, in bringing forward the Tartuffe, did more than all the pulpits of Paris to expose hypocrisy of the worst type; and if his comedies naturally attacked vice or folly with a laugh, rather than with divine compassion which not merely chases evil out of sight but seeks to win the offender, it must not be forgotten that his voice was heard in quarters otherwise inaccessible. Had Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, to say nothing of a galaxy of others, never written their romances, what salutary phases of morals would have lain away in the shade!

The Belvedere of Vienna, with its golden collection of paintings, has too many works of religious significance not to be noticed in this survey. But the results of successive visits to its Gallery belong to discussions which fall elsewhere into their places. The garden, covering the slope between

the upper and lower palaces, catches the attention of a novice by its old Dutch style, laid out in squares, circles, and trefoils, without a single tree to cast a shadow. Fountains play on gala days; and the flower beds, on a grassy base, which is bordered with boxwood mouldings, gleam like Persian carpets. A thick, low wall of evergreen, which the shears keep in permanent formality, hems in all the divisions. As the ground reaches a level at the bottom, it has a sort of labyrinth on it, with bowery retreats growing; but a sight of the stiff inclosures of verdure is apt to call to mind the despotic system which gives shape to a population by rule and measure. Nature, here, is as completely subdued as were the people of Austria, before the crisis of 1866 forced the Government to accord them a new liberty.

Such as it is, the wanderer loitered in the garden for the sake of its incongruous, yet picturesque compositions of statuary.

Sphinxes of colossal form, with female faces and bosoms, pose their majestic lengths by every entry. Sea-horses, guided by nascent Neptunes; mermaids basking on the waters, carolling; monstrous lizards, their jaws thrust back by Herculean hands: such are some of the groups which animate the pools, and, in spite of their antiquatedness, give a growing mind delight. An armed hero stabbing a satyr, and savages in fight,—the son of him worsted looking on in tears,—impart character to fountains on the lower slope. Children wrestle round the edges of others.

Of all the ornaments, however, it is some rows of urchins, in trios, set on the garden stairs, that most fix the eye; first regarded by the pilgrim under the recorded circumstance of the start; but often since visited for their intrinsic pleasantness. To the number of twelve, they represent the months, each being recognisable by his occupation, as well as by the name cut on the pedestal.

January, a jolly boy, (to begin the year with him,) stands by some blazing faggots, spinning, in the old fashioned way; for the fields all lie under snow.

February, in cap and bells, seated on a comic mask, plays the harlequin for carnival.

March, with hope in his joyous face, scatters seed in the furrow.

April binds up the straggling shoots of the vine.

May offers a nosegay, with a sweet, entreating expression, the left hand softly pressing the heart, and, at his feet, a dove feeding her fledglings.

June, a wallet by his side, seems, from his uncovered head and his eyes uplifted to the sky, to be asking a blessing on his meal.

July sharpens a sickle for harvest.

August pipes to his flock.

September is heaping a basket with apples.

October empties bunches of grapes into a tub, one foot on the ground, the other pressing out the juices.

November, his dog beside him, and armed with gun and sword, blows the horn of the chase.

December, finally, bringing up the rear, gives thanks, so it seems, to the Father of all, a sack of fruits taken out of his stores lying by him, and a staff marking the close of the year's pilgrimage.

As the Gallery of the Belvedere was left, the mind glowing with impressions of Rubens, Titian, and others, the pilgrim became suddenly overwhelmed by the sense of a greater Artist than had been thought of, whose painting, hung against the blue sky, now burst on the view. A cloud, a simple cloud, was all of it, but of such magnificence, aweing by its mighty folds as the fiery bolts in the spasms of a summer storm flashed from its bosom, that the triumphs of genius, miracles of their kind just examined, seemed, com-

pared with it, like the mimic sports of children. Steeds of bronze, nobly ramping in the hands of their grooms, adorn the grand entrance to the Belvedere, and would have drawn the eye aside. But it was, as if they were not; they and all else faded before the sublimity of that vaporous tissue, which God, by a breath, had expanded on the canvas of the heavens. Fool! exclaimed the adoring observer: is it, can it be, that man worships the products of fellow mórtals, burning to the perpetual honour of their makers the incense of a copious praise, and yet fails to acknowledge the presence of the Creator in the world?

CHAPTER II.

Of the Saviour, and some Rival Theories in Conflict around His Person.

The Carpathians.—A Magyar Manor.—Peasantry in Chapel.—Meditation on the Gospels.—Renan and Strauss.—Paulus and His Successors.—Hume on the Miracles.—Froude.—Francis William Newman.—Jesus of Nazareth His own Witness.—Harmony between Him and Nature.—Goethe great, but of this Earth.—The Romish Pontiffs.—Confession of the Martyrs.

THE introduction abroad, described, together with change of scene, exerted on the pilgrim all the softening effect of time, which throws experience off into perspective, and favours a compromise between opposing tendencies. The spirit, shaken from its equilibrium, resembled a mountain torrent swollen by the storm which had broken over it. Leaping from crag to crag, at times it threatened, as it were, to fly into a showery mist. But, one obstacle after another being left behind, and moving onward in its course, it assumed more or less of composure, although it still for long bore traces of its recent turbulence.

As it happened, the position of the stranger in Hungary otherwise conduced to a reconciliation, aiding, as it did, a comparison of different schemes of life, with the common sunshine falling on them. The period of sojourn was chiefly spent in an old feudal castle, dominating the village grown around it, and rearing its towers amidst garden and orchards

which spread away on either hand ; all stood within a cluster of wooded heights, a spur of the lower northern range of the Carpathians ; and here, apart from the noise of cities, were found members of the chief continental lands. Within the walls, belonging either to residents or visitors, various types of face, manners, religion, continually surrounded the observer. Paris, with its piquant taste, was present, by means of some who had been born in the French metropolis, or had often breathed its air. Vienna, with its light, warm, happy civilisation, offered its specimens. Berlin furnished cases of active speculation. In the circle, moreover, were those who could speak of Rome from personal knowledge, and describe a sunset over the lagoons of Venice ; whilst Poland, Bohemia, Wallachia, Croatia, and other neighbouring countries, had representatives. What added to the advantage of this stay among the Magyars, the period of it included the year 1848 —the famous year, it need scarcely be said, of continental revolution,—when existing political arrangements were shaken, and the minds of people revealed their innermost wishes. At the more decisive epochs—the winters, for instance, of 1847 and 1848—residence was shifted to town, where matter for reflection arose every day, almost every hour, and Kossuth with the other orators of the reforming parliament came under observation. But although, in the agitation of the time, it was difficult to avoid getting absorbed in public affairs, the foreigner had himself a small kingdom in uproar, which

> 'suffered then
> The nature of an insurrection,'

and it taxed his whole resource to accomplish changes, which should transform the old into a fairer realm. Life in such circumstances grew in seriousness. Besides completing preparation in language and otherwise for his pilgrimage, as well as making occasional excursions to adjacent lands, it was

impossible for him not to review all earlier opinions, and modify them by impressions gathered from the new society.

In this retreat, with the mountains wreathed in scarves of vapour,—a constant show and exhilaration,—Sundays had hours devoted to the Evangelists, whose fragments, like the scattered limbs of Osiris, it was sought piously to bring together. At such seasons, alone, in a pavilion of the garden, the scholar would overhear, mingling with the wind among the acacias, the anthem of the Catholic villagers who crowded within the manorial chapel. The organ rolled out its heavy notes; and voices, melodious only in praise, now catching up the burden of the hymn, now giving place to the tremulous cadence of the priest, swayed to and fro under his guidance.

Happy peasants! exclaimed the student in his heart, troubled with something of Faust's disorder, but feeling at the moment the Divine power more than the Doctor did when the song of the angels stopped the elixir on the way to his mouth. Every seventh day and on special holidays their fields were abandoned; and with shaggy locks greased and flowing over the shoulders, they sought access for an hour to their flowery altar, to cross themselves, and depose the offering of a simple devotion. Below the region of doubt, yet walking in sombre ignorance, they had been thought of by the Father, and the seeds of life and immortality shed of old in the land blessed them like the common elements. By the wayside, an effigy of the Saviour nailed on the wood hung continually before their eyes; they hoped for peace and power through Him, in some manner or other they knew not how, except by confession and swallowing the miraculous wafer; a greeting was familiar from childhood, which expressed from one to another, as they met on the road, the sublime consolation of the Gospel; and when the funeral knell tolled from the belfry, a comrade, his wife, or child, laid in consecrated ground with fit ceremony, was, in their belief, on the road through Pur-

gatory to Paradise. Such was their spiritual store. But it lifted them far above the sheep whose fleeces yielded their *bundas*—the cloaks in which they wrapped themselves; it marked them off by a measureless space from the hordes of Attila who had scoured the Puszta before them, or even from the cultured pagans of Athens and Rome; and it will keep alive in their breasts a sacred expectation until priest shall give place to minister, whose chief function it is to point the finger to the Sacrifice in the upper sanctuary, and himself vanish in the glory which thence falls on the general path.

The pavilion, a rustic octangular bower, looked on a conservatory of palms and other exotics, round which stood tubs of orange and citron trees, while figs and melons grew in the free mould. Flowers, in pots, blazed on an adjoining bank. The air breathed with their soft perfumes, mixed with the odour of aromatic shrubs.

In this shelter the student sat with the Gospels open in the hand, when the scenery of Judæa, to be later visited, flashed spontaneously before him. At times, however, as images accumulated, a small tarn bordered by willows was sought, with the mountains reflected below the waving shadows of the margin. Here, as he sat in a skiff which was suffered to drift about, all hushed save the hum of insects, the chirp of the sparrow, or the bleatings from an adjacent meadow, the shores of the Lake of Galilee came up to the fancy, its waters lapped on the beach with occasional roll and surf, the oleanders, fields, sky, and hills around pictured themselves forth; and He who spoke as 'never man spake' again lifted His voice in parable, or uttered sentences on the soul, and on the birth from above, on death, and immortality, and judgment.

At home, during the session which followed the resolution of Bute, the collegian had given partial attendance on the classes in the Scottish capital; hovering about academic haunts, yet feeling an alien among the studious crowd who,

in all good faith, frequented the halls of theology. But amidst the heaviness of inward estrangement, if he felt vexed with the settled air around him, that blessed Priest was ever clung to, who had bound every thought to Himself with a fresh enchantment, keeping everywhere close to the scholar; whose Holiness rebuked him, whose Majesty filled his spirit with awe, and yet whose Love drew him with infinite sweetness. Day by day the disciple plucked clusters of the purple grape in the vineyards of the Evangelists, eschewing altogether the feverish eagerness of polemics. As the sun drooped, the Braid Hills or some other covert in the environs of the city was sought, there to cast up anew the result. The Apostles and Prophets were never lost to the heart; but, at this time, the Redeemer spoke alone for Himself. Subordinate witnesses stood about in silence. The unity of Revelation,—the subjection of all within its scope to the illustration of a main Personage, is, in general, evident. The central Figure, however, for whom all others are present, so rivetted the eye, that the attendants failed to interest the mind enough to bring their evidence under observation. And now, among the Hungarian mountains, the same theme was resumed, but on a freer field, the circumstances stimulating thought far beyond previous experience.

Since those days, speculation on the person of Christ, taking various forms, has produced much calculated to sober the tone, if by no means to alter it. A pair of continental figures, especially, have started up to question the claims of the Nazarene, and, with brawny arms, have, like the Hebrew of the locks of strength, though with far other effect, bowed against the pillars of the Christian sanctuary. Each of them, indeed, differs essentially from the other in mental and moral type, as well as in the issues to which they have come. Renan—for he is one of them—rose in France, a Frenchman, but a Jewish Frenchman; and if success were an affair of

style, his airy, sparkling periods might have given him good chance for it. The Frenchman, in him, is never absent. In his criticism there is that national elastic vivacity, which so often touches the ground of fact only for the purpose of bounding into the region of fancy, and disposes of all historical inequalities by an extemporised theory which constructs a graceful modern statue from the remains of an antique. The author's estimate of St. John, as a musical improvist who gives himself full scope in grafting personal ideas on an original theme, describes his own very manner throughout the 'Vie de Jésus.'

If, however, with all the apparatus of a biography, the *Vie* is essentially a biographical romance, it is impossible to doubt that the writer, as he professes, has felt the subject with his 'heart,' although he frankly disowns the 'faith' of a disciple. To follow him in all his movements, would be like the chase of a butterfly, which prettily flutters, and draws the foot on without weariness, but forms in the pursuer the impression of sport. Yet within the pages of the critic, a lambent flame of veneration twines round the Saviour, kindling many an expression which, apart from the context, might soothe and satisfy orthodoxy. In his enthusiasm, the biographer, as he surveys the desolation of Gennesaret, of whose little towns, he says, man will eternally speak, points out the effaced sites of them as spots where humanity would wish to come and kiss the footprints of the Christian Founder.[1] The spirit which animates parables such as Dives and Lazarus, it is added, has made of Jesus, for all eternity, the true Creator of the soul's peace, the grand consoler of life.[2] Marking the replies of Jesus to the Pharisees,—masterpieces, as he calls them, of delicate raillery,—the author even exclaims, Incomparable efforts, worthy of a Son of God: a god alone could kill in this manner; and, in comparison, Socrates and Molière do no

[1] P. 142. [2] P. 176.

more than graze the skin, while fire is here carried within the bones themselves![1] Nay, at the close, after giving a picture of the Crucifixion, the analyst of the sacred life bursts into the following apostrophe: Rest now in Thy glory, noble Initiator! Thy work is finished; Thy divinity is established; between Thee and God man will distinguish no more![2]

To pass from Renan to Strauss, his German compeer, is to exchange landscape for a tunnel, in which gloom is scarcely relieved by the sombre glare of lamps, or a loophole at intervals yielding a momentary ray of daylight. Seldom a generous remark, or a remark truly historical, chances to escape from the author of the 'Leben Jesu.' If, however, his method of criticism, which, in its application to Christianity, works as a mole underground ignoring all the life above, would be seen in its essential sterility, the inquirer must observe it in the philosopher's answer to the question put by himself, whether he and his following are still Christians.[3] The Apostles' Creed, supplemented by some phrases on the Trinity from the Nicæan, forms his representative of Christianity. In the naked propositions of that Confession, the dull wit of unbelief, which clumsily aims to push aside the globe of Divine truth by this fulcrum, finds stuff at hand for its exercise. Renan is positive in his object, and brings his travels in Palestine as homage to the Saviour. In this the French biographer appears as a genial child, who, allured into a garden by its bright flowers, hastily plucks a nosegay and shows it all round. Strauss, on the contrary, is destructive to the top of his bent, and even rarely yields the ordinary benefit of error, a glimpse of some forgotten or undiscovered truth caught on the way. In straining metaphors to absurdity—a constant trick of his—he recalls the policy of Julian,

[1] P. 334. [2] P. 426, beginning and end of the last paragraph.

[3] "Der alte und der neue Glaube. Ein Erkentniss." Von D. F. Strauss.

weighting the sentiment of the Church on poverty of spirit with ignorance, as a pretext for closing the Christian schools, and of Hadrian, who, in another temper, planted an image of Venus on the site of the Crucifixion.

Seductive for some tastes, has been the whole brood of Rationalists, who, getting wing through Germany from Paulus onwards, have startled the sober by the extravagance of their hypotheses. In effect, indeed, and fundamentally, the originators of the various theories of myth, as accounts of the Gospels, scarcely differ from the mystics of Oxford. For, does it signify whether Revelation loses its historical worth by being resolved into fiction, or by confounding its miracles with the preposterous impositions of the age of Ambrose? But while the votaries of tradition sit in conclave with the mace of authority on the table, the masters of rationalism, in all its license, have kept in the open air.

It is difficult none the less to see what, after the first surprise, can detain earnest minds before any of their fancies. Anticipations of modern science in the days of Christ, such as the view of Paulus involves, are no way as credible, because not at all as probable, as a miracle, in the circumstances. The myth of Strauss, again, which explains the Gospels, like the fables of Greece, as mainly a concretion of fancy formed spontaneously round a nucleus of fact in the course of some thirty or forty years, is, after all, no more than what Berkeleyism is in philosophy, a system coherent in itself, but having the damning quality that it is unreal, unhistorical. The Evangelical Narratives resemble a city with towers, and palaces, and hanging gardens, which, if looked at from a distance in a certain state of the atmosphere, may be taken for a mirage, or for what they are. But, approach, and discussion is felt to be frivolous. Fact imparts a conviction, which can be put down only by the love of hypothesis, or a voluntary obscuration of the senses.

The miraculous accompaniments of Christianity, far from causing trouble if preserved in the history, are rather like a range of Alps, which, besides giving character to a landscape, are signs of invisible forces, not by any means so strange as the forces themselves. The correspondence of one with the other, above all in the common image presented by them of the Master and His Mission—like the swan of the poet on St. Mary's Loch, floating double,—

'swan and shadow,'—

not only keeps all jar away, but, as Isaac Taylor observes, gives a sense of unity the highest of its kind. In the miracles of Jesus, indeed, is found a real historical symbolism of the Christian Church, as has been many a time noticed; in them the doctrines of grace are written in characters so pronounced, that the purblind can read them, and so plainly as to supersede statement. The Jews, it ought not to be forgotten, brought objections by fathering Beelzebub with the works. Greeks followed, attempting to confound them with the legends of their poets, or the products of sagacity and imposture. The Church herself of the Middle Ages grafted her pious frauds on the stock of the Saviour's performances, claiming equal authority for them, and involving for a time the real miracles in the haze congenial to falsehood. Nature, reason, idealism, have each in later times been forced to yield a tribute of opposition. If recent speculators have taken for granted the impossibility of miracles, Hume has whimsically reasoned against the possibility of their proof. But, as Niebuhr says in one of his letters is, and must be, if such a thing as history exists at all, the edifice, though it has seemed to shake, has never fallen; not a stone even has been loosened; not a knob or finial broken off. Whatever confusion may involve the mind when ingenious sophists manage to withdraw attention, faith grows firmer and de-

vouter on again approaching the works themselves. The looks, words, acts, the whole spirit and form of the ministry of Jesus, have a coherence which comes stamped with the sharpest image of truth.

Of the class whose policy it is to call off inquirers to a distance, from which is lost all sense of difference among objects,—as even the square and the circle, seen from afar, become indistinguishable, according to Mr. Ruskin, — no writer is more typical than Hume. In his section on this subject, when, by dexterous allusions to the prodigies of barbarous times and the tales of travellers, a store of general saws tending, not to test, but to cast doubt on all testimony have been formed, he first confronts with one another the rival claims of the Greeks, the Chinese, the Arabs, and the Romanists, (in the last of which the Scripture miracles are implicitly included,) and then deems it ground sufficient for denying all, that all, by their mutual incompatibility, destroy one another. As if (for such is the meaning of the argument) because hostile opinions cannot be all true, no truth is in any of them. In the riot of his ingenuity, how does the sceptic smile from his airy balloon on the solid bulwarks of religion, although liable, in his precarious observatory, to sink by a breath! Great was the parental complacency with which Hume regarded his argument, as it brought him the hope that it would rid the world of all superstition, by which he meant religion. It is not too much to say, however, that in his speculations, the controversialist might have justly appropriated the words which Descartes, with the modesty of a great mind, used on review of his theories, when he suggested that perhaps he was deceiving himself, and 'taking what was only a little copper and glass for gold and diamonds.'

Strauss, as already appears, did what Hume was not prepared for; he came close to, and deliberately menaced the Sacred Life, which offered too many phenomena beyond the

range of a simple philosophy, for the Scotch Sceptic to deal with. The German Rationalist, however, is not vitally different in his tactics. It is not Jesus of Nazareth whom he assaults, but a phantom of his own conjuration imposed on votaries as the reality. Taking hypothesis for facts, distorting and supplementing circumstances, filling the whole atmosphere in which Christ moves with chimeras, the miracles which he mangles are not the Divine miracles. In the world to which the anatomist has passed, he may have found, as he awoke, that his knife had been only plunged into his own offspring. The author of 'Supernatural Religion' has since followed on a kindred track. But, although his moral temper is far too high to be laid in the balance with his German predecessor, yet, in effect, it is no more than another turn of the kaleidoscope that he gives. At bottom, fancy is substituted for experience.

If a modern Scientist could have been admitted with the messengers of the Baptist, as Christ attested His Messiahship before them, the circle of miracles going forward, the reality of all, in the case that no theory excluded evidence, would probably have forced itself on his belief. It does not signify that this age stands eighteen centuries and more off from the events. The simplicity of the chronicle, like a clear atmosphere bringing out every knoll and ridge of a distant mountain, posts a reader, for purposes of proof, as near the facts as the original spectators. The observer of to-day, as well as the disciples of John, beholds the blind restored to sight, throbbing with wonder and thankfulness; he joins the lame healed, the lepers cleansed, the dead raised. What is more, on his ear also fall those blessed words, 'To the Poor the Gospel is preached': words how often come to the heart with power and consolation! Everything wrought and spoken blends together in one whole, doctrine and miracle irradiating each other, and both being a crown to the bene-

ficent Lord who works in the midst. To imagine that, with the lapse of time, the force of evidence must diminish, is, assuredly, a fallacy. For what may be the case with tradition, which loses and gains, and continually shifts its form as it rolls on, taking every hue and change of the passage, has no truth applied to the Gospels, mostly written and propagated by the witnesses themselves. In their fair and substantially uncorrupted pages,—the blotches, notwithstanding, which Rationalism feigns to have found, or makes, in them,—the present generation reads as securely as the first; for the same evidence is before it. Nay, Posterity, it is obvious, has a fuller means of conviction, inasmuch as the proof has since received the sifting of every later century, and the progress of Science renders easier the detection of flaws.

At a subsequent stage, the rationalist works of Froude, Francis William Newman, and others of the same class passed before the eye. With these brilliant writers, many enthusiasts, doubtless, have had points of sympathy in mood, even if none in argument. To recall such authors for judgment, would be to slay the slain; for rarely since the 'Provincial Letters,' have the weapons of argumentative raillery been more terribly employed than in the 'Eclipse of Faith,'[1] directed against them. But one cannot help observing how, in contrast with the stolidity of German opponents, who have treated Scripture as if it were a collection of Sibylline Leaves, or scraps of the Korân pieced together from the Prophet's family box, these English critics have exhibited their whole being absorbed in the issues. The fierce, proud, intolerant spirit disclosed, how affecting soever to behold, is not the least significant sign of the pangs and convulsions from which they suffer. Some, like Froude, coming into the Christian inheritance enriched by the Saints

[1] By Henry Rogers.

and Doctors of every age, have found it unmanageable for their temper; and, refusing responsibility, have disburdened themselves of it, one article after another, until they have reserved scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness. In the 'Nemesis of Faith,' the author is seen as in a blurred photograph, wherein two or three positions exist together in the act of transition. All conflicting passions, some gentle and affectionate, others steeped in sorrow, others again borrowing force from darker and stormier elements, find place in a vain struggle of reconciliation. The talk of the Ruined Abbey on Pagans and Paganism in the 'Nemesis,' includes the observation that 'the creed,' referring to the Christian creed, 'is dead in the thoughts of mankind,' an assertion which millions are ready to refute with their lives, were it worth the while. But here, and under all his protean shapes, the fervid declaimer resembles a boy striking down flowers by the wayside, the mind chafed with dealing blows, while the trouble is to no purpose with shoots springing all around. 'Whatever grows in time,' the author adds, 'is a child of time, and is born and lives, and dies at its appointed day like ourselves'; as if, because the majority of opinions are mortal, and the vesture of every creed, even the true, given to it by Man, fades at length, there is no amaranthon among them; or for the reason that more fiction than fact has been in the faiths of the world, no deathless fact exists at all.

Francis William Newman awakens a yet more vivid interest. No case, indeed, in modern times is equally touching, unless it be that of Blanco White, whom Mr. Newman is so like in some points. The 'Phases of Faith' exhibits a generous, sensitive young man, bred in the discipline of Evangelism; able, scholarly of habit, learned in history; and yet, through instability of temperament, standing in his treatment of Christianity like one with a sheet of paper,

which, in a fit of petulance, he tears to pieces. Slowly, it is true, the proceeding goes on, at first, and not without inward remorse; while at each stage it is sought to keep the square, though on a diminished scale. But the operator is fatally urged onwards, until the whole lies in fragments at his feet! In him appears a remarkable instinct to stumble on, to choose, perplexities. Allowing some real and probably insoluble difficulties of Revelation to absorb, and in the end to warp, his mind, he is at last capable of seeing little else. In this distempered mood, like the sad philosopher in 'Rasselas,' he takes on himself the burden of the skies; but is racked to find that, after all, with friends turned into foes at each change, complaints of ignorance, recklessness, and incapacity to handle the subject ascend from every quarter.

At the heart of the criticisms which have effloresced in these forms, it is impossible not to mark forgetfulness of the source from which their authors have drawn the ideal made use of for destructive purposes.

In the condition of the lingerer among the Carpathians, away from all traditional props, the test was severe, but the characteristic glory of Jesus of Nazareth only the more shone out. Whatever misconceptions of a lower criticism might cumber the form, they were felt to be as clouds about the sun, which reveal him with greater god-likeness as the thickest film is pierced and fired by his beams before being finally dissolved. The long march of the Prophets, from Moses onwards, preparing for the Messiah; the coincidence of His apparition with the necessities of the world; the influence exercised by Him over man, and the grand procession of disciples who multiply even when least owning their subjection; His Words; His Works: all these sources of evidence expand with power. But the realisation of Himself it is, which fills the spirit with adoration, affecting it

with an impression of Deity, as actual though in an ineffably higher manner as startles us, when the eye rests on the snow-drop, soars with the clouds, or trembles on water brushed by the invisible breeze. As the sense of unity between the Lord, who came in human form, and the intimate presence of Nature increased in vividness, leaving the canoe on the lake the meditator on the Life of lives would take his way by a brook which trickled sluggishly across the plain, raising up, as it flowed, a show of lilies, visited by swarms of the dragon-fly. What harmony joined these forms and Him who represented Solomon as dimmed before the scarlet martigan of Judæa! In Him and in them, though in the one essentially, in the others but suggestively, God was present; and as the eye swept round, every sense swelling with the correspondence between them, the Redeemer stood a Man with confines, but, through His manhood, exhibiting Divinity itself in its love, power, infinitude, and beauty.

Jesus of Nazareth, it came back again and again on the muser, is the only real bar to the worship of Nature,—a chief temptation of modern times. In Him nature is embodied, yet under the conditions of a personality, and all its sweet mystery and allurement plays upon His path. Who, be he the driest of readers, unless a Strauss,—be he even the most scholastic hunter after dogmas, can isolate the Saviour from the external world? Every word He spoke breathes of nature, every incident of the Divine Life is so set in sky, water, mountain, or other form, that it cannot be analysed without the scenery being taken account of. The relation of Jesus to the earth, however, is that of Master to Servant; He passes forth to it, wielding its powers as one of whom it is an emanation; and the hour can never arrive, when the fascination of flower, cloud, star, or rock, shall conflict with the attachment of the Christian disciple. As long as His company is kept, on the other hand, it is impossible, Son of

man though He is, to reduce Him to an idol, or, as Renan does, make Him the foundation of a system which, pronouncing the apotheosis of poverty, frowns on the world, and introduces a schism between Nature and Grace. Face to face with Him, a follower cannot prostrate himself in false worship of His Body. Homage of this sort was rejected, sternly rejected by Him, when, under the influence of an ignorant, though generous, passion, the multitude sought to make of Him a king. Moreover, He gets lost to such as, like the ancient Docetæ, withdrawing so far as to see no more His real features, impose on themselves a vague, idealised ghost, a conception of the fancy, which becomes a fetish in the end.

In what a different region, it affected the student to think, have grown up great men, heroes if you like, even of the present era! Goethe himself, on whose life, after all deductions, wait reverence and admiration, he, the representative of modern culture, shows at his best only as a stately tower, overtopping contemporaries:

'Dem Atlas gleich, der einst den Himmel trug.'

Can aught else be said of him than that he was of this earth, rising visibly from beneath upwards? Every stone in the temple is seen laid; the plan, the partial plan is slowly worked out. In him is found a striver of the common mould, fainting, falling, recovering himself, pushing on, and bearing at the close the stains of the way, over which Charity is forced to throw her mantle. Raphael stands higher, immeasurably higher, as an exponent of the Divine life. A model, however, gleamed before his eyes, the Incarnation of Judæa. If the procession of the Romish Pontiffs be examined, the Tiara, it will be judged, has crowned a few pious and grand heads, among a number of fanatics, not excepting a monster or two, but no one whose relation to Nature, has

brought him into any comparison with the Lord, to Whom the dynasty has affected to act as Vicar. All who have worked in the world, the best and the noblest, have shone with a modified light; while He came enshrining the 'brightness of the Father's Glory,' revealing the 'express Image of His Person.'

Difficult it is for the Christian to speak of his Lord, for, though clothed in Humanity, a prism which tempers the light raying forth from Him, the Saviour, to the eyes of a disciple, blazes as the Sun in his strength. The heart, besides, is surcharged with emotion: love, gratitude, joy, expectancy, aspiration; which, although springing from an apocalypse of truth that thrills every faculty of the intellect, cannot empty itself except in trickling streamlets. Martyrs! How many a one has fallen, who could only say, I am a Christian!

CHAPTER III.

ANGLICANISM.

Canterbury.—Gregory the Great's Mission.—The Reformation in England.—Henry the Eighth.—Cranmer and other Martyrs.—Nonconformity.—Methodism.—Revival of Mediæval Theology.—John Henry Newman.

CANTERBURY, all know, gives a title to the Primate of the Church of England; for there the Church had its origin; and, to say nothing of its glorious Cathedral, thronged with pathetic memorials, the incidents of Gregory the Great's Mission at the close of the sixth century, drew the pilgrim to it on the way through England, and will for ever preserve interest in the venerable town. At the Reformation, in contrast to the Scottish Church, the Church of England, relieving with filial hand the Vine of Christ from the thorns which had grown around it, sought to guard its historical continuity. An Archbishop of Canterbury, accordingly, loyal to the Reformers, can yet cast the eye down the line of Primates to Augustine, the conductor of the Mission, and, on his enthronement, as he sits in the Father's Chair, feel the blood of the dynasty pulse in his veins.

Augustine, assuredly, was not a high type of missionary. At Aix, in France, petrified by reports of Saxon barbarism he shrank from going forward; he resumed the journey only under pontifical constraint; and in his conferences with the British Christians of Bangor, disclosed the budding tyranny

of sacerdotalism. But, all in all, the Mission shines as it presents itself to King Ethelbert, even with the histrionic style of Rome evident in its management. A verger first comes on, bearing a tall silver cross; another follows with a banner displaying the Saviour's drooping form; next, the choristers crowd up, chanting a litany of Gregory's own; when, last of all, stalwart in form, head and shoulders above his companions, Augustine himself stalks in sight of the monarch. A Protestant of ordinary cast might not have found himself at home in such a performance. The Harangue, however, with the text taken from the ensign, could not have been more effective as the first stone in the foundation of a Church; and the heart beats with awe while the voice sounds down the centuries, telling how Christ in mercy to the souls of men had descended upon earth, died for sin, and set the Gates of Heaven open to all who yield themselves in faith. Franks acted as interpreters; the King gave the mission welcome, with caution; and soon, (for only a few months elapsed,) Ethelbert and twelve thousand of his people, abandoning the idols of their race, were baptized in the neighbouring river.

At the Reformation, almost all that was essential was preserved for the Church of England. Canterbury, amidst every vicissitude, has remained the see of the Primacy; and the Church still looks back on the missionary monk as its founder. But there were introduced two vital alterations, which gave the Church the character for which it has ever since been known. Henry the Eighth, along with the temporal crown, placed on his head the Spiritual, of which he had dispossessed the Papacy; while, with exception of his daughter Mary, his successors down to Victoria inclusive have done the same thing, holding both as inseparable moieties of their constitutional inheritance. Cranmer, again, in the situation of reformer of doctrine, swept away on Henry's

death what had grown up during the Middle Ages, and, in substance, established the present Thirty-nine Articles.

Even after all attempted by historians to soften Henry's aspect for modern eyes, the monarch comes on the scene as a wild boar of the field, ravaging and trampling under foot what was fairest around him. In his loves, after ceasing to delight in Anne Boleyn, he manifests a tincture of that frenzy which marked Caligula and others among the sensual emperors of Rome. But Nero was his real prototype, a fondness for pageantry and the fine arts distinguishing him, along with a despotic temper, which reduced lords and commons to the ignominious state of the senators. The cruelty of the Roman, lighting up his gardens with the quivering bodies of Christians, most nearly anticipates the ferocity of the Tudor, binding to the stake Papist and Puritan alike.

If the Church of England had been indissolubly associated with the king, scarcely could it have survived the shock beyond his life. The movement for the divorce of the pious and amiable Catherine of Arragon,—the prime civil cause of the Reformation,—has its match only in the darkest annals of the small Italian courts. Every honest heart, without a question of Church, sides with the venerable Fisher and the illustrious Chancellor More, (although the latter, sad to say, had himself the blood of dissentients on his hands,) led forth to martyrdom for their refusal to sanction the wretched conjugal crime. But the Reformation, whilst it rallied round Henry, who had given the golden boon of deliverance from the Papal yoke, had its source in a far other quarter. Grosstête, Sewel, and still more Bradwardine, Archbishop of Canterbury under Edward the Third, ushered in a new year. Wickliffe next rose, and by the apostolicity of his life and ecclesiastical system, gave evidence that the summer sun was in the sky. At length came William Tyndal, translating, like Wickliffe, the Scriptures, but a fugitive from his

native land and in the end a martyr. Bilney, the gentle Bilney, follows, seeking shrift at the knees of the eloquent Latimer, in order to win him to the doctrines of grace; and when Latimer and Ridley, in bloody Mary's time, were chained back to back at the stake, encouraging one another in the flames, the Reformation was secured; a type of piety and learning united together in death passed away in them, which left to England nothing to envy in the martyrologies of other nations; and a basis was laid for sympathy with Anglicanism, which no memories, no differences can impair.

One name has not been mentioned among the martyrs, to omit which were like Hamlet's play without Hamlet. But a sorrow, tempering triumph, blends in the interest which it awakens, while the confessor's frailty in his antecedent moments serves only to exhibit in brighter hues the final act. Cranmer,—for, of course, he is meant,—incarcerated like the Baptist away from friends and his wonted circle of activity, wavered for a period before the prospect of death. Soto, the Spanish Friar, and still more Cardinal Pole, the subtle English fanatic, pressing on his weakness, twined themselves round the Protestant Laocoon, the instruments, as they cheated themselves in believing, of God the Avenger. The last scene, however, when Cranmer, amidst the fury and confusion of his foes, abjured his recantation, and with stern wrath against the peccant member of his faltering hours thrust the right hand first into the flames, put a seal on his testimony, which has secured it as the central glory of the Reformation in England.

To this period, when the foundations of the English Church were laid, a Scotsman turns with more approval than to any other in its annals. The Restoration, indeed, by the perfidy of Charles and his prelates, showed, in the two thousand Nonconformist Clergy, how bright a band of witnesses was

then held in its bosom. The rise of the Methodists in the last century, and the warm current of religious life which flowed within the Church through the Evangelical Party, recovered Anglicanism from the reproach of being then a simple Expounder of Evidences. But the Reformers, by the sobriety and grandeur of their faith, which, in Mary's time, bore them on to the stake without flinching, yet without bravado, calls to mind the Apostles. All in them was at once strong and devout, a mixture of man and child, solving Samson's riddle of honey in the carcase of the lion. It was as if they stood face to face with the Lord in the midst of the blazing faggots, gathering courage from His presence. Calmly, like Peter in prison, most of them slept on the night before martyrdom, or rose to prayers. Rogers, the Preacher of St. Paul's Cross, washed his hands in the flames as in cold water, according to the image of Foxe, breathing out his soul with joy. In Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, wont to sit daily at dinner in the refectory of his palace with the poor in relays as his guests, and preaching under the old elm which, crowded by people hanging on the branches, was afterwards witness to his sufferings, the heart is fascinated with the spectacle of the pastor and Christian gentleman together. With him, Religion, pure, undefiled, and Charity, were wedded in holy bonds. Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and others of all classes in hundreds joined to the earlier martyrs, have given to the Church of England, with her roots striking deep into the mould, names of strength and renown for all eventualities.

For this reason, it is no wonder that, in the startling revival of mediæval theology at Oxford, which has so often yielded clergy resolved at once to hold their livings and foist the faded ecclesiastical robes of other times on protesting parishes, men like Hurrell Froude should break the vials of their curses over the memory of the Reformers. It was

difficult, indeed, abroad in Hungary, on recalling the Ritual Controversy, to let the mind fall from meditations on the Gospels down to its tone. All in the policy of the manœuvre had borne an air of artifice; and, as ecclesiasticism gathered force in the cloisters of Oriel, honesty itself,[1] as always in similar circumstances, got the cold shoulder in zeal for the exaltation of the Church. At the same time, the resurrection of scholastic modes of thought, clothed in modern speech by the necromancy of some highly endowed minds, had a charm of its own, and occasionally among the mountains called back attention, if only as a foil to inspirations of perennial importance.

For youth of the period, the sudden fire of the *Tracts*, and the storm of heavier batteries opened by the same band when the smaller arms ceased action by episcopal authority, could not fail to have an interest. Veterans in polemics, with experience enough to comprehend the scope of the attack, might regard the whole as temporary, the briskness of which had immeasurably less attraction for them than its retrograde aims caused sadness. But novices, weary it might be of the simple sound of truth, and suffering from a constitutional restlessness which nothing but knowledge could relieve, betook themselves to the subject, seeking whatever of store should turn up, and a change, at least, that might send them back to familiar forms with a zest never yet experienced.

The illusion, however, for the Scottish collegian, was soon dissipated; and, although a reviewer of Ritualism may see in it a natural reaction against the negative criticism of the time, as well as a summons to bring the Church of the Middle Ages fuller before the eye, the controversy left the soul impoverished. What was worse, at a period when, perhaps, as the Sun was beheld as it shined, or the Moon walking in

[1] *Tracts for the Times*, No. 90.

brightness (to employ Job's language) the juvenile heart was liable to be caught by the spell, the gloomy colours in which Ecclesiasticism showed herself were aggravated by it. For many months, days and nights had been consumed in the study of the *Tracts* and the avowed works of Pusey, Newman, Palmer, Ward, with those of laymen of the same school. But, while the innovators began by raising the flag of the Fathers before the division of East and West, a critic soon felt that, logically, they must land within the bosom of Popery, where the compromised priests of Oxford have long been going. Ritualism is not masculine as the Reformation, nor has it the ample womanhood of Romanism, but is hermaphrodite, incapable of perpetuating itself, while bearing in its features traces of either sex. All have been compelled to acknowledge that the votaries of the system, to be consistent, must yield to the Church of Rome, or save themselves by a recoil backwards to the historical faith of their country.

As a dream the movement came; and after the violent agitations to which it has led, threatening to rend a national Church, it has left little, if the 'Christian Year' be excepted, to the stock of devotion. The natural and supernatural, are, in the controversy, blent in incompatible combinations, which flit before the eye for a while till the light and darkness claim their several shares. Open where one pleases, a bit of sweet, unsophisticated thought will not be found in the whole polemical writings of Oxford. A frank, candid utterance nowhere breaks in upon a measured tread, which could only be sustained after the feelings had been thoroughly drilled, and the soul subjected to a stern and terrible despotism. The reader becoming aware at times of the presence of a beautiful humanity, yearns to snatch off the mask, and speak face to face. But scarcely has the desire sprung up than it withers away, blighted by the sense of a cold, distant, haughty spirit of authority, on the other

side, which demands homage before yielding confidence. The words of John Henry Newman, truly—

'a subtle-souled psychologist,'—

tease most of all in this respect; for the resources of his intellect admit a discursiveness of remark which no other of the party could allow to themselves. But the idea, by the light of which he writes, is never far off. At an unexpected moment, just as the inquirer begins to be moved with some touch of genuine feeling, it glides in, and, as if by sleight of hand, turns the current of emotion towards the abyss where the author himself is now found.

To sum up a controversy, which, after all, has small importance except in its practical bearings on a far larger one, the Ritualists, it may be said, are shabby imitators of Roman priestliness. The robust moral sense of the country has, in the legislation of Parliament, shown that their behaviour is considered intolerable in a Protestant Church. But, though no one need doubt the possession of a personal holiness in many of them, yet, in view of the glamour thrown around ecclesiasticism by the body, Herr Tulpan [1] comes to mind, to whom it cost no more than a stroke of his magic wand to turn night into day,—

'Mit tausend krystallnen Leuchtern.'

A topic, before leaving Hungary, still asks room for a short amicable discussion.

[1] Neue Amadi

CHAPTER IV.

COMMON SENSE AND OTHER PHILOSOPHIES.

Contradictory Estimates of Philosophy.—Its Career.—Scotch Taste for it.—Recall of the Subject in Hungary.—Socrates, with his Disciples Plato and Xenophon.—Descartes and his System.—Hypothesis of Materialism.—Idealism.—The German Metaphysicians.—Common Sense.

'IF asked,' exclaims Eugène Pelletan,[1] 'what is the use of Metaphysics? I beg, in my turn, to be told of what profit are snows on the mountains.' And forthwith, in application to Philosophy, the lively and eloquent Frenchman propounds to the citizens of Paris, how people may not care to live among the snows, yet, midway to heaven, these contain in their sacred urns the source of every river.

Such are the terms in which poetic exaggeration fondly illustrates the Science. At other hands the idol has suffered a far different treatment. Sir D. K. Sandford, in his brilliant 'Dissertation on Literature,'[2] calls its truths 'a meagre array,' and ascribes its fame to the plumage of style which has hidden and adorned its nakedness. Gibbon, a master of irony, insinuates that it is rather a 'language' than a 'science';[3] while the author of 'Don Juan' finds in it a topic for his satire, when, describing the sire of Haidee pleased at beholding from the hill which overlooked his

[1] 'La Nouvelle Babylone.' [2] 'Popular Encyclopædia.'
[3] 'Decline and Fall,' chap. xv.

home the smoke of its chimney, he adds that the pirate was no metaphysician, and so—

> 'had no notion
> Of the true reason of his not being sad,
> Or that of any other strong emotion.'

All that could be said, was,—

> 'He loved his child, and would have wept the loss of her,
> But knew the cause no more than a philosopher.'

The world, in general, indeed, if polled, would probably agree with Monsieur Ligaro, the illustrious Master of Dance to the house of Guzman,[1] that one of his profession is worth many times a metaphysician.

Of this sort was the reflection which occurred to the sojourner in Hungary, when the subject, from college days, turned up again to his mind. But, first principles, whether dubbed Philosophy, Metaphysics, the Science of Sciences, or by the less ambitious name of Common Sense, form the basis of all life. To determine what they are, therefore, as the naturalist formulates the visible world,—to trace each chain of reasoning upwards until the links vanish within the dome of the spirit, is, assuredly, an act of advanced intelligence, notwithstanding Comte's dictum of the epochs. At the same time, the history of mental science, specially in modern days, seems to justify the conclusion, that, as soon as man strains beyond the facts which are open to peasant as well as to scholar, the real universe is exchanged for an imaginary; so that Broom, addressing the Oak, in Wordsworth's 'Poem of the Fancy,' may be right when it says, that,—

> 'He is oft the wisest man
> Who is not wise at all.'

Systems of Metaphysics, judged by results, resemble rever-

[1] 'Gil Blas.'

berations of thunder, which create great expectations, but are first heard when the bolt has left the bosom of the cloud. Descartes, coming on the scene, with the grand aphorism on his banner for which he is known, appears ready to open up the whole domain of mind. Malebranche and Spinosa, though following with more pomp of sound, prove that, how good soever may have been the start, the chase in its course closes in a labyrinth. Locke, again, rises with a force and ardour which seem quite equal to the task; yet, from a want, whether in his theory or in his language, he gets claimed by Condillac, and at length mainly serves to light the fires of the Encyclopédists. In the hands of Hume philosophy expired altogether; and if out of its ashes Reid on one side and Kant on another succeeded in restoring the science, breathing into it a nobler existence, it has maintained only a precarious dignity among the successors of the Scottish philosopher, or, in the speculations of Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, passed into Nihilism, that is, as most take it, literally into nothing. In whatever direction, then, the eyes are turned, the prospects of Metaphysics are not assuring. Some clever critics, like Lewes, consider it proved, that philosophy is doomed to ring the changes on itself. Accordingly, such think it vain to seek its roots in science, and one hypothesis of materialism after another has been brought forth to account for humanity. But the field is disputed; nor could its defence be given up from an idea that, contrasted with physics, in the investigation of the laws of mind,—

'ignorance is bliss,'

and, therefore,—

''Tis folly to be wise.'

As for himself, in this connexion, the searcher among the mountains had, like most people, thought upon his thoughts, he had striven to explore the human soul. Not, indeed,

that he could approach it as a piece of mechanism,—a conception of it apt to be formed when set forth as a composition of faculties. It was as a vital being that he looked on it, all its movements instinct with intelligence, yet withdrawing into mystery, and affecting the spirit turned in upon itself like a starry night, with doubtful shadows of forms cast around on the path. At the family table, mixed theological metaphysics were often discussed by individuals learned of a sort, and problems, gnarled as the oak, came before the children, taxing their young forces. From national temperament such questions were gladly examined: an exercise which prepared for further investigation, when the literature of the subject and academic companionship drew the footsteps forward. If, however, according to the quaint fancy of Foster, one could live back again through the metaphysical curriculum, giving off its exuviæ, — the contributions in specific dogma made by it,—he would not perhaps feel seriously impoverished. At all events, an aversion for abstractions may keep him from reposing in them, how much soever, like Schiller's Diver, loving to make a plunge for the cup. A necessity to finish by synthesis,—a necessity which life, everything imposes,—disinclines the student permanently to dwell in that region.

In such a temper it was, that, accepting an opportunity abroad, the wanderer returned to the subject. A vase of flowers stood on his table, offering fair objects as often as the eye was raised from abstruse treatise; the shadows of a poplar flickered against the window; and all nature outside gave a sense of itself. With a volume of ideal philosophy in hand, the gardened slope behind the mansion was sought, where, beneath a plum tree in fruit, he conned the ambitious work, fancying that a refutation of its airy sophisms lay in the keen reality of the scene. On other occasions, as Bacon was held on the knee, the play of nature responded to the

rich apothegms of the sage. Such discussions, in presence of the facts of Christianity, it is true, lose their importance, like stars when the sun shoots forth its beams. But the substance of speculation, justly, cannot fail to affect thought for a scholar; and may be passed in review before the staff is again taken up.

If, indeed, nothing better had dawned on the world, how would the heart have clung to Socrates, with Plato and Xenophon for his evangelists! All would have pressed within the circles which hung on his lips in the Agora of Athens, or loitered with him by the Ilissus, and amidst the whispering of willows and plane trees caught the flowings of his wisdom. In comparison with his forerunners, or the chiefs of Schools who afterwards clamoured over his dicta, Socrates shines like the moon among the constellations. Taking man for study, he kept on the ground, refusing the artificial pinions which flutter aloft a moment only to make a fall the more ridiculous. But even an admirer finds in him no more than a limited power, a taper, so to say, precious for the time, and blessing the eyes on which its rays fell, yet never effectual to illumine the gloom of the pagan world, or so much as insure a permanent influence within its own domain.

In his retreat among the Carpathians, the explorer, drawing mostly on his memory, was tempted to confine attention to ancient philosophy. The modern world, however, had been shaken by old questions; and how much soever he recoiled from the dreary grooves in which conflicting tendencies were running to extravagance, he was willing to come up with them near enough to form an estimate.

Descartes, as a man of the world and traveller, stands out specially worthy of consideration. The phrase associated with his name, French in clearness and brilliancy, will always be attractive to the metaphysician. But its interest primarily lies in the story of its genesis, as given by the author himself

in his 'Discours de la Methode,' a fascinating revelation of idiosyncracy. The mere doctrines, indeed, of this great man, his Vortices, with his views on animals, have no significance except as stuff, be it reverently said, for a chapter in Mr. Caxton's work on human aberration. Even as to the 'Methode,' which has disposed Dugald Stewart almost to concede to Descartes the title of Father of the Experimental Philosophy of the Human Mind, the illustrations, like the examples of Lord Bacon, fall far below the method itself.

It still comes back on the critic, how, on a woodland walk, the portrait furnished by the philosopher of himself rose before the eye. At the Jesuits' College of La Flêche Descartes gained, he informs readers, only a crop of doubts. But doubt, with him, was not a final condition; nor even as a stage in his passage could he view it with complacency. 'Je voyais clairement,' he nobly confesses, 'que c'était une plus grande perfection de connaitre que de douter'; and, in a strain equally wise, he elsewhere disclaims any imitation of the Sceptics, who doubt for doubt's sake. On the contrary, his sole aim, he affirms, was to fix conviction, and cast up the shifting sand in order to reach the rock.

To build, in short, on a foundation wholly his own, according to his very words, was the object of the French philosopher. But, in the course of the stroll, the question arose, Was the aim practicable? Nay, was success in it to be desired?

The study of the Schools was abandoned by Descartes for the 'great book of the world,' as he beautifully phrases it. At length during a winter in the army, enjoying a species of enforced solitude, the first thought of a new philosophy sprang into existence within him. Temples, cities, states, growing from one and the same mind, had, it occurred to him, a finer consistency than others. The inference was drawn, that the same law would hold good with metaphysics.

In this faith, embracing the hope of being able, from his own sole resources, to construct a finished philosophy, the projector set himself to pile it up. As Descartes at this moment is regarded, a figure starts to sight, stripped in fancy of everything, and beginning life once more with naught save the naked reflection, 'Je pense, donc je suis!' From the example of Deity, who had alone given perfection to the Jewish and Christian polities, he took encouragement, forgetting that, in presence of God, all are but poor finites, and need not aspire to drive a chariot across the sky.

As to cities, it is obvious that those raised on a single design, receive all the advantages of experience, so far from wanting them. Polities, too, which come forth complete from one brain, are found either, as in Sparta which caught the admiration of Descartes, to have had the narrowest basis, or, like that of the Abbé Sieyes, the constitution-monger of the French Republic, to have been too subtle for working purposes. Athens, Rome, Britain, whatever states have shown the noble variety of nature, have grown up historically, calling forth men able to seize their master-principle, and easing circumstances. The bole of that tree, said the muser to himself, glancing on an aged elm in his eye at the moment, would present a more regular appearance, artificially formed. But, as it is, with its cracked and swollen rind, hoary with mosses, making way for the augment of each fresh year, it touches the spirit with awe under the sense of the manifold Divine resource which gave it origin. After all, the philosopher worked with powers moulded by what he calls prejudices, which, in reality, are the opinions of bygone generations. A something in the blood laughs at the attempt to begin for oneself. Man grows up in his age, drawing from it any power he has to put it at a distance, at once conquered by and conquering it.

It is a bold, ungraceful task, indeed, to weigh this dis-

tinguished Frenchman, idol of his country, especially after the Eloge of M. Thomas, who finds in him a combination of Lord Verulam, Leibnitz, and Newton, with something over. But,—putting his mechanical works apart,—a student of philosophy is forced to say, that, high as is the interest which the great investigator awakens, the idea is suggested by him of touching the bottom of the stream every moment. Bacon, to say nothing of the other illustrious names clubbed along with him in the comparison, resembles the ocean, which at once floats whole navies, and impresses the mind with a sense of inexhaustible sublimity.

A river lay some distance off, winding by willow and alder, which, though generally shallow, collected at places into pools fit for bathers. After a hot summer noon, it was customary for the student, attended by a pet spaniel, to resort to it. At times, as the sun cast a soft radiance on tree and bush by its margin, or struck on the water, seeming to lave itself in the flood that shook in golden sparkles, the hypothesis of Materialism, so different an aspect of philosophy from Descartes', presented its features; and the question was posed, Since sense is so much, may not man himself be only a creature of senses?

Favourable as the occasion was for the hypothesis, everything, strange to say, even the elements of the landscape, offered a contrary suggestion. A wild geranium plucked to hold as long as possible in the hand, so far from allying itself to the conjecture, cast a tender grace on the mind, which implied an existence kindred to what is called spirit. The dog which plunged into the stream, and shaking himself on the bank, barked and wheeled around his associate, seemed, by his intelligent sympathy, to protest against a theory which reduces everything to matter. The mind was turned in on itself, and found the world of consciousness that distinguishes spirit reflected in every inferior form.

If, seen under the most fortunate conditions, the dogma confounding man with matter is appealed against by experience, how must it altogether give way when the theatre of sense is exchanged for spiritual existence! In the light which shines within, the reasonings of Büchner and similar names are like the plashings of the tide on a beach, a philosophy of assertions and nothing more. From these recent reproductions of Materialism the eye turns away for relief to the history of the hypothesis; and at the time of renewed speculation, the philosophy of sense had alone interest studied in its sources.

As to this school of philosophy, indeed, the school of Locke, as it is called, with the ethical ramifications of Paley and Bentham, its heavy earthy smell, in its foreign development specially, drives an uncorrupted mind from all active sympathy with it. France is the real home of modern sensationalism, or that analysis which traces all experience to the senses; for, though the impulse to it was derived from Locke, it was with him a philosophy only, qualified by convictions drawn from a far other fountain. In France, on the contrary, chancing to find a soil prepared for its reception, it grew up rank and foul, like the pestilential mangrove of salt marshes.

To introduce, even casually, in this connexion, the name of the English metaphysician, disturbs some of the most pleasant early associations. Many a time in boyish days, the critic had stood among the shifting groups of an evening drawn into a bookseller's, opposite the University, by a sonorous voice, which shouted out the announcement that a sale was going on. The witty auctioneer inside put up author after author from piles in rows within arm's reach. Of the works knocked down to the entrant, one was, what is in many a youth's hands, a copy of Locke's 'Conduct of the Understanding.' To juvenile sense its lessons came as a

fresh wind upon the cheek, bearing occasional gusts in it, but full of health. Nor, since the passage was read, could be forgotten the picture of those who complacently settle for life on a small heritage of opinions. In their view, their abode is Goshen, it was said, with all the world besides a wilderness. Such resemble, adds the philosopher, the islanders of the Marias, who not only fancied themselves to be the earth's sole inhabitants until Spaniards landed among them, but asserted their own pre-eminence after knowing the conveniences of civilisation.

The 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' of which the 'Conduct' is a portion, is most worth for its spirit and incidental remarks. In perusal, chapter easily follows chapter, so stirring is the fervour, almost the fury, of the style. The doctrine of Innate Ideas, is, in it, pushed to the wall. Yet, as every scholar knows, the controversy is at bottom a verbal one. The only real question is, whether certain principles have their origin in the constitution of the mind itself, by whatever means excited, or whether they spring from the senses; and the answer has an interest mainly for the sake of the inference. If it be conceded, as it was by Locke, substantially, that the senses alone are the primary source of knowledge, although some additional conceptions grow from comparison and combination, it is obvious that man cannot soar above them. This conclusion was drawn and popularised by Condillac, whose mind, like a sieve, retained the dogmas, while losing what was precious in the spirit of the philosophy. The fact of an invisible world, with God, the soul, and a future state, as its contents, had been adopted by the English metaphysician, but, only an accident in his theory, it was dropped as illogical by his follower. Locke thus appears as an oak torn up by the roots, all branches broken off, with the trunk itself degraded into props of a vulgar materialism.

England, it has been remarked, has never ceased to feel the impulse given by Locke to a philosophy of the senses. But it was reserved for the country of Calvin, Pascal, and Cousin, to embody its most fatal errors in practical life. Sad is the spectacle of a venerable man borne off as a spoil, and forced to give the sanction of his authority to principles abhorrent to him. Much was due to the state of things formed under the Grand Monarque. But the temper of Parisian society, so apt to enthrone the graces at the cost of sober virtues, welcomed a system which casts a sensuous hue over thought. Through the timidity of Fleury,—the situation scarcely needs notice,—the famous *bureaux d'esprits*, presided over by distinguished women, were attracting to themselves all the brilliant talent of the French capital. Madame de la Popelinière fostered the loose art of the time. Madame de Tencin drew around her men of science and speculation, who had all received a fundamental bias from England. Montesquieu, Fontenelle, and others, wittily hinted to one another what was afterwards grossly taught. In such company, Helvetius began to pick up thoughts for his treatise 'De l'Esprit.' Baron d'Holbach, assembling at his table Diderot, Duclos, Saint Lambert, Grimm, and others, assisted by his counsel and fortune the production of works promotive of atheism. With a sceptical and licentious priesthood at this period, and devotees mainly for worshippers, the Encyclopédists appeared like white ants in the beams of a house, preparing the whole social fabric for the crash which soon overtook it, and even ere they themselves were all dismissed from the scene.

But let the opposite pole of philosophy occupy attention for a few minutes.

It was D'Alembert, it is believed, or Turgot, who said that a man is not fit to discuss questions of metaphysics, who has not once, at least, imagined that this world is only a show:

in a word, who has never been an Idealist. The critic is afraid that, tried by this test, he is a prophet whose lips the coal from off the altar has not yet touched. At a moment of sudden and overwhelming calamity, he has gazed at the date palm through a short eastern twilight, uncertain whether, as it waved its fronds in the breeze, it was not, after all, of the unsubstantial stuff which dreams are made of. Beyond an experience of this sort, attempt it as he might, he has never managed to doubt the existence of an outward world.

Once, among the Hungarian mountains, awakened at day-break by a storm which violently shook the window-cases, the student, during an interval in its rage, lay listening to the piping of the wind. The subject of idealism, it happened, just then came to mind. But, by no possible process, could he believe that the fierce blast which had broken his repose, or the wild tones which now moaned in eddy, were within him, extemporised by Deity, according to the theory of Bishop Berkeley. The tempest had disturbed him in unconsciousness, at a stage which facts certified could not have been its beginning; and yet, without his co-operation, in conformity with the scheme, it was not, it could not be. If said that the gust commenced when the experimenter began to be sensible of it, the statement has all the characters of an hypothesis, where an hypothesis is not wanted; nay, where such an hypothesis is the grandest imaginable impertinence in the presence of that evidence which creation brings for itself, as a reality standing out of the mind, although harmonising with it. To heap illustration on illustration would be absurd, as, if one does not convince, no more will many; yet the mention of another incident may give a chance of bringing the subject still more fully out.

One hot summer day, long afterwards, passing through the Stadt Park of Vienna, the recorder rested for a few

moments, when his attention was at once fixed by the company on an opposite bench. The first in the row, with glasses on, and a buff linen umbrella between his legs which were high mounted one above the other, was eagerly conning the morning's newspaper; the next in the order, a spare, sunburned, old man, with a middle finger bent round, looked out with a hungry, worn, stolid eye on the by-passers; a third, having his right elbow on the knee and a doubled-up hand propping the head, sat absorbed in some torn volume of romance. As all were regarded in their oddities, while a couple of servant maids looking on bandied jests together as they tossed their faded parasols up and down on the ground, 'What!' exclaimed he, 'am I amusing myself, as Idealism says, calling up this jumble of folk from nonentity? and does nothing really exist but the atom Me?'

The system of the good Bishop, be it said without rudeness, is not philosophy, but poetry, as much so as the fairy world of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream'; a sheer child of the brain, a fancy, and no more. The discussion, in his rich, ornate page, is a dance of thought. As it advances, all begins to move, and seems ready at a stroke to vanish, or come and go according to whim. But a shrewd winter's air puts the whole visionary theory to flight; not by logic, indeed, for, like the epicycles of Ptolemy, the idealist's supposition hangs well together; but by carrying the question to the direct action of the mind on the world. If, as has often been argued, the poetic philosopher steps up, and says: 'I accept facts as you do; it is known to me that I cannot call green fields into existence, or displace the ocean; as well as you I confess myself tied to nature, but yet, yet, the whole is within the mind, *my* mind': in that case, the matter must drop. But the perfection of the argument for an outward world is abused to overthrow itself. As a result the idealist, walking about only in idea though his

system adapts itself to existing things, has no more evidence of the positive existence of others than of the world. In this situation, it is difficult to find wherein the scheme, believed in, differs from madness, although, like Hamlet's, there may be a 'method' in it.

Far would it lead from the plan of these pages to meander with Idealism through all the turns of its course. Yet, to comprehend its relations, it may be profitable to linger a little longer by it, and, if only by casting the eye around, mark its issues. The first glance forward, it is true, will not seem propitious, and forebodes the cloud in which, at length, this philosophy disappears.

To youth, indeed, basking in the warm sunshine of the Christian faith, where all is fair in itself and coherent with natural perceptions, the moment of contact with David Hume, the next eminent representative, cannot fail to give a shock, from which recovery may be long in coming. The fatal march in the ideal theory which remained to be taken was taken by him, diffusing a sense of desolation, which nothing but the buoyancy of instinct, more powerful than any reasoning, enables the heart to sustain.

At the threshold, it is true, where the Sceptic, with an air of genial pleasantry, discourses on the rival virtues of the easy and the abstruse philosophy, the mind is propitiated for the enterprise. Even, at different points, a vista is opened, which seems to give promise that an outlet may be found from the speculations presenting the least attractive results. But hope at last ceases its illusions. First, ideas, whether conceptions of the memory or imagination, are confounded with sensuous impressions, except as they are less lively and forcible. The Castle of Edinburgh, as a consequence, actually seen a year ago, differs no way from the idea of it called up to-day, only that the sight was more vivid, and not so capable of modification. Matters of fact,

thus presented, startle, but awaken no special fears ; all the more that the guide throws out here and there a sentence to relieve anxiety. But, as the neophyte progresses, he finds his notions of cause and effect, power, liberty, which, abstract as are the terms, cover momentous contents, change their value ; until religion itself, it is scarcely understood how, has become involved in doubt, and all the beauty and dignity of life sink in gloom.

It may seem superfluous to have recalled a speculation, the chief doctrines of which have been absorbed in later systems, and pushed to their consequences with an energy beside which the efforts of previous cultivators of philosophy in the same track look like the sport of children. But, in addition to the fact that so great an authority as Professor Huxley has sought to revive the reputation of Hume, the philosopher, it must be confessed, shows wondrous mastery over his materials, and presents them in a diction which probably merits the encomium of Sir James Mackintosh. As a single effort of its kind, moreover, it is specially interesting in relation to those numerous German systems which, possessing a family resemblance, have, in succession, preyed one on another. The discussions of the Scotsman, however, owe their whole importance to accidental causes. If, in his time, the doctrine of ideas had not reached the development obtained in the hands of Berkeley, and Hume, by carrying the Bishop's views to their issues, had not called up Kant and Reid in defence of first principles, his system would scarcely have awakened more than a smile.

As the student passed through Berlin on his way to the Carpathians, it was not forgotten how the expositions from the chairs of its University had flushed with an ethereal glow some of the most beautiful literature in his own language. Yet he heaved no sigh, as he looked through the

class windows on the benches, that he had no opportunity to take his seat upon them. In these discussions, man is presented as either terribly misplaced in the world, or thrown into fastastic contrariety with himself, making the time seem lost consumed in a chase leading only to its renewal. The great thinker of Königsberg had, in his 'Critique of Pure Reason,' attempted, with reverent hand, to gather again the elements of human knowledge scattered by the scepticism of Hume. The philosophers of Berlin, also, as much as himself, professed their object to be the establishment of mind on a basis of science, over which no doubts should ever more be able to draw the ploughshare. But, what Kant meant for a straight line, had in it a certain curve, which his followers, with wondrous resource, brought full round to a circle. The originator of the movement, in asserting an outward existence for the world, had conformed to natural belief and the school of common sense. But, embraced only relatively in his system, through the forms of the understanding, the concession held a place of perilous insecurity. Nature was liable to be absorbed in the idealistic or spiritual being, in the assertion of which, as containing elements underived from experience, the recoil lay from the Scotch Sceptic. Admitting the authority of the practical reason, as well as of the speculative, the Königsberg philosopher was yet unable to acknowledge the scientific validity of the former and its dictates. No evidence was found by him in the pure reason for 'freedom,' a 'lawgiver,' and a 'future state,' which his pious regard nevertheless descried in the practical. A possibility only existed that these grave possessions might belong to science. The categorical imperative, therefore, as he called it, the authority, namely, which he saw in the autonomy of the will, could not but relax its hold with the conviction that, as far as appeared, it had no absolute root. And so the great counterparts of man's spiritual nature were dis-

severed, instead of forming a loving and indissoluble unit: resembling those friends described in 'Christabel,' who—

> '. . . stood aloof, the scars remaining,
> Like cliffs which have been rent asunder.'

The schism, from the nature of the case, could not be allowed to remain without criticism,—

> 'For neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
> Could wholly do away, I ween,
> The marks of that which once had been.'

Fichte discovered the flaw; but, far from co-ordinating mind and matter, he rejected the element of an outward world as invalid in Kant's philosophy, and drew the whole material of discussion back again within the mind itself.

On first acquaintance with his works, Fichte affects a student like a discharge from an electric battery, shaking and purifying him. But, as the spirit of his thinking becomes known, and he is beheld loftily framing a world for himself, the result is profound astonishment, although the moral tone of the teacher still imposes respect. Mind, (or Self, which is its equivalent,) being essentially active in his theory, it would go on to infinity, accomplishing nothing unless it limited itself by creating within its own being a world, which, as it is an object, it regards as, and calls, external. To be sure, man is a god; but, in order to realise his duty, his destiny, he involuntarily fetters his power by giving independent existence to the universe. Schelling, more comprehensive and imaginative, sought the absolute in the infinite mind, which, according to him, embraced, as one, subject and object, that is, man and the world. By this change the defect of Fichte's system was removed; and the owner, later, acknowledged himself to have been at fault in presenting the *ego* as absolute, while yet dependent for expansion on its own creature, the world. Hegel professed to see in his process the coincidence of thought and existence.

Out of the abyss of Nihilism, this extraordinary man brought everything, completing the circle, and virtually giving the *coup de grâce* to discussions of the transcendental species.

To look at things in the sober light of day, with the philosophers of Common Sense, is, indeed, restorative, and fills the soul with a sense of sublimity, sought in vain from the tinted speculations of those fancying themselves to be as gods. Sir William Hamilton has traced the pedigree of 'common sense' as a phrase for first principles, from Hesiod, through Aristotle, Cicero, St. Augustine, Aquinas, Melanchthon, Leibnitz, Locke, and other authorities, to Reid; a result which may secure its friends from blushing, into which the humble associations of the term have sometimes betrayed them. Dugald Stewart modestly suggests as a substitute for Common Sense the title, Fundamental Laws of Human Belief. Sir James Mackintosh recommends Stewart's phrase as fitted to relieve the philosophy which it designates from the reproach of shallowness. But, if an aristocracy is vivified and replenished by being grafted on a plebeian stock, it is good to recall inquirers, by a term which is redolent of the race and not of a class, to the appeal which all theories must make to the general understanding. 'This is Philosophy!' cries Sir George Staunton,[1] on his brother-in-law Butler expressing a preference for a simple happiness. 'It is common sense,' was the sage answer, 'which,' adds the respondent, 'accords with philosophy more often than pedants are apt to admit.' For himself, the searcher owns that he sides with Doronte in the comedy,[2] against the *messieurs du bel air qui ne veulent pas que le parterre ait du sens commun:* like him, *il est pour le bon sens!*

[1] 'Heart of Midlothian.'

[2] Molière: 'La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes.'

CHAPTER V.

STAFF AGAIN IN HAND.

Effects of Sojourn in Hungary.—Assimilation of Nature.—Influence of the Poets.—Visit to the Grave of a College Companion.—The East.

A GOOD many moons, in Hungary, had now waxed and waned over the pilgrim. But the time was come for advancing in the fulfilment of those aims which had brought him abroad. During this period of repose, passed partly in town and partly in the country, life grew in importance; the world and its ongoings became known in wider relations; and he panted to look on the Churches in their great centres, a desire fostered by fruitful rest into an absorbing passion.

Meanwhile, Nature, besides serving as frame and touch-stone to discussion, had itself been getting assimilated by the mind. As the critic wandered about, whether lingering along some stream, or opening the spirit to the influence of wood and meadow, creation broke on his path with an independent charm, took possession of him, and transformed him more or less into its own image. At such seasons, affiliated with external objects, the soul settled in the pansy, aspired with the convolvulus, and imbibed the stings of the prickly pear; or it waved in the breeze with sprays of the ash, stamped at the same time with its whole outline. But nature most forcibly controlled him in the storms which rushed down from the mountains; when the spirit, touched with awe, strove in the acacias which bent before them, whistled in the wind, and

caught the gloom of the landscape rolled into twilight. As a tempest blew over, the vaporous wreaths formed round distant peaks acted magnetically on the spectator, or, floating off, set him loose in vacancy. Wherever he turned, in short, the solitary found himself drawn in to share other existences, and, like Undine, entangled with foreign elements, had his identity modified by various conditions of being.

It was impossible, in these circumstances, that the imaginative writers of Europe should not add their kindred influence. The expansiveness of Coleridge's genius, together with his very fragmentariness, which bears the mind on to the edge of new spheres of thought there to leave it, gave predominance to that poet, who loomed before the eye in vast, vague, and shimmering form. Yet, if a fascination lurked in the rare and lovely mysteries of his verse, Nature, a formidable rival, showed itself of too real a beauty for the enchantment to bind the scholar. Even while the influence was active, he often found himself suddenly floated off beyond the rod of the wizard.

The Bard of Rydal, Wordsworth, was earlier and later an object of interest. At this time, however, the stately satisfaction of the poet with himself and the order of things, troubled the wayward sprite, as yet only beginning to shape the chaotic elements within. Shelley, the sad and beautiful Alastor, had been enshrined in former days, nor was his worship abolished; but his fane was suffering neglect, while the dogmas of his poetry, contrary to its own laws bearing a bitter irreverence for the Name of names, were not likely to fix a wavering attachment. Schiller's romantic aspiration, which often conjures the most delicate sense from common circumstances, gave the Swabian a tender power over the heart, and many of the ballads fell in with his prevailing tone. Goethe, on the other hand, if he swayed by his imperial art, did so in regions outside the main flight of the

soul. The great thaumaturgist, who, in 'Faust,' sinks a shaft to the very core of human life, was thought to take liberties with morals and the invisible world. Yet, who could ever resist it, intoxicated by its pathos, as well as its force and melody of words! Tennyson among a host of others, Shakespeare, of course, towering over the whole body, hovered about the spirit, profoundly affecting its mood.

But, at length, as the year 1849 opened, the knapsack was slung about the shoulders; and the pilgrim, amidst the turmoil of civil war, broke up local connexions with a view to departure. Before bidding farewell to Hungary, however, he visited the grave of a college companion, who had preceded him into the country, and blossoming all over with promise, succumbed to a marsh fever.

'Arnoldo's very looks were fair examples.'

The friends had grown together, as it were, for years back, their thoughts and purposes intertwining more and more with every season; and although one had a slight advantage of age, the difference only gave completeness to the union. Intimacy began with the first exchange of glances. Still is the lost seen as he was met in the house of an Edinburgh Professor, drawing out a few tones on an accordion as prelude to some native melody. When under social restraint, as he was on that occasion, yet in a company sympathising with him, the sensibility of his temperament, which, at other times, was apt to overflow in wild and luxuriant expression, would fill his great black eyes with a condensation of feeling, infu[illegible] a delicious blandness into his voice, and spread into his whole manner a grace which took all captive. A few days before, the Class of Rhetoric had opened; and it was there that his peculiarities were remarked as he stood up to receive from the Chair some complimentary words on an essay. In the Class, with glossy sable locks flowing round his shoulders, he

would listen to the lecture with a vague, emotional look, far from academic, fixed on some fancy woven by himself out of the prelection at a forgotten point. Generally, too, his mood, whatever it was, played in his face, even when least becoming. On the street he was accustomed to go with a swinging air and eyes gazing upwards, which, united with a certain extravagance of costume, was calculated to make people turn to regard him a second time.

Arnoldo was, indeed, a creature formed to be loved. Female rather than male in spirit, he was, like woman, sooner captivated with things coming as beauty than as truth. For the same reason, he was more instinctive than logical, rarely working out a subject. Flitting, bird-like, from point to point of a theme, careless of the intervals, he was rather an inhabitant of the air than of the earth. Far more assimilator than creator, admiration without stint was given by him for whatever met his tastes; he borrowed without acknowledgment, for he transformed all; and, as he had no ambition, he lived chiefly for enjoyment. Perhaps the case was too much so, love of goodness, with him, deriving scarcely any strength or consistency from theory; and he went abroad carolling his song like a child, with a child's heart. But life, at the last, hurried him to the bourn with rapid and startling step, all being rounded off with a sadness of circumstance overwhelming to his family and bitter to the friend who now sought his grave. And dying far away from those Sabbath bells which it was the desire last on his lips again to hear, the name only on a shapeless mound, above which the natural moor grass waved in the pulses of the breeze, told to the mourner where his bones were reposing.

To visit Rome was the goal of the pilgrim. But the East had a prior interest, drawing him to itself in order to comprehend the Churches which were completely organised centuries before the Popedom had come to maturity. On leaving

Hungary, accordingly, he steamed from Trieste to Constantinople, taking Athens on his way, with the hope of crowning his journey in the Orient, by arriving at the real capital of Christianity, the Holy City, the City of the Crucifixion, Jerusalem.

STAGE THE THIRD.

STAGE THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

ATHENS AND THE GREEK CHURCH, ON THE WAY EASTWARD.

Sunset on the Adriatic.—Sirocco, and a Reflection on the Revolutions of Western Europe at the time.—Company on board the Steamer recalling the Ancient Greeks.—A Philhellenist.—Modern Athens.—Acropolis.—Panathenæa.—The Parthenon and the Goddess Athena.—Eleusinian Mysteries.—Ecclesiastical Procession.—Paucity and Diminutiveness of the Churches of Athens.—A Greek Service.

AT Trieste, as the packet bearing the pilgrim for Athens steamed off, the sun sank in a boiling pool of vermilion. Scrolls of golden vapour floated above on a verdant field, which, curving into a hue of saffron, closed down in stars on a dark blue base. The moon, too, like a spirit on the watch, hung out its pale lamp behind, and, by its calm presence, tempered the spectacle. Since then, Day, with pallet in hand, preparatory to the monsoon, has been beheld mixing his fiery colours over the Western Ghauts of India. Night has for the same observer showered her sparkling mist upon the snowy peaks which girdle the Lake of Lucerne. But, now on the threshold of eastern travel, with a throbbing bosom, the pomp of sunset, besides initiating him in the glory of light, served to gild his course.

Corfu, at that period under British protection, loomed next day in view against the rugged mountains of Albania.

The wanderer, as the isle faded from sight, leant forward on the figure-head, a burly triton, while the eyes settled on the broadening sea, risen in a swell before the sirocco that blew round the boot of Italy. The wave became more decided with the growing breeze, until it ridged, and then toppled over in a white seething foam. Soon the change was felt along the entire keel, causing a tremor from stem to stern, when at length the vessel violently pitched and rolled, lashed by the bounding surge. Such, it was remembered, was the state of these waters, as the swimming Ulysses was borne up the craggy beach, and, after dropping behind him the amulet scarf flung around his shoulders by the compassionate Leucothea, sank in profound repose on his couch of leaves. Similar, in the modern world, recently, as the thought also occurred at the moment, was the tempestuous condition of countries left behind,—France, Germany, Austria,—under the breath of revolutionary opinion,—a final reflection, for a season, on Western Europe before setting foot on Eastern.

An inhabitant of Italy (and Trieste, with its mixed population, gives examples) seldom reminds a stranger of his Roman ancestry, even if, beneath the surface, the heir bears infallible traces of his pedigree. The soft, liquid visage, his language melted into melody, his genius for art, his effeminate superstitions and love of delicious trifling, all disturb the sense of his affinity with the stern conquerors and legislators of the ancient world.

Otherwise it is in the case of the Greek. The versatility of his fathers, whatever admixture has been taken into the blood, is stamped on his tongue, gait, and manners, the first things to catch attention. These show him to be in the direct line of that beautiful and marvellous race, who could equally well compose epic and history, fashion a temple, hew stone into life, fix themselves in cities or colonise, fight, or cultivate the arts of peace. The modern Hellenist, indeed, has yet done

nothing which recalls the age of Homer or Pericles. From the day, the festal eighth of April, 1821, when Germanos, the patriotic Archbishop of Patras, raised the Cross against the Crescent, down through the whole struggle for independence, nay, even since the country became a kingdom, the eye looks in vain among its champions for one native character rivalling the great men of the past. Yet, in the body of the people, its merchants and peasantry, the Greek, however he may have altered, bears about him so much a trick of pristine times, that, by a very slight play of fancy, the change ceases to be felt.

A representative of the wanderer of Ithaca, turns up now and then among his descendants, although of a truth tame in comparison, like a volcanic cliff after ages have worn its surface. As the steamer ploughed past the snowy peaks of Parnassus, the company on board included several who could easily be supposed to have survived from the period when Delphi was still revered for its oracles, and the Muses, according to popular faith, bathed themselves in the Castalian spring. On the brow of Patras, among the ruins of its castle, Helen of Sparta, at the period when she captivated Theseus, looked out from a face of similar years, its owner walking hand in hand with sisters scarcely less seducing. Later days were yet more vividly restored by the driver of an omnibus plying between the Piræus and Athens, whose buffoonery on the box, extemporised at a pedestrian's expense for going afoot, might have been inherited from the comic farce of Aristophanes. But a figure of the heroic age stands out in the foreground, the figure of an old man of middle size, who acted as Superintendent for the Austrian Steam-Ship Company on the Isthmus of Corinth, and, by his presence, gave a relish on that famed neck of land to a dinner of brown bread and olives.

A fine grizzled beard imparted a venerable air to his phy-

siognomy. A weird light burned in his eyes; his step was firm and uncommonly rapid, so rapid that, from the stoop of his shoulders, one at first thought he must fall forward; and his voice rose easily above the din and hubbub of a landing, now in a word of command, but most often in a kind of curt speech set off by quaint gesture, which at once swayed his rude subjects. Nor was it aught inspiring awe that gave him this force of control; nor power of reward, prompting servility; nor office with its insignia. In his attire, moreover, the chief was rather more shabbily equipped than his underlings, having on a felt hat of an odd conical form, which had obviously seen rough days, and was planted carelessly on the side of the head. If the questioning line in the 'Corsair'[1] balanced itself on the tongue for a moment,—

'What may it be, that thus their faith can bind?'

the answer was not far off; it was,

'The power of Thought,—the magic of the Mind.'

It was eloquence in the old man, free ebullient genius, which prevailed; his sentences generally ending in so witty an allusion, as, without suspense of work, to shake the whole gang A common fellow, with such a manner, must have lost authority. But the strong persuasive rush of sense brought to bear on the humblest arrangement subdued all wills. Ulysses, if such a name may be bestowed on a modern, was irresistible to the fiercest of the troop.

The veteran had a call to address a few words to the Caledonian, which he did after a fashion so polite, so idiomatic, so picturesque, that he was followed everywhere, dominating by Grecian intellect.

No wonder that it gave pleasure to find him, after all was transhipped for Athens, a passenger steaming across the

[1] Canto I. viii.

Saronic Gulf. An infant was in his arms, which he soothed and amused with infinite skill; and an expression of sympathy on the part of the observer at once won his confidence. A seat being taken beside him, he came round to tell his story in language which derived a peculiar force from his mouth. 'I have had fourteen children,' began he pathetically, 'all sons. Ten are dead. Here,' he added, glancing about him on some boys, including baby, 'are three; and the fourth, the eldest, is a young man who keeps place during my absence. I was rich three months ago,' continued he; 'but robbers from the mountains plundered me of everything. I was worth ten thousand francs. To-day I have not a sou. But I am happier than I was, having nothing to care for save my children'; and the patriarch kissed the infant with a smile, glancing at his neighbour as if to read in his eyes his own contentment. 'My wife,' he resumed, 'has never got over the fright and loss. See, there she is,' added the husband, as he pointed to a small, desolate creature, who, holding her head in her hands, moaned from time to time; 'she took fever; and we are going to the city for advice, no doctor living among us.'

The speaker, a Rob Roy in personal influence, touched in a brilliant way on the state of Greece, concluding with the remark, in which he obviously believed, that a revolution could be effected by him in his district. 'I know the men,' were his words, 'and the men know me.' Otho, the Bavarian, thinking, as always, that, King by the 'Grace of God,' he was so solely for his own benefit, had, by working one faction against another, and leaving the country as much exposed as before the monarchy to bands of Klephts from the mountains, when any virtue in these brigands had died out, been preparing his subjects to give him some years later a contemptuous dismissal.

All peculiar to the older Greeks was found in the superintendent: directness, mobility, imagination, a readiness of

resource, an elasticity of spirit rebounding under misfortune. In temperament he had the warmth and earnestness of the Scottish Chalmers; but his mind was Grecian, not Gothic, cutting out his thought at a stroke, and with a completeness which admitted of no second blow.

Such as it was, a knowledge of modern Athens, visited again years later, was now got chiefly in the company of a Philhellenist, a curiosity in himself, and still remembered when persons of notoriety at the time are almost forgotten. The morning after arrival in the city, entering a café the ordinary club of politicians, the traveller observed a tall, thin, bony figure, dressed in nankeen, who held a newspaper in his hand, which he perused with the air of a man of the world. At his feet couched a young greyhound, quiet, but attentive to all going on, especially turning its large, vivacious eyes on new-comers. As the stranger seated himself and was in the act of dipping a little hooked roll into the glass of coffee before him, encouraged by a glance the whelp, at a single bound, reached his side, begging; nor could so pretty a creature be denied. 'Down!' cried his master, at the same moment that a sop was thrown; and, coming forward, he apologised for the animal, adding a few words on the news of the town, as he courteously offered the sheet. The acquaintances left together; and a companionship thus agreeably formed, although not without risks of rupture, lasted a short stay in Athens.

At the very opening of the connexion, the Philhellenist, who was a Dane, unfolded various documents with large seals appended to them, attesting in sonorous terms services to the State. From the turn of discourse, it was soon discovered that he was a hanger-on of the Court, who, after having given his sword and purse to the War of Independence, was, like most others of his class, left high and dry, waiting in hope of a springtide to float him off. From his

whole bearing, no doubt could exist that he was of gentle origin. Fine, strongly marked features lighted up his weathered face, which showed at least sixty summers traced on it; his conversation gave proof of culture; and a flow of gossip, in which local names and facts blended in profusion with occasional spurts of temper, revealed that he had been mixed up in affairs. But some reflections on the fickleness of fortune, together with the information solemnly dropped into the ear, that he was expecting a delayed remittance in order to shift to quarters where he could receive visits, made evident his position.

Soon other evidence was forthcoming; but the acquaintances arranged to go together to the Palace, where the Lover of Greece was to have audience of King Otho, and he volunteered to present his companion.

On the way, a body of troops was come upon, also marching to the royal residence, some dressed in ordinary soldier style, but others in the gay Albanian fustinella. At the sight the courtier forgot his years, and, drawing his associate after him, whisked along to the tuck of the drum.

In moving forward he descanted on the points of the Greek soldier. As an accompaniment, when the fife struck up its shrill notes, the top of his beaver was brought into play, which he took off in excitement, thrumming on it with his fingers. At various moments, also, abruptly suspending his rhapsody, boy-like he made a trumpet of his hand and blew a military strain. The portico of the white massive quadrangular palace, which shines from afar against Mount Lycabettus, coming now in sight, the whimsical enthusiast borrowed, as if on emergency, some crowns, handed to him the more cheerfully that it was felt they must be a gift. Then, pulling on a pair of dress gloves just purchased for the nonce, the votary vanished within the porch. Awaiting his return, his companion roamed about in the square, enjoying the

spectacle under the royal windows. The Philhellenist, however, was long of quitting the King's presence, if he had at all access to it; and, after exhausting the interest of the scene, the acquaintance left, only once again to see him, when the day following, the day of departure, the Grecian was to say good-bye at the Piræus, and restore the bagatelle of money. The traveller smiled at the appointment, conjecturing that he should behold him no more; nor was he mistaken. For as the port was steamed from, no crowns had been returned, nor had the friend appeared to bid farewell, or even, belated, to wave a hand from the shore.

The visitor to Athens at the present day finds the modern town so changed from what it was at that epoch, as to be scarcely recognisable. A new Chamber of Deputies; a University; a National Academy; a Museum, rich in the findings at Messene; as well as other noble buildings, exemplifying ancient Attic taste, have risen to adorn it. But besides public edifices, the creation chiefly of the patriotic munificence of individuals, the city has two great commemorative squares, associated with its political history, which draw the feet of sympathisers.

One is, the Place of the Constitution, in front of the Palace, more interesting by far than the palace itself. For here it was, that, on the morning of the 15th September, 1843, the crisis was solved, which ended in the dismissal of the Bavarian instruments of tyranny from the King's service, the appointment of a new Cabinet, and the convocation of a national assembly to restore and perfect the Constitution. At the moment when Otho, bad man, was awaiting the result of some violent measures for more firmly rivetting his wretched system on the country, Kalergi, the spirited inspector of Cavalry, marched the troops of the garrison before the Palace to the shout of *Ζήτω τὸ Σύνταγμα!*[1] At the cry, the popu-

[1] 'Live the Constitution!'

lation of Athens flocked to the spot, children in play on the square joining their seniors to mock the policy of the Court during the hours which elapsed before arbitrary will was broken by the firmness of the nation. The other Square laid out in shady walks, where in summer evenings music is given, and during the day nursery-maids and their charges find a pleasant resort, is the Place of Concord, celebrated for the resolution of all political parties on the 23rd of September, 1862, to change their sovereign. No odour of guillotine hangs about the ground as in another space of the same name, although the commotion of the hour did not pass without disorders in the city. Otho, foolish as he was base, self-complacently trying to impose on his councillors and imposed on in turn, was steaming with the Queen back to the capital from a proposed expedition round Greece as one revolt after another broke out in his kingdom. But, on anchoring in the Piræus, forbidden to land, and unsupported by the ambassadors of the protecting powers, the foiled sovereign took himself off in her Britannic Majesty's ship *Scylla*, to give place in due time to George of Denmark. The Congress of Berlin, in buttressing up the Porte south of the Balkans, sought to impose a check on Sclavic encroachments. In doing so, without at once extending the Kingdom of the Hellenes to bounds justified by its importance in the East, and, especially, annexing to it territory peopled by the same race, a fault since partially corrected, it gave umbrage to the just wishes of the Greeks. The path to Constantinople, however, the goal of their ambition, still remains open for the aspirers, should they prove themselves fitted to enter on the possession. With the initiation of a wiser policy than is to be expected from the Great Powers, the inheritors of the Acropolis might yet worship in St. Sophia as their metropolitan Cathedral.

The pilgrim could not for a while after arrival in Athens,

ascend the Acropolis. Only from a distance, stealthily at first, did he glance on its wasted fanes, afraid,—absurdly it is true,—by close inspection, of dissolving a charm inwoven with early images. During this time, he walked about the town and its outskirts, catching in reflective mood the import of faces, hanging round fountains where simple manners show themselves, and gazing on the immortal hills. Easy it was to pass into forgetfulness of the present, as a look was cast upwards on the Parthenon, which is rarely out of view, or the foot stumbled on some artistic relic of other days, the Tower of the Winds, for instance, though it stands in the stir of a thoroughfare. At such moments, the crowd swept by unheeded, and noise of gossip or bargaining fell insensible on the ear. On a sudden, even, a tone, trait, or gesture of somebody,—a fisherman from the harbour, it might be, or maid bearing home an amphora of water on the head,—gave impetus to a transformation; the ancient Greeks appeared in the modern; and historical Athens was reanimated with its old wondrous population.

At length an irresistible force bore the wanderer up the famous mount. The Philhellenist referred to accompanied him to the Acropolis, but was too warped by the intrigues of the Palace, too fretted about fortune, to suit the spot. For a while, an occasional inclination of the head acknowledged his vexed words. But leaving the troubled courtier seated on a broken capital below, a goat and frisky kid nibbling the scanty herb around him, the explorer reached the top alone.

Alone, dumb and absorbed, he moved through the Propylæa, the portico of entrance, the grand columned vestibule, which, of itself, in its very ruin, reveals the magnificence of Athens under Pericles; and, slowly stalking forward, breathless, as if on holy ground, stood before the Parthenon. To behold remains, even as remains, so great; to follow upwards

with the eye the faultless pillars of doric mould as he sought to clasp one and another in his arms, while the landscape stretching to the Piræus came at times in on the sight, every rift, promontory, and vale touched with associations, gave an impression which life can only bring once. It was, however, as the fancy, fired by what was seen, began to restore what had vanished, that the full sense of the glory of Athenian civilisation poured on the mind. The very rubbish at the feet was witness, in which a nostril, cheek, or joint of some sculptured marble turned up at every pace, chiselled with irrevocable art, and yet the fragments composing a wreck in which feature could never again come together with feature, nor limb with limb. But the reflection thus suggested was itself feeble compared with the sentiment awakened within the adytum, which forms the eastern division of the Parthenon. Standing on the open floor encumbered with capitals and other members of shattered columns, 'Where,' asks the beholder of the desolation, 'may be the boast and anxiety of Phidias, the armed Virgin who here extended her tutelage over Athens, and, by a union of grace with majesty, at once charmed and awed her votaries?' Gone, gone, followed by her worship, along with the other effigies of her which ennobled the Acropolis. No trace even is left of the mighty Bronze, which presented her as Prodomos, the champion, towering seventy feet into the air, and, descried by so much as the crest of the helmet and spearpoint above every sanctuary of the citadel, was of old hailed by returning galleys as they doubled the promontory of Sunium. The shrine, the residence of the presiding divinity, struck by a Venetian bomb, has specially suffered just where the goddess stood empanoplied. The spoliage of Time has included in its ravages the countless altars and votive statues reared around, which once invited offerings or admiring regard. All that remains is in ruin. But the most dilapidated fane which

still survives, lays a more potent spell on the mind than is imposed by the finest modern imitation.

Dazzling must have been the Panathenæa, the festival of Athena, which found its climax on the platform of the Acropolis. The procession ascended the sacred rock, after having slowly wound through the Agora to the harmonies of flute and harp, greeting as it went the statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, adored for the blow on behalf of liberty dealt by them to the family of Peisistratus. Aged men and women, with olive twigs in their hands, took priority in the march. The warriors of the community succeeded, armed with spear and shield. Youth, chaunting hymns, and children of each sex in all the gaiety of innocence, brought up the rear. Over the jubilant ranks, together with hundreds of banners, floated on greater occasions the Peplus, the storied garment embroidered by chosen virgins for the mystic olive-wood image of the Goddess in the Erechtheium reported to have fallen from heaven. To consummate the spectacle, cars which have left to this day their wheel traces on the stones, and horsemen proudly astride their curveting steeds, mingled with the bands on foot.

As the ponderous bronze gates which closed the avenue of the Propylæa were rolled back on their hinges, the worshippers, passing forward, soon swarmed within the Parthenon, the fairest temple ever reared to pagan deity.

What they saw, and with what emotions, as the divinised face of the warlike goddess looked down on them, dwarfing the tallest, it is difficult in Christian times to figure to oneself; yet to realise the case, as far as possible, is worth all the pains which can be bestowed on it. One, one only, in credible records, shadows out, although faintly indeed, the probable impression made on devotees by the refulgent image: Joan of Arc, namely, the sweet and unadulterated Maid of Orleans, at the head of the French troops, arrayed

in armour with the sword of St. Catherine in her grasp. The warrior was stamped on both, on the heroine and on the goddess; both inspired confidence, wielding celestial powers; but how strange the effect of woman within the military garb; the sex, with all its magic power, knocking at the breast of the soldier, yet, by a transparent virginity, fanning all weakness out of him, nay, raising rank and file to the heroic! The chastity of Athena, in the reverent opinion of every Greek, was invulnerable, flying far above the darts of Eros, with whatever force or cunning the boy might draw his bow; for had she not, contrary to her temper, yet driven by virtue, slain the winged Giant who sought to dishonour her, caused Hephæstus for the same reason to hide himself from her awakened ire, and, in punishment of a chance indignity such as happened to the pale huntress of Cithæron bathing in the fountain of Gargaphia, deprived the sooth-sayer Tiresias of sight, although benevolently compensating the loss with a staff of infallible guidance?

Of the occupants of Olympus, no one except Athena, from Zeus and his proud spouse downwards as Homer exhibits them, awakens an esteem proportioned to their august rank. Aphrodite, a goddess though she is in charms, could not, in dignity, at all compete with her sister. The effeminate Paris might toss to Venus the golden ball for beauty such as the shepherd of Ida could appreciate, and probably the majority of men, put in his place, would do the same. But, within the sphere of nobler cares, as in stemming the Persians at Marathon, or working out the problem of civilisation set to himself by Pericles, who would have thought of turning for aid to the Mother of Cupid, fragile as the bubble of foam from which she sprang? In the aureole surrounding the divine patroness of Athens, besides her freedom from all blot, from any foolish or hasty word, or step needing retracement, she shone as the Founder of the Areopagus, and, when votes

were equal, mercifully gave her casting one for the prisoner. In the Trojan War, from first to last, what amenity sits on the behaviour of the azure-eyed goddess! She frowns on a wanton effusion of blood, opposing her buckler to Ares, the coarse martial deity. She controls Achilles by a whisper caught in his ear only, stroking his yellow locks when his fingers dangerously itched to use the sword. The fight being done, she tasks herself with Ulysses through the whole way back to his native realm. Watching over the domestic, as well as foreign, interests of Athens, the guardian of the City raised up in its favour poet, artist, statesman, mechanic, agriculturist: every one, in short, who could minister to its welfare. Nothing which concerned it, was, in the opinion both of philosopher and peasant, beyond her forethought.

All this, in its varied tissue, familiar as household words to the Athenians, it was sought by Phidias to imprint on the Virgin of the Parthenon. The goddess, as her worshipful votaries drew near, stood before them a coloss forty feet tall on its pedestal, striking the sense, through its mere dimensions, with the presence of divinity, but adding to the effect by the visible parts being given in ivory, and the clothing in folds of gold. A tunic dropping to the ankles, supported by all the pieces usual in heroic armour, set forth the rich prime of womanhood; yet her virginal features, clear of every lax thought, harmonised with the garb of the warrior, which at once stimulated and reined in the crowd that brought their enthusiastic devotions to her feet. A sphinx flanked by griffins, terrible in the energy of its expression, as recorded, posed on the summit of her helmet; the visage of Medusa, hissing with its wreath of snakes, glared in horrent stare from her breast; and her sandals gave back to life the quarrel between Centaurs and Lapithæ. The right hand, outstretched, sustained a Victory, who bent forward with palm and olive crown in readiness to bestow them at sign of the

goddess; a lofty spear was grasped by the left. The shield, finally, on the ground by the side of Athena, blazed with the national battle against the Amazons; while the serpent consecrated to her, rivetting beholders by its verisimilitude, glided behind it.

Faith, deep in the heart and fancy of votaries, ebbing sometimes, but now in flow on her jubilee, doubtless gave animation to the goddess, firm though the soaring image stood in its place, and filled her fair blue eyes with a divine love which each worshipper could appropriate.

The shrine of Athena, her abode, by its aptness of construction and ornaments, might, in the intoxication of the hour, have been supposed to have sprung out of herself, like the shell of the nautilus, evolved from the being which inhabits it. To no point of the Parthenon could the eye turn, where a trace of her, in one allusion or another, was absent. The Panathenæa itself moved forward in show along the walls: man, and horse, and flutist, and the oxen of the sacrifice, and the twelve gods who received the procession at the eastern front, breathing in the sculptured frieze which ran around the cella. The metopes of the outer frieze, chiselled in bolder relief, exhibited actions of the goddess, together with incidents in the wars of the Athenians. But wondrous as were these works, starting into a life which still burns in survivals from the touch of time and the fierce handling of man, it was assuredly the divine assemblies of the pediments which would chiefly be recalled by the spectators when the feast was broken up. As the figures stood prominently out from the tympanum, they were finished all round, and had a magnitude of size adapted to the position, so that, high as they were planted over the ground below, they preserved grandeur of effect.

The retreating worshipper, after homage paid to the glorious vision within, would naturally first pause by the

gate of entry on the eastern front, the sculptured pediment of which presented a mythical event of the deepest interest.

Zeus, in the group, clothed with the majesty of Olympus, sat on his throne eleven feet high under the apex; but the reason of his presence, the supreme importance of it, lay in the birth of his martial daughter, who, glittering in arms, had sprung from his brain, and, now, a wonder of creation, hovered over her divine sire. The Hours and the Fates, along with Fortune the Good, personified, as well as some divinities commonly assistant on such occasions, trooped beside the central figure; while, at the angle to the right, Hyperion, flaming in the chariot of Day, rose from the ocean, the heads of his celestial steeds just lifted above the billow, and the sinking car of Night fled before the solar rays by the opposite corner. The western pediment offered a scene less sublime in its topic, but having an impressive local significance; for thereon was shown, according to the old traditional tale, the contest of Neptune and Athena for the titular guardianship of the city. The ruler of the seas, wielding his trident, had brought forth a horse, the emblem of war. But his feminine rival, where her spear by a throw quivered in the ground, caused an Olive, the symbol of peace, to spring up, which was recognised as parent of all the olives of the land; and by the authoritative decision of Erechtheus himself, founder of the Athenian race, the armed Virgin was held to have attested a nobler claim to the tutelage, her name thenceforth destined to be for ever enshrined in that of the city.

The legend, shaped out of the instinct which lay at the heart of the people, warriors for liberty though they were above all the tribes of Hellas, construed the policy of the country to be peace, distinguished by industry, science, and art. Such was the religion wrought by Phidias into the Parthenon; and a polytheist, in the lack of Revelation, could

not have incarnated a richer idea for worship, seen especially against the bare, cruel, unprogressive military theory of Sparta. The Panathenæa, which terminated its course at the fane, besides offering a stimulus for competitions in music and the drama, along with every species of gymnastic, was ennobled by works of mercy and gratitude. Prisoners got back their freedom; crowns of gold were awarded to public benefactors; and the presence of the Platæans at Marathon, conspicuous, in the agony of the nation, by the failure to be there of all the other peoples of Greece, the Lacedemonians not excepted, was for generations recalled as a reason of prayer for their prosperity.

A view from the Acropolis offers in itself a noble landscape. Plain, mountain, and sea, canopied by a deep blue sky, and disclosed through an atmosphere famed in all ages for its transparency, fill the prospect. If the vegetation is scanty, as it ever was, with a thin soil based on a primitive limestone, cornfields, groves of olives, and vineyards yet enrich the scene. It is not, however, a simple picturesqueness that bestows the charm. The eye is under a trance from deeds achieved within its narrow scope, more lustrous than adorn the political annals of any other ancient people. The Plain of Marathon, away behind the marble caves of Pentelicus, first taught the Persian host its vulnerability. The Straits of Salamis, glittering to the west, saw the same power broken, scattered before the eyes of its vainglorious monarch, the battle setting free the Greeks for a career unsurpassed in brilliancy. What specially enthrals an ecclesiastical pilgrim, along with all suggested by the Acropolis itself, the Sacred Way begins below which leads to Eleusis, the site of the Mysteries. While pursuing with a glance its course across the Cephissus and the gorge of Egaleus, the temptation seizes him to go over the same holy path, a journey of some eleven miles.

The story which gave rise to the Eleusinian Mysteries, is for the heart of the whole world. Ceres, or Demeter as the Hellenists called the goddess of the Earth, sought her daughter Persephone, whom Pluto, the dreary ruler of Hades, stole for his spouse, as in all innocence, all confidence, she was plucking meadow flowers in the companionship of the Oceanides. But, who had carried the maid off, or where to, the broken-hearted goddess-mother could not learn; she herself, on afterwards finding that her father Zeus had agreed to the rape, forsaking the society of Olympus, consumed her deity in the search; when, in the course of her wanderings, she came to Eleusis, sitting down by a well shaded with olives. A thick disguise, owing to the cruelty of her maternal anguish, had meanwhile shorn her divinity of its rays. Here, found in this drooping state by the King's daughters and awakening their sympathy, she was by their intervention eventually entrusted with the nursing of their baby brother Demophoon. The infant, sucking at the goddess' breast, and plunged in fire to winnow all weakness out of him, grew visibly a god. But, before the transformation was completed, the divine nurse, offended at being spied by the mother, threw up her office; burst through the assumed veil; and, winning from Zeus the sight again of Persephone brought by Mercury to the upper air, she established the rites over which bloomed the majestic temple of Eleusis.

The mountain platform on which rose the fane, and a handful of cut stones,—broken columns mainly,—are all that now speaks to the eyes of the most solemn and influential institute of the ancient Greek religion. The Mysteries of Eleusis, more than aught else, foreshadowed the future Church of the East in aim and discipline. The candidates for initiation, before being suffered to enjoy the hallowed rites, had to fast, and, after fasting, to be washed,—baptized as it were,—descending to the Bay in a body to which Phryne, the

womanly glory of Greece, once joined herself, shrouding her lavish beauty only with her hair. The neophytes, then, so consecrated, marching two by two with torches in the hand, crowned with a wreath of laurel, gathered within the vestibule of the Temple; where, in brooding darkness, which itself was meant to enter into the remedial process, flashing of flames cut the gloom, mixed with the roll of thunder, and phantasms of the dying swam in fading hues before the awed spectators.

At this moment, when, probably, every hair on the heads of worshippers stood on end with a salutary terror, the gate of the adytum flew open, and, in excessive contrast, the splendours of a beatified state took possession of the dazzled sight. It would be vain to attempt the restoration of the apocalypse made by the officiating hierophant and his assistants, when death at the time was the penalty of disclosure, and, in any case, a haunting reverence for the commands of the reigning goddess hermetically sealed the lips of votaries. The point of interest on which the whole turned, however, seems, in allusion to the immortality of the soul, to have been a pictorial representation of Persephone, rising from the bosom of Pluto to the happy light of day, and bringing in her train the blessings of field and garden. To what was exhibited, an exposition of a seed cast into the ground appears to have been added; how it dies in darkness, springs up in leaf and flower, and enriches the sower with its fruit; all in harmony with the cardinal doctrine of the Resurrection, so richly and holily illustrated by St. Paul in his argument to the Corinthians. The moral effect, it is certain, was wholesome at the foundation of the ceremonies and for centuries afterwards. Even in the time of the Empire, Hadrian, the most accomplished man of his day, sought initiation. Nero, earlier, on a visit to Athens, blasted by the consciousness of his faults, recoiled from presenting his polluted person before the goddess.

As the Panathenæa, with the procession to the Eleusinian Mysteries, came before the eye of fancy, while the pilgrim stood on the Acropolis, it was difficult, for once at least, to avoid bringing into view the paganism of Greece along with the worship which had supplanted it. The wind was moaning at the time in eddy among the columns of the Parthenon, startling the shy cranes and shaking the weeds in crevices, when the burden of a religious hymn was borne up from below. Priests, in the costume of the Hellenic Church, followed by a crowd, were slowly leading the way to a chapel which had the evening before drawn in the stranger to witness the ceremonies. At the instant, unfortunately, nothing of the service having left an impression save the smoke and stench of candles, as nothing had raised the spirit during its performance, the wish, as the observer looked from the procession to the fane at hand, could not help breaking forth for a Christian Hercules to clean out the Augean stable. If, however, some crude practices, unworthy even of a heathen temple, stain the Churches of the East, the protest was still precipitate. The traveller had not yet come to the great centres of Orthodoxy, or penetrated where either its lights or its shades fully reveal themselves. At the same moment Christianity itself, it was felt, severed from the corruptions of time, shows all worship sprung from man, the worship of Eleusis as well, to be only an unsatisfying expedient for filling the void of the heart, supplied to it as foreshadow of the ampler, the heavenly Truth in the Saviour, its sole sufficing solace. But with this reflection the remark was joined, that such accretions as have attached to the Christian Hope, had their origin in the state of mind existing when it was planted; and in any judgment of Orthodox Christianity, the contemporary influences at its birth must be taken account of, both in justice to it, and in order to a real comprehension of its worth.

On withdrawal from the Acropolis, after running the eye again and again over the whole sacred area, the visitor wound his way downwards with slow, reluctant step. The rays of sunset were glittering against the rough variegated limestone surfaces of the hill below, the hill of the Areopagus, which called up the great apostolic souvenir of Athens; one so pregnant, that, as St. Paul seemed to stand once more amidst the Sophists of his time, the man of faith opposed to frivolous babblers, a breath from the spring of the world's budding Life stole over the heart of the exile. The Pnyx lay off across the Agora, where Philip's antagonist,—

> '—— whose resistless eloquence
> Wielded at will the fierce democracy,'—

shook rapt thousands from the Bema cut in the living rock, while, farther away, by the bed of the Ilissus, bare and waterless save for two or three sluggish rivulets, the tall, lingering columns of the Olympium rose like pale ghosts into the evening air. At length reaching the base of the mount, the wanderer took on this occasion,—his last visit for years,—the path into the modern city by the Theatre of Dionysus the scene of the old dramatic triumphs: musing, as he went, on the splendour of the Athenian mind, which, for the moment, penetrated so far into the mystery of humanity as to cultivate each phase of it as if it were the only one, and yet educe from the whole a wondrous consonance.

Athens, by the paucity and diminutiveness of its churches, surprises a visitor who is forgetful of its long, grinding thraldom under the Moslem, or founds his hope on the measure of its ancient fame. The churches, for size, indeed, are mostly chapels, and scarce lift their rounded crowns as high as the roofs of houses about them. If, however, the metropolis of the Greek Church must be looked for not here but on the Bosphorus, where, under Constantine, grew up

the first great Christian city, a peculiar ecclesiastical interest clings to the capital which holds the Acropolis, and adheres to the past with an inextinguishable love that, after the lapse of generations, may yet create for it a glory to rival its old renown.

The Parthenon itself, changed, oddly enough it seems at first, into a church after Paganism was abolished throughout the Roman empire, awakens the keen emotion of a Christian by the traces still found of such a use of it, although the Osmanlee in his turn metamorphosed it into a mosque. The Saviour, an infant in the Mother's arms, glimmers in shadowy colour on the ruined walls, strange to behold in such a spot, nay, electrifying the spirit for an instant by the delicious tremour which the unexpected sight sends through it. But the thing of most significance in the transformation of the shrine, is, the obvious care which was taken to disguise its original task, and obliterate in it, at whatever cost, anything which could revive heathen inclinations. A rude sideway to the Sanctuary, yet trodden, was substituted for the inspiring staircase of the Propylæa, to keep the panathenaic processions out of mind. Noteworthy, in like manner, is the circumstance that a square hole within the fane, the very aperture, it is thought, where was fixed the statue of Athena, had the altar, of which some relics exist, planted over it for concealment. Scores of marble heads, too, sundered from their trunks, have been turned up in the rubbish, believed to have been struck off and hidden for the same purpose of preventing seduction. Some, giving no heed how revolutions must be accomplished, or testing grave historical questions by the mere light of dilettantism, may be disposed to protest against the temper that laid low these works of art, and to bring its barbarism into contrast with the sensibility in which they had their origin. At present, indeed, when even the faintest tendency to adopt the gods of Olympus has for cen-

turies vanished, no excuse, it is trite to say, could be found for such an act. But the trenchant proceeding grew out of the clear Faith of men in a land of myth fifteen hundred years ago, who burned with the sense that to save the age from relapse, justified a summary annihilation of its effigies. Especially must this have been felt on ground, where, so long as they stood, the sight of them might at any moment fan again into a flame the embers flickering in the blood. Superstition, such superstition as had once invested the Parthenon with a healthful power, was now extinct; and for the heart to return to its original worship when nothing vital was in it, a case at first not impossible, what was it but to fall below its ancestors, while Life and Immortality, brought to general knowledge by the Gospel, had burst everywhere into blossom with a new joy for the human race?

The churches of Athens, spared chiefly out of hundreds existing in the age of Justinian, are, as said, rather chapels than churches. Festivals, it would appear, have always for the most part passed off outside the walls, in processions and other demonstrations. The ordinary devotional offices, being not assisted at by the crowds brought together on holidays, find room enough within for their performance. Yet, owing to the hoar of time that cleaves to these venerable sanctuaries, which, dwarfs though they are, may have looked down on contemporaries of Gregory Nazianzen and Chrysostom, they touch the spirit with a reverence impossible to the larger modern cathedral, which, built on a scale proportioned to the increase of population since the city became the capital of a kingdom, has risen to mark the change.

The first of them seen,—and one represents all,—stands in the heart of Athens, where a street running down from the palace, taking the name of Hermes Street, crosses another, Eolus, called after the Tower of the Winds. The tiny size

of the church, its years stamped on the bricks which compose it, and the rich involution of cupola and pillar inside,—calling to mind Roslyn Chapel without at all resembling it,—were circumstances just fitted at the moment of entrance to draw private thought to worship. The dome, if the circular vault that expands so slightly may be so denominated, exhibits the Virgin and Son adored by angels. But, over the iconostasis, a screen which always in oriental churches fences off the holy of holies, the face of the Redeemer, as impressed on the sheet in the way to Calvary,—a constant subject,—catches attention, while saints and doctors of theology fill the panels on either side.

The observer was meditating on what he saw, everything many times afterwards to come in more imposing forms before him, when a couple of deacons, gliding in, began the daily prayers. Little, it must be confessed, was in the exercise to edify. One of the functionaries, the chief apparently, being familiar enough with the text of the liturgy not to need looking on, ever turned an eye on the stranger, scanning him from head to foot, while, even in solemn stages of the office, he fidgeted with his pocket-handkerchief, idly tying and untying a knot on it. As he trilled the Eleeison, — a Greek fashion, with no pretension of gravity, — he knocked out the word so often, that a count of the times would have been difficult. At first the foreigner was the sole visitor, remaining alone throughout three-fourths of the service. An old citizen at length dropped in, arrayed in patched garments, and having on shoes without socks, who, forthwith, as if nothing was going on, went about briskly kissing one after another of the holy faces, when, the operation being done, he took up a post behind with a vacant stare. The only other incomer was a poor woman in weeds, that, according to a custom earlier than Christianity itself, deposited, in memory of the dead, a plateful of grain before

the altar, setting up a lighted taper in midst of it. No palpable vice appeared in the officials, nor in what went forward. All, however, as to what concerned the service, was a formality, a function, and nothing more; leaving to the trio of entrants to put into their acts of worship what heart was possible to them.

The working clergy at Athens, and indeed throughout Greece, generally, are, it is believed, respectable in their morals; but the level of their professional ability and culture is said to be far from high. At the cathedral, on a Sunday, an illustration offered itself in the person of the performing priest, a venerable-looking man of bland aspect, and crowned with a shock of hair white as snow, who held a grade above an ordinary minister. To the question in the absence of sermon, why he did not preach, put to a Greek merchant known to be pious and accomplished above the average as well as fully informed on the condition of his Church, the answer astonished the querist. The parish priest, it was said in reply, was often not much above the peasant in acquirement; and even the functionary of the occasion, experienced as he looked, was neither destined nor qualified to enter the pulpit. Still, in sauntering through the city, it was pleasant to come here and there on a church, where the priest was found soberly in his arm chair by the door of the parsonage, a book of the saints perchance, as once, in his hands, or innocently knitting stockings for his youngest boy. In every case, with whatever occupied, the incumbent was always ready courteously to welcome the foreigner, eager for conversation. In one instance a guess was hazarded as to the status of the visitor. An answer being given, which made it possible that a professional tie existed between the interlocutors although of different communions, it was affecting to observe how, on the side of the Greek, with that humane absence of bigotry which glorifies the Eastern Church, the

heart expanded, thawing with a spring flow as towards a brother. On the part of the Presbyterian, a curious, undefinable, soft wave of awe was observed by himself to roll across his mind, as he watched the eyes of the good priest, and thought of the old Byzantine Church which, through them, looked out on him.

Athens, to sum up, holds, in the early Church, no place as a city at all proportioned to its pre-eminence in ancient civilisation. St. Paul, indeed, as already referred to, spoke from the Areopagus words of imperishable interest, and tradition has sought to give celebrity to his chief convert. In the next century, too, about the close of the first quarter, Quadratus, Bishop of Athens at the time, and Aristides a Christian philosopher, put apologies for their faith in the hands of the travelling Emperor Hadrian, on a visit to the city. It is worth remembering, moreover, how its attractions, as a seat of Hellenic learning, drew Julian to it, along with St. Basil and his friend Gregory, who had their eyes opened to the pagan tastes of the coming Apostate. Still, no Epistle to the Athenians exists, as was written to the Corinthians and other Christian communities, nor are the inhabitants more than once mentioned in the apostolic narrative. If, however, not the axis of the Greek Church at any period, Athens, again a capital, is for ever, as the cradle of western civilisation, to be visited with throbs of joy and gratitude. From her University and other educational institutions, besides, Athens supplies the priesthood of the Levant as well as of the country itself. The kingdom of the Hellenes, it should never be forgotten, won existence chiefly through the clergy, who, conservators of the national cause, identifying it with their Church, prompted every patriotic movement, often even falling martyrs to it. From the same sentiment, dreading the bias of any patriarchate which should remain subject to the Sultan, the Church of Greece,

after the liberation of the country, lodged the primacy in a synod of her own bishops, without breaking off communion with Constantinople. Athens, as the seat of the synod, became the quarter to which all of her own children look for ecclesiastical guidance, and has acquired a dignity far above her former position as town of a Turkish province.

CHAPTER II.

GREEK CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS WORSHIP.

Moslem Predominance on the Streets.—Mahomet, the Prophet of Islam.—Worship in the Mosque of St. Sophia.—The Ramazan.—Seraglio.—Bazaar.—St. Sophia as the Cathedral of Justinian.—High Festival of Christmas.—Preparation of the Eucharist.—Symbolic Dressing of the Priesthood.—The Cup of Communion.—A Greek Sermon.—Pictorial Character of the Churches.—Rise of St. Sophia under Justinian.—Part performed by the Emperor in its Construction.—Desecration by the Crusaders.—The Modern Patriarchate.

CONSTANTINOPLE, for many reasons, above all for its preponderant ecclesiastical attraction, at length drew the pilgrim forcibly forward on his way. In it first on the journey, despite its cosmopolitanism, (for a crowd of every nation, specially on the bridges, here visibly jostle one another,) the air of everything is oriental; and, unfading in the heart as Athens is, the primary historical associations of the Eastern Church cling to the City of the Bosphorus. In its founder, Constantine, and in Chrysostom its golden-mouthed archbishop, are to be seen the grandest figures which have risen in connexion with Orthodoxy. The Greek patriarch, even if his palace be shorn of its pristine pomp, continues his state within its towered walls, wielding in his person a tradition for ever formidable to the popes, and which the Sultan himself cannot crush. St. Sophia, the ancient

metropolitan cathedral, although its worship is for a time changed, still casts on the Golden Horn the gleam of its famous dome and cupolas.

A certain disappointment on arrival none the less awaited the wanderer. If tale and chronicle familiarise even childhood with the solemn Turk, the alien aspect given by him, always the commanding figure in old Byzantium, falls with a shock on a spirit seeking Christian sympathy. Mosques, which, in the greater instances, are either appropriations of churches, or rest on their foundations, crown every height, their bulging forms taking up places one away above another in proud gradation; wherever is met the sovereign, an object of extravagant homage, it is not a successor of Constantine who is bowed down to, it is the Caliph, the official representative of the prophet of Islam; while woman, looked on elsewhere as the joy and ornament of every path, shyly shuffles along in an uncouth disguise, the badge of domestic servitude. The Church has in this scene almost no position; and the call of the Muezzin, winding down from a hundred minarets, pathetically reminds a stranger of the Osmanlee who won possession through decay of the Christian sanctuary.

As the foot gets warped within the tortuous thoroughfares of Stambul, the dominant impression, wondrous as a reverie, may keep in suspense other thoughts. A new and unexpected question forces itself on the notice, a question subordinate, indeed, to inquiries about the Church of the East, but more important for the moment: What is this life of Islam, fed by a sort of scripture, by prayer, fasting, almsgiving, and a hope in the future, pointing to the common God as object of worship; yet if, in a line of prophets, with Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, as predecessors, Jesus of Nazareth also be acknowledged, breathing a fierce disdain towards His followers, for not recognising Mahomet to be the crown of all? To talk of it, even in a loose suggestive

way, like Dean Stanley, as 'an eccentric heretical form of Eastern Christianity,'[1] may catch attention by the originality of the phrase, but confuses the character of Mahometanism with its accidents. Still, it fits into the chronicle of the Byzantine Church, with the closeness of a sea raging against the shore that strives to hold its own, yet loses large tracts. Such a mutual indentation inevitably involves action on one another, and the course of Orthodoxy cannot be followed without reference to its ferocious foe. But, to imply that Islam is a species of comet in the planetary system of the Eastern Churches, is to construe it in a manner consistent neither with itself nor its history.

The problem, in some of its essential aspects, was, at the time of this first visit, too difficult for the novice; nor, if Providence since brought Mahometanism under his view daily during years, does it seem to him capable of being wholly solved. At the period under notice, however, prompted by curiosity, the eye roamed with the foot, excited by every object, although there was nothing in the circumstances either to enlighten or to perplex a Nazarene. Enough of the Korân was known to refer what is best in it to another and higher revelation; its missionary weapon, the Sword, (for, according to its divines, that is the Key of Heaven and Hell!) was abjured; its paradise of Houris had no attraction; its social customs were repulsive. Still, to be pelted as a giaour by gamins within the courts of mosques, and in cemeteries overshadowed by the cypress, was a fresh experience, even if it banished no doubt, if it did not cast a ray of light on mental difficulties, or impart any disposition except to get beyond reach of the missiles.

Mahomet, the prophet of Islam, without whose appearance the successors of Chrysostom would probably have been still

[1] 'Eastern Churches,' Lect. viii.

ministering at the altar of St. Sophia, at once fixes attention by his earnest bearing. The unity of God in his creed stands forth in affecting contrast, equally with the idols of the Káaba, and the confusion of deity with mortal objects of worship presented by the Churches of the East at his advent. If even the haughty temper which his system opposes to Christianity be felt in all its baneful antagonism, the eye can yet rest with complacency on the genial child of Mecca, the fair orphan of the aristocratic family of Hâshem, the passionate searcher after God, who, as he grew up, charmed all falling within his soft and mystic power. Though in graver moments he at first inspired uncontrollable awe, he usually ended by banishing all fear and suspicion. It speaks volumes for him that, in his sixth year left fatherless and motherless, he became the fond idol of his aged grandfather Abd al Muttalib, the potent head of the house, who bore cheerfully all his boyish pranks, a forbearance accorded to no one else of his blood; and that on the death of the patriarch, he was equally cherished by his noble uncle Abu Talib. The boy, indeed, fascinated everybody that shared his upbringing, doubtless often giving them enough to do to check his adventurous sallies, or keep him out of harm's way. The picture of him, now twelve years old, clinging with irresistible affection to his uncle, as the guardian of his childhood was mounting his camel on a protracted mercantile expedition, exhibits the young Arab in an enchanting situation. The journey, with its sure influence on the future Prophet, alone divides interest with this outburst of love for his benefactor. Few scenes in education are more impressive than Mahomet at the Fair of Ocâtz, the Olympics of Mecca, eagerly learning from the examples of native oratory which his own eloquence, in purity and emphasis, should yet surpass, as well as mingling in amicable contact with Jew and Christian. But the glamour thrown over the Prophet

by the author of 'Hero Worship,'[1] and his imitators,[2] is apt, through its glittering yet false colours, to turn the fairer criticism of recent times back again into obsolete tracks; for the frightful anachronism of Islam remains, a religion of force composed of all incongruous elements coming six centuries after Jesus of Nazareth had risen for the world. The Oriental Churches may have righteously had their lamps extinguished, when so largely fed with will-worship. But the savage vein in the constitution of Arab fanaticism ought not to receive the homage due to Divine justice. As with the Babylonian in the Captivity, Islam, though a staff in the Hand of God, must itself, sooner or later, be broken; for in the wild fire which raged within the bosom of Mahomet, he did not, on going beyond his country, reform, but sought to consume what held the germs of the only real revelation. Still, owing to the vast geographic and ethnical space covered by the system, as well as the persistent vitality of its rites, the Christian is forced to cross hands on his breast, and, looking upwards, acknowledge that the whole Divine purpose in so long suffering its reign baffles scrutiny.

Vital, indeed, are its rites; and as the Mosque of St. Sophia was once entered, the moment was favourable for beholding the Moslem worship in a characteristic expression. The season was the Ramazan, the Lent of the Mahometans, when the temper of Islam discloses itself in a white heat. The noble mosque overflowed with votaries; but, while all of them bore the stamp of a common devotion, it was singular to remark how they were broken into bodies diversely occupied, or simultaneously going and coming as in Catholic churches. Here, under the galleries, a knot walked up and

[1] Lecture ii.

[2] Bosworth Smith and others. What a contrast to modern popular criticisms of Mahomet, are the volumes of Sir W. Muir on the same subject, the work at once of an historian, a statesman, and a Christian!

down in grave conference, a Mufti in the midst expounding some point of law; yet, absorbing as seemed the topic, the party were capable, on the appearance of the giaour who slid forward in loose slippers, of darting on him a sharp Moslem glance, which had a mixture of aversion in it. Strange enough, so little to be expected under such a system yet pleasant to find, some pretty children of the harem were there at play. The area of the dome, however, exhibited a spectacle which concentrated observation on itself. At one spot a reader was reciting to an attentive group a Sura from the Korân, the copy of the volume tastefully illuminated and sustained on a low lectern inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Farther back, posed with eyes in the direction of the Mhirab, which guides onward to the Káaba of Mecca, was a long line of the faithful at their prayers, now standing, now on the knees, bending to the ground like a hollow wave which breaks on the shore and forthwith recovers itself. But, what above all fixed and astonished the entrant, was the sight of the Imaum for the day, haranguing an audience of some five or six hundred Turbans, closely squatted in a corner of the spacious fane. The preacher, raised on a daïs, exemplified in his voice and manner, (which were the only things that could be judged of,) the fierce earnestness of Islam. It was oratory, certainly; and in the absence of all tricks with a hot emphasis in it, a passionate practical persuasiveness, enforced at the climaxes by a nervous vibration of the head, tended to recall to a North Briton the fervour of the Scottish Highland ministry.

The intolerance for the Christian in the professional Moslem breast, it may be observed, seems to surpass anything told of the rabidness of Jewish Rabbinism. On one occasion, outside the Mosque, chancing to pass in simple view of the Khitab as the Friday preacher talked from it, the Christian suddenly found himself a target of the fanatic's

rage, from the troublesome consequences of which an immediate decampment alone saved him. Nevertheless, while the Scymitar, which the Prophet bequeathed for the propagation of his message, still infuses its dire spirit into his expounders, it is difficult not to feel the pathos of the moment when a call to worship is given. It still lingers on the ear, how, on the sloping path which runs by the back wall of the British Embassy in Pera, and looks over the tops of the funereal cypresses into the valley below, the summons from many a minaret around came up with its strange intonations. The voices were like Voices of the Night, but a living night, for the crescent moon was in the sky; lamps, it being Ramazan, twinkled on the galleries of the minarets from which the notes winded about, now from this side now from that, until they had proceeded from all the cardinal points; and the sounds of the rude flageolet and drum rose here and there among the thousands of homes indistinctly pricked out to the eye in the distance. Church bells, inarticulate though they be, have a sanctity for the Christian, felt by every one. The call of the Muezzin from the mosque nighest at hand, delivered in vocal tones which changed from a soft, clear, echoing note to a quivering throb, and closed with a solemn invitation to adore God, affected the listener with a sense, seldom before experienced, of the reality of Islamism.

The moral benefit, indeed, of religious obedience, is to be measured by the view of God, as a spirit of vengeance or of love, ruling the votary's mind, as well as by the force of piety put into the act; points rarely sifted by travellers, who are perchance struck by the sight of some prostrate Arab, fixedly pursuing his devotions, and go their way taking all for what it seems.

An illustrative case, an example as good as any it may be, offered itself on board the steamer which brought the pilgrim

to Constantinople on his earliest visit. A Turkish Effendi, attached to a foreign embassy, who was returning home after a tour in Europe, had begun a conversation with the Scotsman about the revolutionary movements of the day; when, as the Seraglio Point was being rounded, shortly after dawn, and passengers with their light baggage in hand were already on the poop, the Osmanlee begged his acquaintance to shift a step to the side. The reason was at once obvious; for, now, a grave Mussulman, absolutely abstracted, it appeared, from the bustle and animation around, was kneeling on a carpet at his prayers; and his co-religionist noticed that the Christian stood in his line of the Mhirab. Just then, the capital, at once lovely and grand, as it usually is, was untwining itself from a tinted mist that hung about its shoulders, the mosques on the eminences looking through the veil like snowy Alps, and the waters of the Golden Horn, dotted with thousands of caïques which glided out and in among merchant ships of all countries, sparkling in the light of the awakened morn. But neither the stir of preparation for coming to anchor, nor the glory of the scene, which set all other tongues a-going, moved the worshipper in his appointed task. Was it an angel, or a Hadji, or a mere man, who withstood every temptation to suspend the course of thought? Whichever it was, no casual glance aside, nor a single quiver of the lips, disclosed a momentary disturbance; yet, although it is probable that he was neither a tippler nor a cheat, the virtues of sobriety and honesty being still common among middleclass Mussulmans, his devotion, it is certain, was radically mechanical, a performance by rote; and God, in his view, watched on his path rather as the minister of Fate than Father of his spirit. Such legal ceremonies, however, performed commonly though they be with a scrupulosity which shows the presence in their exercise both of conscience and habit, cannot always be expected to

triumph over the world's importunateness. What once happened amidst the throngs of Galata, looked like a parody of sacred things. Where the highway divides, sending off a branch which descends to the water, there, on a tongue of warehouses, rises overhead a small minaret; and, stepping out on the gallery at noon, standing not much above the noisy world, while the tide of business choked the path, the muezzin made his ordinary call. But the call being almost drowned in the roar of the street, although the subaltern of Mahomet used all appliances of hand to aid the voice, it was impossible to bring it home to the crowd; it was as a summons in the wilderness, delivered to absent ears; and what specially aggravated the case was the passage at the instant of a dozen hummels,—porters of the place, nervous and brawny on their legs,—who, poising in a network of ropes an enormous cask, pushed forward in their energetic manner, boisterously shouting out to make way. The muezzin suspended his holy message, confounded by the rival claims below; nor was a single Moslem observed giving himself to the prescribed rites.

The Seraglio, including its gardens, the chief palace of the Sultan in Constantinople since the conquest, naturally draws to itself a traveller. This palace with its adjuncts covers the sunny slope of ancient Byzantium, the promontory at the mouth of the Golden Horn washed by the rushing Bosphorus. It is not, of course, its costly modern furnishing which attracts a student, but the light cast by its uses on the rule of the dynasty. A Briton, specially, seeing that his country has so often interposed her ægis for the protection of the Sultan, cannot look with indifference on anything which explains the temper of the Ottoman.

No monument at Constantinople does this service better than the Seraglio. The Babi Humayoun, or, translated into language familiar to all, the Sublime Porte, which forms its

entry, is not remarkable for architecture; a high arch of black and white marble, with an Arab legend written within it, is all which in itself it offers. But its moral associations give it importance. Before it, on either side, noses and ears of insurgent Christians have time after time been flung down in piles, and suffered to rot away in sight of such as passed in and out, the Sultan and his suite among others. Victims of higher rank were suspended in the deep niches observable on the walls which flank the gate.

If the court of the Janizaries be entered, the Armoury, once the Church of St. Irene (in this simple circumstance marking the change from the Cross to the Crescent which continually meets the traveller), presents itself, and among various trophies are prominent the keys and banners of conquered cities. Farther inward is the Harem, where were stored away the soft playthings gathered for the imperial amusement. The Kafess, so called, a furnished prison reached for security only by a window opening above, has often jealously secluded the very children of the Sultan, caged by him like birds, lest they should aspire to their natural places.

Similar in impression, or worse, are the Castles on the Bosphorus, as well as the Seven Towers whose ruins look so picturesque from the Sea of Marmora; but it is impossible to pause on them, with torture, and strangling, and decapitated heads hung out for exposure, and pyramids of skulls, and groaning wretches famished within narrow apertures from which they could not extricate themselves: every form of bloody horror clinging to the accursed walls.

Other scenes in the city formed favourite haunts. Fountains, scrolled over with texts from the Korân, especially fountains for the ablutions of the faithful, observed in thoughtful peace washing themselves before prayer; cemeteries of yews with their turbaned stones, and gentle women watering flowers

devoted to the memory of those beneath; such were always come upon with profitable pleasure. A file of camels rounding a knoll of the suburbs, an inner court which showed rows of vats, or shrill voices chattering behind latticed windows, brought up the story of Ali Baba. Moreover, as the young navy, doomed one unfortunate day to extinction in the anchorage of Sinope, rode at its moorings, the eye turned with attention to the caïque of the commanding Pasha, which darted from ship to ship, the life within the brain covered by the tarbouche affording food for conjecture. The Bazaar, however, as in every oriental town, is here the forum of its inhabitants, where most of their outward ways exhibit themselves. For this reason it was a frequent resort of the rambler, who felt no satiety in passing from one division to another of the vast fixed tent which stretches over an area of many acres, the palate solicited at corners by sweetmeats and platters of arrow-root flavoured with syrup of the tamarind. All products and manufactures are, in this market, found under one roof. Drugs and spices, redolent of the lands where they grow, arrest the sauntering steps of a stranger, or he lingers at depôts of costly shawls and slippers glittering with spangles. Batches of Turkish ladies, shuffling about in their ferridges, airy formless cloaks of a bright single colour, are met unbending before the stalls, while, the yashmak being dropped, they cheapen with feminine gusto a flowered chintz or other coveted stuff.

A Frank, thus roaming under protection from the sun, finds, after an induction of cases, that the most notable thing about the Moslem of Stambul, is, the heavy sensuousness of his existence. Perhaps the Islamite deigns to look out on the visitor from the dark booth, where, having drawn up his short legs, he squats, smoking his chibouke, but, in contrast with the pushing Greek or Armenian, he sets no limb in motion to catch a purchaser (the Jew doing that

for him), nor suspends or even slackens a draught of the cherished fume. Nothing but the clear white of the eye, as it gleams in the obscurity, indicates to the loiterer that he is an object of attention. This trait, however, has a touch of awfulness in it, and persistently recurs to the imagination. The Turk, finally, blending in his face the Tatar features with the handsome Georgian or Circassian, has, as everybody knows, a mouth crescent like his symbol of faith, with the under lip so far projecting beyond the upper as to offer its surface to view; his nose is large and hooked; while, withal, a brown beard, bushy, and rounded at the bottom, which he strokes with keen fondness, completes his ordinary portrait.

At the epoch of this first visit to Constantinople, the Mosque of St. Sophia, the venerable cathedral of Justinian, was just then under repair; and as a few gilded cubes fallen from its ancient mosaics were, on entering, pushed into the hands of the wanderer, he felt the whole weight of early ecclesiastical associations rush down on him. The interest of a system like Mahometanism, a system, though locally dominant, dead, and trying to shut up its people within themselves,—having no art, no science, no expansiveness, no elasticity of application, no coherence, in a word, with modern civilisation,—at once faded before the Church, which, whatever wrinkles seamed its visage, still broke on the mind as a living spring trickling through the dry crust of a Sahara. The memory recalled a more animated scene than was now present to the eye. The ambassadors of the fierce Vladimir of Russia sent forth from Kieff in quest of a religion, stood again within the precincts; the chant, the awful mystery of the Mass, the priests in their robes of gorgeous broideries, and, chiefly, the descent of the deacons out of the sanctuary giving to the barbarians a sense of Heaven itself which proved decisive for the faith of the Russians, all was restored; and the dreamer

left the mosque, yet more bent on exploring the relics of the displaced Church, and gathering from its forms any help which could be found within them.

A Protestant traveller going in unreflective mood within a Greek church, is apt to take it for a variety of the Church of Rome. A cross yields it shape, although, unlike the Latin, the arms are equal; an altar decorated with sacred objects lifts its sacrificial form in sight; and the priest, clothed in symbolic vestments, now bends over the host, now lifts it for adoration; while a censer of glowing herbs waved in the face of bowing functionaries and people, gives to the company an air of saintship. But as soon as the eye collects itself, and unravels the emblems of a Church which, more than any other, trusts to visible signs for the exhibition of its faith, the chasm dividing Orthodoxy from the Catholicism of the West is felt to yawn with a difference which every bridge attempted to be thrown over it by its rival has miserably failed to span.

It was on a high festival, Christmas, that the islander, during a Greek service, first began to appreciate the place of Eastern Worship in Christendom, and, borne through all obstructions to sympathy, found the Gospel beating at the heart of it. An Archimandrite, holding the grade of chief among Presbyters, served the Mass on the occasion, and became afterwards personally known as a man of apostolic spirit, who, free of the formalism induced by an absorbing ritual, gave himself to evangelic labours, and was spoken of for a bishopric in the Ionian Islands, which he now occupies.

'As the visitor arrived at the principal entry of the church, a colossal eye, set in a triangle, from which sunbeams rayed in every direction, glanced below from the pediment, a symbol of the Trinity now and then planted in such situations, as well as set on the inner façade of domes. Its presence is characteristic, referring to the creed promulgated by the

first Council of Nicæa, the earliest and most authoritative of the œcumenical councils, together with the addition made by the Council of Constantinople; and the glorious mystery which it embodies, will, in its dogmatic shape, for ever be associated with the East. Within, as the narthex, or porch, was crossed, broad day though it was, a galaxy of lights, multiplied through festoons of crystals, broke on the view from a row of chandeliers, significant in a more emphatic manner than elsewhere of the Holy Spirit in His illumination, and, blent with faint ascending waves of incense, giving the sense of a kingdom not of this world. The nave was thronged by an assembly, whose traits of sharp-cut intellectual beauty would at once have announced the race if it had needed to be told. The sexes, with a flavour of Asiatic manners, occupied opposite sides, and crowded away into the transepts. All stood in worship, or, dropping on their knees, touched the ground with the forehead,—the bowings and crossings at special parts of the service being so constant as to remind an onlooker of a field of poppies in the wind. Everything, indeed, breathed of an atmosphere, in which reminiscences of the synagogue mixed with a Christian practice centuries earlier than belongs to the expanded cult of Rome.

The Epistle and Gospel for the day having been read, the Liturgy of the common service proceeded to its close, when the catechumens, according to primitive eastern custom, were, with a blunt force, bidden depart, although, now, nobody stirs, or is at all expected to do so. The Liturgy of the Faithful, as it is called, or of the members of the Church proper, then began, which bore from its commencement on the dispensation of the Holy Communion.

The Prosphora, or Host, as it is step by step followed in its preparation for the sacramental feast, touches a western observer, a Scotsman especially, in a far more tender way than he is at all ready for. The scene, indeed, the sad, yet

glorious, scene, in the upper room at Jerusalem, when Jesus presided at the institution of the Eucharist, if not reproduced, is suggested in a chief circumstance of it; and the musing spectator is borne back to the Church at its foundation, the same still, it appears, although, like an oak which has gathered lichen and moss on its rind, quaintly decorated during its passage into the next century. A wafer, as that of the Roman rite, it may be fairly asserted, is, of all forms, least suggestive of the bread which the blessed Saviour, before He gave Himself an offering, took in order to shadow out the coming Sacrifice; but in unison with the whole mystic ceremony of which it is the object, removed though it obviously is from all resemblance to the familiar staff of life, the incongruity then only strikes with full force, as the sacrament is beheld solemnised by the Church of the East. A small simple loaf, to be had by anybody at the door for a penny, sets forth the bread broken by the Lord: a loaf of the people, stamped with the signet of the Redeemer's conquest; and what transports the mind into the ancient world of the Apostles, when the body of the congregation, rich and poor, joined with them to furnish out its great spiritual meal, one now sees man and woman, with good intent, if a childlike instinct rather than thought guides them, bringing the elements in their hands, gifts to the Church, for service in the sacred commemoration. It is individuals of the commonality, therefore, who, in freewill offerings, yield supplies to the festival, the deacon receiving them for consecration by the priest. All, lay and clerical, accordingly, adhering in their practice to primitive ecclesiastical usage, co-operate in the gracious task, and, by the custom, without confounding offices, preserve a happy trace of that 'holy priesthood,' which, as St. Peter boasts,[1] is the common glory of the membership of the Church.

[1] 1 Pet. ii. 4.

'*Speak the blessing! my master!*' begins the Deacon at the consecration, which is accomplished within the sanctuary, the doors closed.

'*Praise be to our God!*' responds the priest: '*always, now and ever, from age to age.*'

'*Amen!*' adds the deacon.

The Prosphora is then taken up by the Priest; and the sign of the cross being made over it, the beautiful words are thrice pronounced, as if read from an inscription on the sacred tomb: '*To the memory of our Lord, and God, and Saviour Jesus Christ!*'

At this point, the Longche, a small lance, with a cross on the tip of the handle, is struck into the sacred loaf, at the right side of the seal, while the tearful prognosticating plaint of the evangelic prophet, Isaiah, drops from the lips: '*As a lamb He was led to the slaughter!*'[1]

At each thrust of the knife, for the operation is repeated until the whole impression of the signet is cut into, the ancient seer, through the priest, continues to depict the Divine tragedy, one phase presented after another: how the Victim stood '*before the shearers and was dumb, not opening the mouth*'; how, '*in His abasement, defence was taken from Him*'; how '*His pedigree was left without notice*'; and, at last, how '*He ceased from the land of the living.*'

The product is next divided crosswise, when the words of John the Baptist, pointing to Jesus, softly fall on the ear: '*The Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, was slain for its life and healing*'; to which the sentence from the Gospels is added, as a finishing thrust penetrates the emblem: '*One of the soldiers opened His side with a spear, and there flowed out blood and water.*'

Wine, mixed with water, being now joined to the bread in the cup, and the 'holy union' blessed, the consecration is

[1] Isa. liii.

complete. Everybody must be sensible how different is this from the sacrament in one kind, as well as from a transubstantiation through a formula of words diverted from their grammatical use.

Facing the altar as the veil of the central doorway in the screen was drawn back and the portal opened, the officiating Archimandrite, in the prime of life, rose high, erect, wearing a sober, collected air, handsome with the handsomeness of his people, yet showing no consciousness of it; and when the pious priest, turning round to the body of the worshippers, with raised eyes, and the hands crossed, lifted up his voice in clear, unaffected words of prayer, in the flexible idiom hallowed by the use of St. Paul and the eastern Fathers, the effect on the heart was felt in every fibre of it, and differences of circumstance vanished before the simple triumph of devotion.

A Greek priest serving, it must be constantly remembered, is, more than any other, in dress, attitudes, and all his surroundings, a book to be read for its sacred lessons; and these, the deeper they are searched, whatever fault may be found with the system, reveal predominantly the grand elements of evangelic doctrine and practice. The hair flows abundantly round the shoulders; while the beard is not only suffered to grow, but, contrasting with the shaven faces of the Romish priesthood, it is encouraged to spread over the breast, in harmony with the family character of the minister; although a childish interest in its culture, it is too obvious, often discloses itself among the rank and file. The robing of the hierarchy, an odd anomaly to the member of a Presbyterian Church, combines a sense penetrated by the tenderest biblical spirit, with a display of glittering habiliments, which, put on in the presence of the people amidst various song, and prayer, and salutation, seem, without abating the sacredness of the sanctuary, to change it the while

into a dressing-room. The Mantia,—a sort of cloak, with a streaming pattern wrought into it along with busts of the Evangelists,—expresses the Lord's promise to make rivers of living water flow out of the hearts of His servants ; and thrown about the shoulders of the Bishop on arrival at the western gate, the pregnant words of the Saviour shape themselves on his lips, with accompaniment of the choir, emphatically recalling to him at the threshold the burden of his solemn destiny. In the ordinary priestly dress, the Epitrachilion,—a broad scarf which is essential to the performance of any part of the sacred office, and borrows its name from being worn round the neck,—specially denotes the unction of the Holy Spirit, with reference to the consecration of Aaron when the holy ointment descended to the skirts of his garments. The Phelonian, composed of heavy brocade in embroidery of yellow or cream colour, flows to the feet, covering all the other vestments, and is meant to suggest the purple robe put on Jesus by the soldiers of Pilate. To say nothing of the Cross, given in itself, as well as over and over again on every article, there is also the Mithra, or mitre, for the head, pointing to the Lordship of Christ, the Epigonatis, fastened by the side as the sword of the Spirit, and other emblems, all having a blessed sense, even if many a time a curious knowledge is wanted to bring it out. No approach to preternatural semblances, such as had been adopted to sway the barbarians of the Dnieper, is employed at the present day. All is real ; but the reality exhibits itself through a ceremonial which bears the imprint of a period, in which the necessity of captivating and holding a corrupted society infused its methods into the traditions of the apostolic age.

The Cup of Communion, both elements, bread and wine, as just described, being mixed together in the Chalice, was, after many a chant and prayer, at length brought from the altar

for distribution. As it was borne forward, reverently held on high, the Deacon, encouraging the faithful, exclaimed: '*Draw near, in the fear of God, and in confidence and love!*' The Choir forthwith sustained the invitation with the glad words: '*Praise be to Him who cometh in the Name of the Lord; the Lord is God, and hath appeared unto us!*' At the act of communion, while the priest enforced on participants the awful and quickening nature of the Sacrament, which, standing with hands folded on the breast, they received from a golden spoon, this comfortable injunction issued in persuasive tones from the Chorus: '*Accept the Body of Christ; taste of the Immortal Spring!*' As the last communicant withdrew, the cup was restored to the altar, when the Priest, turning to the flock, gave his blessing, and prayed: '*O God! save Thy people, and favour Thine inheritance!*' adding for himself: '*Be exalted, O God! above the heavens, and Thine honour over all the earth!*' Whereon the Chorus burst into the rapturous testimony: '*We have seen the True Light; we have obtained the Spirit from heaven; we have found the Veritable Faith; adoring the indivisible Trinity, who hath saved us!*' The Priest, confirming the assurance as he hastened to an end, then said: '*Praised be our God, always, throughout all ages!*' 'Amen!' responded the Choir, jubilantly shouting in accordant strains: '*Let our mouths be filled with Thy praise, O Lord! that we may hymn Thy glory; for that Thou hast made us fit to receive Thy holy, incorruptible, and pure Mystery! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*'

A Liturgy, indeed, how sincerely soever used, represents rather the traditional than the actual faith of a Church, although the one may, at any period, perfectly reflect the features of the other. The Sermon it is, that is its living image, borrowing substance and form from the spirit of the hour. For this reason, as the Archimandrite, in the course of the service, took, in order to expound the festival, his stance

on the ambon,—a curved railed space which juts out from the screen,—the Scotsman anxiously listened to the discourse. As showing the primitive simplicity of relation between pastor and flock, which, it might have been supposed, would perish under the previous pomp, it was touching, at this moment, to look on the hierarch in his rich flowing robes, the mitre laid aside for the occasion. The noble face wore a sweet, composed smile, which told of the spiritual father versed in good and evil, as he now came benignly forward to the congregation, standing a step only above its own level. The children of every condition confidingly trooped to the barrier. Winning her way among the foremost of them, a tiny girl of the commonest of the people, about seven or eight summers old, with a faded grey woollen shawl on, which, in childish mood, she now drew over her bare head or now abstractedly suffered to slide off on the pavement, gazed with wondering glance on the eloquent prelate, laying a finger on his hand as he dropped it on the rail for a moment; or she turned her jet eyes on the candelabra behind which mingled its lights with day. Impressions kept her where she was, if ideas failed her; and had her infantine, susceptible soul been capable of expressing itself, she might perhaps have told her thought in the manner of St. Peter, when, within the sunny presence of Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration, the fisherman sighed: '*It is good to be here!*'

'Jacob,' began the preacher artlessly, lifting his right hand in free, unembarrassed action, while the left plucked the folds of his robe together, 'Jacob, as the youthful patriarch lay asleep among the stones of Bethel, saw on the celestial ladder angels ascending and descending. This day,' exclaimed with emphasis the speaker, changing his posture, his face kindled into a higher expression, 'is the vision fulfilled,' —alluding, naturally, by the remark to the commemorative feast of the Nativity. In what followed, it may be said, a

wholesome democratic spirit animated the sermon, as reference was made to the manifestation of the angels, on the birth of Jesus, to shepherds, rather than to priests and kings; the Saviour was commended as come for the whole world; and, at the close, a religious life, which should exemplify to others the Lord as the Bringer of Peace and Sanctity, was enforced with a growing earnestness which had a visible effect on the auditory. If such discourses, simple as they are, were common, adorned by evangelic manners like those of him who now spoke, the Church of the East would awake as in the resurrection, and man be nearer his recovery than alas! he is found to be.

A call came forth to the faithful before dismission, to yield '*a sincere and worthy Thanksgiving to the Lord, for the divine, holy, pure, immortal, heavenly, lifegiving, and awful Sacrament of Christ.*' 'Go in Peace!' next dropped from the priest, waving his right hand in the cross of benediction; and '*Amen!*' chaunted in soft, prolonged notes by the choir, put a period to the service.

The closing choral ejaculation was probably caught up and echoed within most hearts, as the compact multitude, crossing and bowing themselves, streamed out by every exit. While on their way, persons from all sides flocked round by the ambon, where the good archimandrite distributed from a salver bread in bits, the remaining fragments of the loaves consecrated in the Holy Communion. A touching trace, the custom is, of the ancient Agapæ. As any one, the communicant of another rite as well as members, may share the symbolical repast, the practice acknowledges the brotherhood of all Churches; and while the pilgrim, falling into the ranks, tasted of the precious memorial food, it was driven home on him that here was a lesson before which western exclusiveness might cover its face in shame.

A Greek church, the place of worship namely, presents in

its furnishing, no less than does the Liturgy, an exposition of the faith of the congregation that meets in it. The symbols which abound, however, and especially the icons, or images, dazzling the sense on every hand, overpower more than edify a stranger on his entry, by the gorgeous general impression which they throw off. But, once examined, whatever may be thought of their glaring style, the evangel, in its sublime cardinal truths, starts on the mind as possessing the crowning place in them, even if an assurance remains that a fungus of superstition has from an early age thriven amidst the Divine verities, absorbing a portion of their vital force, and shading their glory.

The Altar, the chief visible object as in all Churches professing to exhibit the Sacrifice, stands in the eastern arm, which is screened off like the Holy of Holies of old, but pierced by three doors,—the central one, the holy, the royal, so called in honour of the High Priest, Jesus, King over all. In contrast with the metamorphosed table of the Church of Rome, it is here a plain four-cornered ark, having in itself and its belongings a simplicity that surprises a Western, and calls back to his mind the primitive character of the Greek Church confronted with the Latin. At times a turret, or, it may be, a cupola representing the sky, overhangs the altar without changing the impression.

On it rests a Crucifix, which, seen at hand, presents Death as a *caput mortuum*, lying, conquered, beneath the sacred feet; and, overhead, the Father, along with the symbolic Dove. The book of the Gospels also lifts its authoritative form, the fountain, acknowledged as such, from which the Christian hope flows for a sinner. A portly volume it is, gold-encrusted on the boards, which show, within an oval of rays, the Lord risen, triumphant, and at the corners the evangelists, witnesses of the incarnation. A Candelabrum of seven branches, set with lights, backs the altar, an emblem

adapted from the Temple, but allusive to the sacraments of the same sum. Still farther rearward stands on its pedestal a tall portable Cross, ready for processional devotion. Closing the view behind, the apse holds the chairs of the priesthood against its semicircular walls, the throne of the bishop in the centre, above the others; while, in some ancient sanctuaries, a colossal mosaic figure of the Saviour, as sole president of His Church, gleams from above.

The Screen itself, the iconostasis, however, alluring the foot by its imposing profusion of images, yet more initiates a visitor into the dominant spirit of the worship. The frame, reaching high and from side to side, incloses pictured panels, row over row, generally faced by corinthian columns wreathed with vine leaves; and rises triangularly, though sometimes it assumes a longitudinal outline. The royal door, the eye, it might be said, of the screen, playing the principal part in it, is emblazoned with the Annunciation, to signify that, by the Word become flesh, heaven opens its folds to the transgressor. The Evangelists, also, take their place on it, inasmuch as, along with the archangel Gabriel, it was they who spread abroad the celestial message. As a prelatic celebrant, on occasion, in full dress, with the jewelled mitre on the head, walks within, and the leaves of the portal close behind him, an air of pristine custom, continued from an age when the Temple had not yet been fired by the Roman torch, affectingly impresses itself.

In the present instance, filling a circle partially scooped out of the door, the symbolic Dove balanced itself on sunny wings, a roll of clouds girdling it, with beams darting through into the abyss. But, always, the Saviour, supping for the last time with His Apostles, holds the central place in the first row of sacred subjects; whilst, to show that the Church of the New Testament has its roots buried in the Old, the Tables of the Law, with a Jewish mitre in bronze, hang on

the left hand, and on the right the Communion Cup, a wreath of thorns enfolding it. Jesus, as crucified, is again displayed next above, flanked by the witnesses of His Passion; again, higher up, He appears as a Babe in the Mother's arms, the prophets who foresaw the blessed event ranged on either side; and, crowning the scene of Redemption, the Father looks down from the topmost stage. A simple Cross, giving unity to the whole, springs from the apex. If, however, one thing more than another, after the presentment of the Sacrifice, marks the disposition of the East, it is the frequency with which the emblem of the Holy Spirit is brought before the eyes. The winged symbol, amidst a gush of silver rays which emanate from itself, often expands on side-doors, as well as above the principal one, and, issuing from the First Person of the Trinity on the dome, hovers over the worshippers.

As the Screen is turned from, a visitor becomes aware that, to give emphasis to the Evangelists,—the unfolders of Him on whose Shoulders alone reposes the Church,—they are presented with the scrolls of the inspired Biography in hand, sitting within the spandrils of the arches which heave the dome into the air. At every pace, also, down the pavement to the western door, an observer is arrested on his passage by Saints, singly, or having the incidents of their lives painted in miniature around them, and Councils, or, in some cases, scenes such as the Last Judgment, mixed with festal banners in rows.

At times, in an ordinary service, even when no homily agitates the heavy atmosphere of ritual, a sense of the sweet spirit of Christianity enters the heart, how much soever may present itself which tends to obstruct sympathy. For one, in sooth, who looks on in ignorance of the great consolatory significance to millions which flashes forth from all that goes forward, it will be impossible to imagine how the simple

worship of the Gospel, in Christian hands, could have grown into these forms. Within all, none the less, exist the fundamental evangelic facts, notably flaming, as said, on the screen, as well as confirmed and illustrated by copious readings from Scripture, although involved with things which, springing from the state of society during the second and third centuries, tend to obscure the truth. Of the Virgin more than enough is made, and to him who knows her only as she is found in Holy Writ, she will seem misplaced. Still, no monstrosity like the dogma of the Council of St. Peter's has been declared of her. Moreover, when she left the world, she is not believed to have assumed power, reigning as Queen of Heaven; she simply sleeps the sleep of the Blessed. Saints, on the other hand, the Patron Saint of the Church especially, have their several posts of distinction; but, whether allotted a place in the compartments of the iconostasis, or named in the liturgy, they are obviously introduced as witnesses, not rivals, to the Trinity: a sort of shadows and suggestions of God, as of old Jehovah made Himself known by the title of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. In contrast, above all, with its chief competitor, the Greek Church offers nowhere to the eye an Apostle wrested to its own honour, who is made to frown on Christians of other Churches and pitifully menace them with his badge. As little does it claim to have any of its patriarchs, far less every link in the chain how worthless soever, bolstered up by infallibility. Confession, as in Romanism, it may be added, is a part of the discipline. The practice, however, does not go forward in the same clandestine manner, a whispering functionary on one side of a grating worming out the secrets of a penitent on the other. A family, perchance, as has often been observed, steps out from the throng, when the male head, advancing a pace or two before his wife and children, kisses the Cross, and answers to the Priest on the Commandments of the Decalogue, the rest

taking their turns after him. Everything that meets the view wears a smiling aspect. If an unprepared observer will accord no more to the service, at least the pre-eminent Christian truths, he must acknowledge, glimmer through the minds of the majority, set forth every Sunday by all that is seen and heard, and embodied in festivals which, solemnised one after the other throughout the year, give them ever a further chance of being laid to heart.

A visit to the churches sprinkled throughout Stambul, but especially in the Greek quarter of the Fanar, was made in companionship with a young Spartan preparing for holy orders, who drew the whole heart to himself by his evangelic spirit. It is, however, when, passing beyond the bounds of churches in Christian possession, a stranger enters those converted into mosques, that he is most stirred by a perception of the change come over the fortunes of Orthodoxy. The Mosque of Pantocrator may not be more remarkable than others in the list; but it happened to attract a sombre attention, as Mary with her Son in flight to Egypt, and Joseph asleep under the spell of his dream, were still faintly to be seen on the walls; while mosaics of saintly theme loomed from the cupola. The Pulpit alas! was a pulpit of Islam, from which, doubtless, the fierce pride of the imaum had often broken forth in contempt for the disciples of the Nazarene; and what drove the blood back to the heart, the Crescent glared over the curtain which fenced the staircase.

But, in the presence of St. Sophia, the most glorious ecclesiastical monument of the East, all other churches cease to be remembered; or, sad as is its transformation, the sense of this fades before its grandeur, which can only vanish as it crumbles to dust. From a distance, as the Golden Horn is rounded, the Cathedral of Justinian, it is true, looks a heavy encumbered pile of cupolas, scarcely relieved by its aerial

dome. Nevertheless, planned on the Greek cross, which displays at once all its members, the foot has only to pass in by any door, when its sublimity, piercing through the thick mask imposed on it by the Moslem, almost takes the breath away.

Nothing in its rise is more notable than the part played by the imperial builder. In Justinian, with the closely-woven tissue of piety and baseness which composed his character, the Byzantine Church itself of the sixth century is not obscurely illustrated. But an historical artist might find many a less worthy subject for his canvas than the emperor, staff in hand, a coarse linen tunic thrown over his dress, going about among his thousands of masons to encourage and reward them. If a judgment may be formed from the mosaic of Ravenna, along with contemporary notices, Justinian was a tall, handsome man, possibly one of the handsomest of his court; his face was regular, beaming with intelligence; his manners were affable. Chaste, frugal even to abstemiousness, occasionally keeping vigils, fasting for a couple of days and nights on end, the constructor of St. Sophia reached a term of life extended three years beyond the extreme point of longevity accorded to man by Moses. The erection of the Cathedral was for him an act of religion, to which not only all was brought that imperial despotism could draft for the purpose, but, what implies a rooted devotion, his ease, his siesta even, his constant thoughts, his very dreams for the lustrum and more during which it was in building. At the same time, while aspiring to excel Solomon in zeal and magnificence, the votary of Orthodoxy had his skirts soiled with many a stain. Singularly enough, despite the virtuous indignation of his aged aunt, the Empress Euphemia, and his pious mother's tears, he espoused Theodora, the fascinating buffoon of the theatre; who, living from childhood for the public, at once convulsing the nobles

of Constantinople with her drollery and seducing them by the magic of her person, took the heart of Justinian by storm, and held it in bands of adamant four and twenty years!

A vision,—the mould in which enterprises of the age often shaped themselves, and still do in the East,—gave origin to the Church of St. Sophia. Justinian seems to have been brooding over the destruction of the earlier cathedral, which, in the year 532, was burned down in a contest of the Sects, the famous Blues and Greens of the Hippodrome, when an angel hovered before the Emperor, and, proffering the plan, enjoined the resurrection of the church on a scale correspondent to the dignity of the messenger. Another appearance of the winged visitant made known that the fane should be dedicated to the Holy Wisdom,[1] the Second Person of the Trinity. A final revelation led the way to stores of gold, a metal profusely poured out on every feature of the temple. If machinery of this sort, coming spontaneously into action for such an object in the most civilised capital of Christendom, shows the artificial atmosphere of the time, it also proves the force which bore forward the Emperor to the foundation and accomplishment of the sumptuous work.

Many things in the structure of the building cast light on the spirit which presided over its erection. The Dome, first of its kind, cannot be considered as simply an architectural feature; but, from its proportions, the height compared with the depth being such as to produce an arc of the heavens, it had obviously a symbolic meaning. A sublime reference appears in it to the abode of the Father; whence the Divine Eye looks down in mercy and acceptance on His worshipping children, whilst they, as they glance upwards, may become conscious of the Paternal Love raying light and warmth upon

[1] Hagia Sophia.

them. It adds to the religious significance of the cathedral, that, as it grew, hymns and prayers were mixed with the deposition of the successive layers of tiles which composed the cupolas, each tile bearing a signet with these prophetic words, '*What God has founded will not be cast down!*' The Altar, again, planted on the margin of the apse at the east end, but within the sanctuary,—which corresponds in Greek churches, as already said, to the Holy of Holies,—suggested a whole tender theology of the Gospel. A lilied cupola of gold, which rose over it, was surmounted by a golden cross sparkling with luminous jewels, the blessed symbol embleming by its place and composition the gracious power of the Sacrifice offered on Calvary. What curiously carries the mind into the most characteristic element of Eastern Christianity, a doubt, it seems, arose with Justinian and his chief architect as to the number of windows which should stream their light on the altar; when, guided by a special angelic intimation, not one, nor two, but three were opened in the apse, representing the Trinity of Deity. To complete the sense, columns of marble, granite, and porphyry, dazzling for number and variety, supported the edifice. The interest of them, however, for an ecclesiastical student, lies in the fact that they were mostly drawn from celebrated heathen fanes; yet not chiefly for their beauty, but as witnesses to the fall of pagan worship in face of the Christian faith. The Temple of the Sun at Baalbec still shows within St. Sophia the eight majestic pillars of porphyry torn from its bowels by the conqueror Aurelius. Athens and Ephesus, together with Delos, Cyzicus, and other spots, were also forced to yield contributions. Asiatic deities, as well as Pallas, Diana, and Apollo, with less celebrated members of the Olympian hierarchy, seemed in this way to confess themselves submissive to Jesus of Nazareth.

The pilgrim, during successive stays in Constantinople, again and again returned to the great Byzantine Church.

Every trace of its original destination which had escaped the obliterating hand of the Moslem, had an absorbing interest. Hoary crosses of the Greek form, still standing forth from an upper course of stone outside whereon they had been cut thirteen centuries ago, awoke emotion, strangely blending in it sadness and hope. Within specially, however, it is, that a mixed sentiment agitates the mind. As the eye observes the relics of sacred story in mosaics which once flashed their lessons, the Christian services of other times not only rise to view, but the awful historical scenes of which the sanctuary has been the theatre, involuntarily reappear in tragic hues. The most woeful for its crime was the desecration of St. Sophia by the Latin Crusaders, who entered not for worship, but to mock and despoil their fellow Christians; and, in the study of the Churches of East and West, the event casts a lurid light on the divorce which so often exists between charity and the zeal inspired by an overbearing ceremonial religion. To this hour, although so long ago, with every aspect of the occasion changed so as to leave no memento of itself, shame and horror mantle on the cheek of a visitor, as he pictures the Patriarch on an ass, without vestment, without retinue, escaping for his life, while a strumpet was enthroned in his seat, mimicking with bacchanalian song and dance the sacred services. The altar, so hallowedly bejewelled, was broken up as spoil; the chalices, picked of gem and pearl, served as in the feast of Belshazzar for wassailing cups; the very pictures of Christ and the saints got turned into gambling-tables, bedabbled with liquor. To crown all, the actors in this sacrilegious rout wore the Cross, and had on them vows for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre. The change of the Cathedral into a Mosque by Mahomet the Second two centuries and a half later, even the harsh bondage to which nuns, prelates, senators, and thousands of other classes who had taken refuge in St. Sophia were reduced

when the knell of Christian rule was sounded, affects the mind almost as a natural calamity only. Fraternal hands did what Moslem fanaticism was incapable of in the flush of victory.

It was not on his first visit to Constantinople, that the depressed state of the Greek Church, compared with its ancient glory, left the deepest traces of itself on the pilgrim. It was a quarter of a century afterwards, when the Congress of Berlin had just finished its labours and all Europe still echoed with discussion of the results, that, seeking the Patriarchate in the Fanar with a letter of introduction, he felt how all had changed since the Church of St. Sophia arose, the joy and wonder of its age. A passenger steamer, which rushed up the Golden Horn, besides holding himself, was crowded with a motley freight of every race, in every diversity of costume. During the transit, Greek, Armenian, Bulgar, Serb, prominently above others, demonstrated their importance to the stability of Europe, although with triumph or disappointment in their tone according to their places in the decisions of the Congress. Amidst the hubbub around him, the visitor to the Patriarchate kept looking out for some conspicuous sign of its home: a cupola, or a tower, dominating other structures. But, to his surprise, on the steamer drawing up at the station by the waterside, nothing was distinguishable beyond the booths of a suburban market. A few steps taken, leading round from bargaining throngs, a wall of the sought-for buildings presented itself, a simple barrier, it seemed, against the casual fury of fanaticism. As the heavy gateway was passed through, the Cathedral on the left stood out, a small, plain, unimposing edifice, with the patriarchal palace opposite, and a solitary lime tree spreading in the middle of the grassgrown court. From this limited and unadorned area, the Primate of the Greek Church wields the authority which once made the patriarchate the head of Christendom.

None the less, a halo of martyrdom glows around the spot; for it was here, on Easter Day, 1821, after celebrating Mass, and still in his pontifical robes, that the venerable Gregorius, along with several bishops and priests, was gibbeted before the door of his own church for attachment to the cause of Greek Independence, when Germanus of Patras raised the standard of the Cross on its behalf.

CHAPTER III.

APOLOGISTS AND MARTYRS OF THE EAST.

Chrysostom and his Age.—Justin Martyr the Apologist.—Clement in the School of Alexandria.—Origen.—The Martyr Simeon, aged Bishop of Jerusalem.—Pliny and the Suffering Church of Bithynia.—Ignatius.—Polycarp.—Church of Lyons and the bondwoman Blandina.—Persecution under Diocletian.—Character of the Emperors, East and West.—Cathedral of Nicomedia razed to the Ground.—Peace to the Church through Constantine.

THE Greek Church, as soon as its symbolism is appreciated, will often, as just shown, awaken the sympathy of others. Specially may this be the case, when it comes to mind, that the common liturgy of its altars is the same as flowed over the lips of Chrysostom. The Archbishop, at the close of the fourth century, shone like the sun at noon in the city of Constantine, carrying health within the noxious vapours which hung around its court. Even in banishment, through the ferocious plot of the Empress Eudoxia, who used for her purpose the ambition of the coarse patriarch of Alexandria, the sufferer still guided his diocese. From his exile afar at Cucusus, his presence there sufficing to make a wilderness blossom as the rose, the beams of his expiring ministry bore back joy and blessing to a hundred absent congregations. Faults of temper he had, due chiefly to his early ascetic habits and vehement aspirations after holiness. But how great is the contrast between him, with whatever blemishes, and the Roman Hildebrand, in their ecclesiastical action while living, and in the heritage left

behind them! To the Primate of the East, to Chrysostom, the eye turns as to a glowing luminary, beholding in him a possession for every age, and sensible of a benign influence which can be enjoyed by all without a penalty. Nothing surpasses his behaviour at Antioch, when, as the statues of Theodosius the Great and the imperial family being overthrown in a brawl about a tax, the city sank into despair before the awful anger of the monarch. What force and brilliancy of mind were displayed by him, in now humbling, and now raising, the distracted community, himself far above fear or the influence of personal considerations! How did he turn every change in the circumstances to a religious use, being as faithful in afterwards harvesting, as he was in sowing, the heavenly seed! If the simplicity of his habits less fitted the golden-mouthed man for a court, the story of his sacred oratory in the Eastern Metropolis, later, still continues to dazzle with its radiance. A chair of the renowned preacher survives, conserved within the patriarchal Church at Constantinople. Durst aught associated with mortals inspire an act of worship, it might be offered before this relic, which, in the corruption of the Byzantine Empire, enthroned such knowledge, eloquence, and sanctity.

Basil the Great, whose name also is attached to a Liturgy, earlier arose, a champion of Orthodoxy against Arianism, but showing with his hallowedness a love of nature, which has drawn to him the fervent admiration of the illustrious modern traveller, Alexander von Humboldt. Gregory Nazianzen, the poetic composer of orations, was his bosom friend. Gregory of Nyssa, his brother, the saintly divine, belonged to the same constellation. But this blaze of thought and piety could not have been reached without the generations antecedent to Constantine, who were baptized in the fires of persecution. To these let the eyes be now turned; looking first at the Apologists and Systematisers of

Christianity in the East; and then at its Martyrs, the seals and beauteous illustrations of its power to endure all the hostility of the world.

Apologists, as the vindicators of the Christian Faith called themselves, addressing now emperors, now miscellaneous antagonists, began to appear almost as early as the martyrs, sharing in some cases crowns with them. The special distinction of these champions, is, that, bearing on their shields the blazonry of a bold, genuine, saintly conviction, equal to the sufferance of death on its behalf, they yet showed the confession of Christ in harmony with the philosophy of the time. A sparkling impression of the attractive power of the Gospel, welcomed and promulgated under every species of opposition, is obtained through their experience.

Of this class, Justin Martyr, a Greek of Palestine, pioneered by such as Quadratus and Aristides of Athens, comes prominently on the scene, a fascinating object, in the reign of the good emperor Antoninus Pius. The picture of him, laid in colours by his own hand, can never lose its charm. In it he is beheld, clothed in a philosopher's garb, by the seashore of Cæsarea, brooding sadly over the problem of life, as the waves roll to his feet: when an old man, mild and reverend of aspect, as he says, suddenly presented himself before him. Was it an inspiration, such as brought Philip to the side of the Ethiop, which prompted the venerable sage to approach the muser? In any case, the meeting was timeous, and the counsel given struck home to the heart of the poor searcher; for Justin, as so many, had completed the dreary round of philosophic systems, to get a stone for bread at the hand of almost all. But he had paused to take breath at Platonism, the best of them, as the suasive summons, 'Read the Scroll of the Old and New Testaments!' broke from the ambassador of a King higher than had yet striven to sway him. 'Read it,' it was said, 'rather than yield thyself to imaginings,

which keep the mind revolving, but cannot give it peace!' Completing his message, the missionary added the injunction: 'Pray! that the Gates of Light may open to thee'; a suggestion that brought life from above, the birth of the Spirit, for the arrested listener, a gift more decisive than the precious outward letter itself of revelation.

To the admonished Scholar, in answer to his humble orisons, the celestial portals wheeled back on their hinges; and, in the radiance of the beams which streamed through, Justin took his way, a bright apparition for all who thenceforth came in contact with him. At Rome, brought as a Christian to the block by the intrigues of an impostor whom he had unmasked, the sword, severing his gracious head from the shoulders, for ever fixed the cognomen of Martyr to his name.

The Logos, as with the Gnostics, figured largely in all the thoughts of Justin; but it was not as an abstract divinity, who mysteriously and powerfully works good; it was, in the beloved disciple John's sense, the Redeemer, contemplated with the same passionate personal devotion, and identified with the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, Who, on entry into the world, had transformed all on whom He had flung His spell, the Apologist among the number. It was not poets, philosophers, orators, as such, so much the boast of paganism, that the Logos sought to produce, he argued; all these, under a richer, more glorious form, with a new message inspiring their gifts, were indeed evolved by His creative power. Mortals converted into gods far above the phantoms of Olympus, it was, that expressly issued from His plastic hand. From the most covert cells of the heart His voice summoned forth its lusts, which coiled into the light like charmed serpents, freeing the slave from those tyrants, to return in peace to His heavenly Father. At the same time, recognising the dominion of Christ over Heathen as well as

Jew, before He took human form, Justin found the Logos present in every true beat of conscience. Jesus, as revealed in the Gospels, was for Him the Sun of righteousness in the zenith. But the shining forecasts in the sky of humanity, he taught, came from no wandering star, but from the Saviour who now fully showed Himself as the Light of the world.

The charm of the convert, otherwise, is, that his motto, worthy to stand out in relief over the gates of every Church, proclaimed the obligation of all Christians, who can, to preach the faith, if they would escape the judgment of God. In an age when sacerdotalism and hierarchical ambition were already pushing their heads up, to forge chains for the Church throughout a whole millennium, the Apologist, who might have been a bishop at the apex of an ecclesiastical province, chose to be a simple evangelist. Enrolled in this lowly register, he itinerated with the pearls of the Gospel wherever a purchaser could be hoped for. To facilitate his object, even after assuming the Christian profession, he perambulated in his former cloak of a philosopher, as an invitation to free discourse. The mantle, in being still worn, moreover, was doubtless meant to express his sense that the treasures of knowledge got by him before conversion appertained to the Lord, to be used in His service, not thrown away, or trampled under foot. By means of them, Justin, of all in his day, without possessing transcendent talents, was best accoutred for besieging the thrones of emperors, and conquering such as, like himself, had been ministers at the altar of science. 'Hail to thee!' justly exclaimed Tertullian, apostrophising the professional robe in a similar instance, with an insight beyond his usually illiberal temper: 'a higher philosophy lurks under thy folds now that thou dost cover a Christian!'

Marcus Aurelius was closing the eyes on his wide realm, as the Catechist Pantænus, a Stoic like himself originally,

revived the Christian Academy at Alexandria, which was to be famous for a couple of centuries through its succession of professors. As a Bee of Sicily, so it was said of the new founder, he sucked honey in the meadows of the Apostles and Prophets, gathering for the souls of his pupils the sweet product of Divine knowledge. But the renown of the seminary,—a renown which has no rival in these early centuries,—properly began with his successor, known as Clemens Alexandrinus; who, a buoyant inquirer, roaming to all the seats of learning East and West for truth, as well after as before his conversion, was caught by the nourishing speech of Pantænus, the great Gnosticus, of whom he gives his sense in the above eulogium.

Clement, an Athenian, or brought up in Athens, cannot be called a martyr; although only by flight, in compliance with the Lord's injunction, did he escape being so under Severus. Many additional years' illustrious work seems to have been accomplished by him, when the storm of hail which swept across the harvest-field had spent itself.

In the School of Alexandria, clothed in a panoply furnished out of the spoils of heathenism, Clement presents even a rarer spectacle than Justin, as a convert of the rich and potent Faith of Jesus. To meet the exceptional exigences of such a city, the Catechist, conformably to his own mind and taste, devoted to the work of his post all his consummate resources; in order, for the glory of Christ, and the recovery of souls floating on all sides without God and without hope, to build up a science of revelation on the base of the catholic faith. If exegesis was often steeped by him in fanciful allegory; and gnosis, as it was called, or, a finished spiritual knowledge, sometimes received compliments liable to misapprehension; yet, what keeps the heart circling round Clement, he held faith to be the common root out of which grew all phases of Christian life; and, while prizing the

reality and blessedness of a simple piety, he sought, by a systematic statement, which branched in all directions, to meet the Greek, demanding a reason,—the Gnostic, craving an intuition,—the mind of a Speculatist, in want of a philosophic ground for assurance. In the consciousness of the many-sided Expositor, knowing and living were seen as practically one, because springing from the same stock, God's infinite grace in the Lord Jesus Christ,—the Logos of all time, as Justin Martyr had said before him,—and, in substance, bearing the same fruit unto eternity.

Clement was to Origen, his brilliant successor in the catechuminate, what Cimabue, in Florentine art, was to the small shepherd boy, Giotto, found by the painter on the fields of the Arno chalking outlines of the flock, and destined to surpass himself.

Origen, indeed, whatever fancies cling to his doctrinal history, is the most extraordinary character of his age, apt even to be idolised for his gifts and graces; and, in very youth, (for he was only seventeen at the time,) he seems to have fluttered like a moth round the persecution at Alexandria, attracted to the flames by an inexpressible fascination. A stratagem of his mother, concealing his clothes when he was bent on visiting his father Leonides, an incarcerated Christian, alone prevented him from falling a prey. It was, however, no caprice of a suckling, no raw zeal, that gave form to his actions. From the dawn of intelligence, the dominant passion of the boy, so congruous was his reason with revelation, fastened on the Holy Scriptures, perplexing, yet rejoicing, his father, by questions after their profounder senses. So deep was the reverence for him formed in his pious, and at length martyred, sire, that, as the child slept, stooping over him with thanks to God, the exulting parent would often kiss the uncovered breast of his son as a shrine of the Holy Ghost.

The splendour of Origen in biblical criticism, giving to the world a commentary on the whole volume of Scripture, the first example of the kind as well as the fountain of streams still flowing,—his Hexapla,—and his answer to Celsus, have fixed his fame in the proud pages of ecclesiastical history. But, for a soul thirsting after vital power, it is the fair life of the interpreter,—one of the very fairest fruits of Christian culture on record,—which draws and holds it as with bands of steel to the brilliant son of Leonides.

At the time when the parental fate was in suspense, and the Confessor, in prison, had yet a chance of life by equivocation, his son wrote words of passionate entreaty not to waver from motives of disquietude for the family. Mother, and brothers, seven in all, the case resembling Ferdinand's with the logs in the 'Tempest,' would, for love's sake, be found by him an easy burden to carry. As for his ministry in the Catechuminate, besides the children of the Church, hundreds of pagans, who, in various conditions of mind, were drawn to him, trooped to his prelections; but his lessons were without fees, for he counted his labours offerings to Christ. To meet personal wants in a way ridding him of all base solicitude, the teacher commuted some MSS. of value for a pension of four obols a day, a matter of about sixpence halfpenny. In order furthermore to obey the Lord's injunctions, literally, he sufficed himself with one coat; went without sandals; slept on the floor the few hours not devoted to work or prayer; almost renounced flesh as well as wine. In a moment of abnegation, even, tempted by the grievous misapprehension of a Divine sentence, yet done for the Kingdom of Heaven, he was led to foster hallowedness by a mutilation of himself regretted afterwards.

All was harmonious in the career of Origen; but, as he advanced, he ever waxed in the beauty of holiness, scattering blessings on the Church in a spirit of love and humility

as resplendent as his genius. Penetrated by the principle of vicarious sacrifice, such a man could not fail to breathe into his pupils a readiness for martyrdom. As one after another of the most conspicuous was condemned to death, the Teacher, at the risk of himself falling a victim, stood by them, not only sustaining their faith but making it to glow in the furnace. What mildness, blended with power, does he disclose, as, invited for his acquaintance with the labyrinths in which speculatists were prone to lose themselves, he assisted in a Council held against Beryllus, Bishop of Bostra in Arabia, who had unhappily gone astray into theological error! When others in the Synod had no resource but to pronounce judgment against the heretic, Origen, winding his way within the thoughts of the wanderer, brought him back to the fold, convinced, reclaimed. Far above ordinary social levels extended the influence of the great Catechist. Julia Mamæa, mother of Alexander Severus, besought him to come to Antioch for a religious conference; while a correspondence was opened with Philip, who assumed the purple in A.D. 244, an inquirer along with his wife. The close in the course of the Alexandrian most of all illustrates the grace of his life; for, banished from his native city for some of his opinions, and subjected to torture under Decius, from which he died at Tyre in his sixty-ninth year, he invoked only mercies on foes. If, in his speculations, he pushed the scope of the Redemption so far as to include with man the inhabitants of other stars, and Satan himself not excepted, it was his angelic love which dazzled him with the vision.

The great trio, now described,—Justin, Clement, Origen,—each, as he rose in the sky, sparkling brighter than the one before, richly represent the Eastern Apologists under the persecutions.

West, as well as East, has its noble Army of Martyrs, who, welcoming death for Christ's sake, have been raised to a

place in the constellations. But the Eastern Church has this advantage over other communions, that it includes in its area Jerusalem, where rose the Golgotha of the Redeemer, the Martyr of martyrs, along with Antioch, Smyrna, Ephesus, Alexandria, Constantinople, each a name of lustre. A unique stamp, moreover, belongs to its Martyrology, in that it has a progressive story from the blossoming season of the first age to the closing period of ripe years, when, as the last persecution, the fiercest of all, broke over the Empire under Diocletian, the high posts in the palace of Nicomedia were shared by Christians.

The Martyrs of the East must be glanced at in two or three familiar representative instances, not merely as they characterise the daily religious life of the Church, but as, without some feeling of the storm, the peace introduced by Constantine will as hitherto be only a bone of contention.

The earliest stage, the stage of childlike piety, opens its red list under Trajan in the beginning of the second century, with Simeon, the aged Bishop of Jerusalem, successor to James the Just, and like him kinsman to the Lord. The name will fall on many an ear as an unknown one; yet a hundred and twenty summers, according to the chronicle of Hegesippus, clothed his poor old body, enabling him to oversee the space between the Nativity of Christ and the departure of the last Apostle. At length, denounced as a descendant of David, when the connexion was politically dangerous, the saint, after tortures which were borne to the astonishment, almost the consternation, of the examining president, breathed out on the cross the fading remnant of life.

It was in the same reign, that, by the medium of the younger Pliny, Proconsul of Bithynia, the world at its best, it may be said, first looked deliberately into the Church's ways; and now that eighteen centuries have sharpened

human wits, the assurance still remains that, high as heaven floats above the earth, a society with bondsfolk among its members, as the Christian fellowship of the time comes to light, surpassed their pagan rulers. The candid soul of the Governor, who was the model gentleman of the day, shines in the letter to his master, asking how to deal with the anomalous body named after the Galilean. Trajan, answering from his more exalted sphere, shows himself, to say the least, worthy of his polished servant. Tacitus, a friend of Pliny as well as the picturesque historian of degenerate Rome, had already heaped up terms of bitter contumely on the Christians; but, on examination of some recreants, forced like Balaam in their own despite to speak the truth,—a pair of female slaves, deaconesses, examined under torture confirming the testimony,—the administrator of imperial law avowed that he found in the community nothing to blame except an obstinate aversion to common usages.

What a picture it is, which offers itself through a few official sentences! The disciples (so runs the evidence taken down equally from apostate and faithful lips) met for worship on a fixed day before dawn; a hymn to Christ as a god, an allusion how touching! was sung on foot by the assembly,—the joyous and chastened voices, in responsive bands, being stimulated by the harp, or, at times, by the gay, inspiring fife; and, after separation till evening, the company came together again, when all shared in the Agapæ, followed by the Holy Communion. Theft, it was added, adultery, breach of promise, and refusal to restore deposits, were abjured by them with a sacramental oath, refuting the calumnies which ascribed flagitious crimes to the community.

The Church, in the assize opened by the Proconsul of Bithynia, is beheld as a ship in a storm, the favourite symbol, later, with the refugees of the Catacombs. The sails, in one

of the early designs, are furled, to give as little purchase as possible to the fury of elemental passion, but the sacred banner streams in the tempest; and, while alas! a castaway with outstretched hands vainly grasping at aid sinks in the engulphing wave, the simple Christian, safe aboard as the fierce billows sweep around him, welcomes immortality from the Saviour, who stoops from the clouds with an unfading wreath. The storm of persecution had, indeed, tumultuously gathered against the Church of Asia Minor; for, as Pliny himself affirms, the rabble interested in maintaining the popular worship, along with its games and festivals, raged at seeing their amusements out of vogue. The increase of all ranks on the side of the Christian Hope, not in towns only but in villages and country districts, was such that grass grew in the deserted temple courts, sacrificial animals were scarcely asked for, and the commerce of the province had visibly forsaken its old channels. As a consequence angry delators hurried inoffensive congregations before the Tribunal; and, constrained to act under the law which forbade an illicit religion, the Proconsul had already condemned numbers to capital punishment. The fair mind of the Roman magistrate, however, fatigued and revolted by the necessity of executing people who had no fault except their religion, begged to know of the Emperor what policy was to be adopted. Was the simple profession of Christianity to involve the forfeit of life? Must the young jostle hardy confessors in the crowd without any allowance for tenderness of age? If one who had avowed his connexion with the unacknowledged sect now offered incense before the imperial image, might he not be accorded pardon? The rescript, in reply, put a large discretion in the hands of Governors; but, without formally tolerating the obnoxious society, the Magistrate was, so to say, to look through his fingers on it; Christians were not to be sought

out, nor were they to be accepted before the court unless they forced themselves on it. Informers, on the other hand, were to be listened to at the hazard of banishment, if their proof broke down.

Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, sparkling on the forehead of the Eastern Church, now rises to view in the same reign. The martyr, in ecclesiastical reckoning, is one of the Apostolic Fathers, and rightly; for, long after Christ had suffered, when His gracious and Divine Form was withdrawn to give place to the Comforter, the Saint, so Jerome says, was a 'disciple' of the Evangelist John. As such, besides imbibing his doctrine and example, the pupil often doubtless marked the eyes of the Apostle, his voice, the turns of his expression; and bore away engraved on the heart each corporeal token, everything, in short, which could distinguish a revered and inspired teacher from others. Ignatius, for that reason, would be for his generation a living portrait of him. But it is not the soft element of the Apostle, coming out as he leaned on the bosom of the Saviour, that animated the Martyr. The martyr, in the presence of Trajan before whom he was called to answer for himself, brings chiefly to remembrance the fiery Boanerges, although he wielded his sword of flame with a zeal tempered by simplicity.

At the time of the summons, the Emperor was probably engaged at Antioch preparing for the campaign against Chosroes, the king of Parthia. It may have been that Trajan entered the luxurious city, not borne in a litter like most Romans of rank, but going on foot with the same sober dignity as was his wont—the lictors walking before, his guards surrounding him. High through personal qualities, —a spirit of rectitude and love for the public welfare penetrating his whole government,—the insignia of his station would augment the effect of everything else. Legionaries submissive to his orders swarmed on the streets; as Chief

Magistrate, he would preside in his curule chair robed in the *toga prætexta*, the purple-edged cloak of senatorial arbiters; but Pontifex Maximus by office, to say nothing of other supreme functions, Trajan, in sisting before him the Bishop of an aggressive religion, must have felt it his peculiar task to defend the worship of the State. It is likely, however, that he who, in the Bithynian correspondence, had shown such honest interest in the question of the Christians, would hail the present opportunity of having face to face with himself the most eminent man among them in the city.

But chafed by the confidence of the culprit, who treated the gods of his judge as fictions, the Pontifex Maximus, according to Maurice's rendering of *κακοδαίμων*, flung the epithet of poor devil at the head of the Bishop. At this moment the face of Trajan, so noble usually in firmness, uprightness, dignity of expression as his busts and coins of the reign prove, must, under the distortion of passion, have forfeited its beauty. The balance being lost, the prince floundered into a defence of his dying divinities, more befitting some priest alarmed for his crust of bread than a magnanimous emperor. The defendant, on his part, so ingenuous yet brave, so devoid of ordinary ambition while aspiring to a crown of martyrdom, so absorbed in his testimony as to seem in the eyes of courtly bystanders not to belong to this world, far from being crestfallen, caught up the ball thrown by the monarch and kicked it home to the barrier.

'The man who carries God in his heart,'—a Theophorus, as he said, (such was the sum of the Bishop's answer, signifying by God, Christ crucified,) 'can be no devil, for devils flee from the Divine servitors.'

Following out the argument, the Confessor seems to have closed his thoughts against all personages of the Church: the dearest of the Apostles, his own St. John as well; St.

Paul also, stored with holy things new and old; even St. Peter, whom rival local tradition pointed out as his predecessor in the see of Antioch. One, throned above all principalities and powers yet penetrating every fibre of his being, Jesus, the upholder of Stephen as the angelic Deacon led off the dance of the Martyrs, stood alone before his eyes.

To the lions of the Colosseum at Rome the venerable Ignatius, cumbered with chains, was hurried off, in order to be in time for the popular entertainments of the Saturnalia. But a wide circuit of journey thither was appointed, the hope being that a sight of him in bonds at various centres of Christian life might everywhere inspire a deterring dread. The effect was the contrary; for the passage of the Witness was in all places a triumph. A shower of rain it was to parched ground,—to Smyrna, Philippi, and other cities on the route, refreshing such souls as already professed the Faith, and causing new shoots to spring in many a heart. Martyrdom was a cup thirsted for by the aged and worn bishop, afraid lest he might die before it touched his lips, or that the fervour of disciples might by petition succeed in getting it countermanded. In the ecstasy of his soul he even threatened the Roman Christians, were any attempt made by them for his rescue, to provoke the lions. A few of the harder and larger bones were all of him that the ravenous beasts left to love for interment.

One other name, that of Polycarp Bishop of Smyrna, linked with Ignatius's (for the martyrs met and embraced, while the condemned bishop of Antioch was on his way to Rome, and both were disciples of St. John,) comes up in the present connexion, although the Smyrniote overseer obtained his crown fifty years later. But why dwell on one, the simple mention of whom strikes a responsive chord in all, West as well as East, and not less now than when fresh

from the sacrifice his own Church, at once sorrowing and glorying, inscribed in imperishable characters the record of his sufferings? Life consecrated to the Lord whose he was, it was felt by him, should, in accordance with the example of Jesus, not be boastfully jeoparded, a tendency of his friend the Bishop of Antioch. Hence he withdrew to one villa after another from the mob which panted to put out the lamp shining wide around in Asia Minor. But, seen in his flight by the public officers, with what saintly dignity, exclaiming, *The Will of the Lord be done!* does he descend from his refuge in an upper chamber, bidding his captors to dinner, while he begged for himself an hour's devotional retreat! Met by the Irenarch, or chief of Police, who would fain have saved him, he accepted, blandly, as a Christian gentleman, the offer of a seat in the executive's carriage; when, cast out on the road for refusing impossible concessions, the Confessor limped on, maimed, without a reproach, without a murmur! Fair it is to find him asking not to be nailed to the stake as the flames were about to burst around him, unwishful of pain for pain's sake, though ready for the Lord's to suffer any death appointed to him. Like Pontius Pilate with his Divine Victim, the Proconsul, on this occasion, as the Christian bishop was led within the arena, was anxious not less than the Irenarch to let him off. But the terms of release, slight as they seemed to the imposer,—a word of blasphemy against Christ, or even an acknowledgment of the Emperor as rival Lord of the Conscience, weighed heavier for the apostolic man than all forms of martyrdom together. '*Eighty and six years I have been a servant to the Saviour*,' so ran his answer, words echoed from age to age; '*nor has He ever done me harm. Why expect of me to curse my King, my Saviour?*' As the arms of the Saint were bound, '*O Lord God Almighty*,' was his exclamation, '*the Father of Thy well-beloved and ever-blessed Son*

Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the knowledge of Thee; the God of angels, powers, and every creature, and of all the generation of the Righteous who live before Thee: I give thanks that Thou hast graciously thought me worthy of this day and this hour, so that I may receive a portion with Thy Martyrs and drink of Christ's cup for the resurrection to eternal life, both of body and soul, in the incorruptibleness of the Holy Spirit; among which witnesses may I now be admitted as an acceptable offering. For this and for all things I bless Thee; I glorify Thee, with the eternal and heavenly Jesus Christ, Thy beloved Son; to whom, with Thee and the Holy Spirit, be glory now and in the ages to come! Amen!'

Far as Gaul lies towards sunset, the Church of Lyons and Vienne on the Rhone, by origin and communion belonging to the Eastern Church rather than to the Western, may be called up for a moment. In the bright patterns of suffering for Christ's sake offered by it, it is not the nonagenarian bishop, Pothinus, its founder, that needs notice, although he firmly passed on the torch transmitted by Ignatius and Polycarp; nor yet the eloquent Epagothus, 'ready,' as says the record of the time, 'to follow the Lamb whithersoever He would go'; nor Sanctus, the deacon, replying only to all questions of designation, race, birthplace, 'I am a Christian!'; nor Maturus, a recent convert, but acknowledged a brilliant champion of the Faith; nor Atalus, the Phrygian, called a pillar of the Church. One, of whom least was expected, who, last, became first, Blandina, a bondwoman, stands forth from the cluster aureoled with so sweet a blaze of glory, that the Christian annalist, from the period downwards, has naturally grouped the scene around her.

As to this illustrious witness, the whole community, her martyred mistress as well, trembled lest the sordid condition of slave might enervate her faith, so that like a 'reed shaken by the wind' she should waver or even snap in the storm.

But she who was feared to turn out weakest, proved strongest; nay, in the judgment of the tormentors plying through a long day their horrible work in relays, one of the tortures was sufficient to have overcome ordinary forces. Still, as at intervals between anguish and anguish, the grand confession, 'I am a Christian! no wickedness is done among us!' was uttered by her, it was for the Saint rest, refreshment, restoration. In the arena, afterwards, while beasts of prey prowled around,—shying her, however, as it happened,—prayer, distilling from her lips, inspired other sufferers with holy joy under the lacerations of the animals let loose upon them. The last of the gladiatorial shows brought the day of her death,—her birthday, as the passage to heaven through the gate of martyrdom was reckoned; when, cast into a net, as she was fortifying an amiable youth Ponticus, she was tossed by a bull, the thrust of a sword being none the less needed to extinguish what sparkle of life still flickered in the socket. The broad, deep flood of the Rhone bore off in its bosom the ashes of the martyrs,—the burnt fragments of their bodies left over from the banquet of dogs,—which were cast in by their executioners with the vain fancy that thereby the resurrection became impossible!

But before Constantine appeared on the scene, the tempest under Diocletian, the last but the most terrible of the persecutions, broke over the Church; a trial which, successfully passed through, casts a yet stronger light on the claims of early Christendom to veneration. The importance of this final ordeal, apart from the triumph of the Church, arises from its main haunt having been in the imperial palace itself, where the members of the family took various sides; while it covered the whole realm, although its action from beginning to end lay chiefly in the East.

At this moment—the spring of the year A.D. 303—the

Church was basking in the very sunshine of the imperial countenance. Disciples of Christ, as already said, filled some of the highest offices round the person of Diocletian at Nicomedia, as well as everywhere thronged the army and the courts of justice. Nay, Prisca, the wife of Diocletian, and Valeria his daughter, it seems, were Christians, believed to have covertly participated of the sacramental mysteries. The Church, indeed, in one of those providential reigns which ever adjusted the scales when in the world's eyes and even those of some of her own sons she was ready to kick the beam, had fifty years earlier, under the auspices of the soft sybarite Gallienus, become a *religio licita:* a religion recognised by the State. Sooner still, sovereigns like Philip the Arabian, and, before him, Alexander Severus, gilding by their grave behaviour the throne into which they were lifted, were fondly looked to for the legitimation of Christianity. As it was, however, the march, during this last half century, was forward, ever more rapidly. The bishops of the great cities appeared publicly in their vestments; churches, visibly such, rose all around, rivals to the pagan fanes; converts flocked from the heathen ranks in such numbers as constantly to demand more and more consideration for the community; when, too late, it stared the authorities and pagan hierarchy in the face, that, with deserted temples, although the altars still smoked with victims, the hour was come either to go to the wall before the buoyant life of the Christians, or by a joint effort annihilate the body which showed every sign of being able to dispose of the empire as its own.

To one man especially, Hierocles a Pythagorean, on watch from his aery in the councils of the emperors, the sombre situation of Polytheism was an object which agitated his whole being. As it happened this hierophant of the ancient faith was Governor of Bithynia, the province which included

Nicomedia; but, fond as he was of place, which served to gratify his vices, all seemed prized by him for its help to the extinction of the hated Christians, on whom, at an arranged moment, he pounced, fixing beak and talons in their quivering flesh.

Philosophy, it must be called to mind, which, in the first century, despising the popular worship, amused itself with the absurd poetical exploits of the gods, had, by the time of Diocletian, under the stimulus of Christianity as well as from dislike to it, so far changed front as to strike up an alliance with Polytheism. The doctrine of One Supreme Being, ever proclaimed by the Church as St. Paul did on his visit to Athens, finding an echo in Platonism, was adopted by Celsus from the ancient arsenal as a cover under which the vulgar deities might stand unimpeached. But while this association was meant to rally in a common battle with Christianity old foes, reeling on the field or in flight from it, Apollonius of Tyana,—a character clothed by his votaries with many fabulous attributes,—was pushed to the front, as a philosophic hero capable of rivalling the Saviour. Apollonius, it chanced, had been born a contemporary of the Lord, although this partisan of the pagan host outlived the Crucifixion by three-quarters of a century. What aided the Minister of Diocletian, who caught up the scarecrow of Tyana as a watchword in the persecution, a germ or two of extraordinary feats done by the wandering philosopher served as a basis for a farrago of supposititious miracles, which might look as good from a distance as the blessed Nazarene's. By use of this semi-imaginary being, thrust forth in opposition to Jesus, who, in a fraudulent treatise of the Governor, was portrayed as a bandit, it was hoped to take the wind out of the Christian sails, at once making faint the hearts of believers and keeping heathens from desertion. The sword besides, as well as the tongue in the Council Chamber, was employed for his crusade,

plunged up to the hilt in the blood of the martyrs; and Lactantius has branded him as the inciter to the outbreak.

Of the Emperors—for the period of a joint rule had already set in,—Diocletian, the senior, from whom came the others, has had his name affixed to this persecution, and in the popular eye it is his laurels chiefly which loom through the ages bespattered with the gore shed during the ten years of its duration. But Diocletian, in fact, moderated the carnage rather than proposed or urged it forward. No common man, indeed, could he have been who now crowned the edifice of the State, holding back his cruel, turbulent colleagues from civil war as long as the reins were in his hands. Of slavish birth, passing through every grade of public service with distinction, until, on the plain of Chalcedon, the voice of the army called him to the throne, he transformed the government from the phantom of senate and people into the regal, without shocking prejudice; withdrew its seat to the East; and, while personally ever in view, hedged round his dignity by fit ceremonies. An oriental monarch in outward fashion, he yet preserved the heart of childhood; and when he voluntarily retired to Salona, on the Illyrian coast, preferring the cultivation of his cabbages to a throne (as he informed his old colleague Maximian), it is touching to find the liberated emperor taking back the designation of his boyhood. Docles, as he was first called, a name derived from his mother's village, had been evolved into Diocles, and, at length, as he put on the diadem, into Diocletianus. Stripping off the title of Majesty along with the cares of it, the disrobed Emperor became once more Diocles, possibly among his favourites in happier moments assuming the yet earlier rudiment.

As to his attitude towards Christianity, it is a problem offering small material for solution, but one of great, even pathetic interest.

At the moment of associating Maximian with himself, which was seventeen years before the persecution, Diocletian has been thought to have signified a bias for the old cult in the assumption of the surname of Jove, and bestowal of that of Hercules on his rough and ready colleague; yet the characters of the Augusti were remarkably resemblant to the popular notions of their mythic prototypes. If anything is more distinct on the point, it is his appeal to the Sun, as witness, on the field of Chalcedon, when called to assert his innocence of his predecessor's death. The summons of the luminary may have been nothing more than a theatrical stroke. Yet it is probable that the Emperor shared in the latest development of pagan belief, just as it was about to receive its mortal blow; for, in his effort to retard, or at least give a bloodless character to the assault on Christianity, he asked advice on the case at the oracle of Apollo. At the same time, the chamberlains of his palace, in closest contact with him, were believers, about to be martyrs; and his own wife, as well as noble daughter, already alluded to, are embalmed in history as on the side of the Church.

Galerius it was, the eastern Cæsar, and husband of Valeria, who thrust the blazing torch into the harvest. In a private conference with his father-in-law Diocletian, which subsequently took a general character, it was urged by the ferocious Cæsar that all who would not sacrifice should be burned; a counsel which, gathering heat from his relative's dislike to sanction death, flamed in his mouth like live coals. It was only as, under Providence, eight years after the commencement of his war with the Christian cause, worms bred by his lust began to eat him up alive, that he humbled himself before the sufferers; and, by an edict which confessed the failure to root them out, besought their prayers, as well as restored their ravished liberties and churches.

But, behind Galerius, hounding him on with a passion

impossible to measure, stood a form, resembling the hag at the Gates of Hell that claimed Satan for relation:

> ' . . . woman to the waist, . . .
> But ending foul in many a scaly fold.'

It was the Mother of the Emperor, a peasant by origin, a fanatical devotee of Cybele, crazed with the clang and monstrous rites of the goddess. What seems to have galled the Fury, was not so much that the rising party held dignified posts at court, even crossing her own path within the bosom of the family; it was rather that the Christians were connived at, or warranted in express terms to absent themselves from the sacrifices. To bend or break into her own gross worship those traversing her wishes, busy, zealous, proselytising, became with her a raging mania, which she communicated to her son, already holding the maternal fire in his veins. The pomp and feuds of ambitious prelates, deplored by the body of the Church, were proofs to her of the prosperity, the encroaching power of the foe. The Cathedral at Nicomedia stood elevated on a knoll in the midst of the city, dwarfing the palatial buildings. The Bishop, if not on a level with the Pontifex Maximus, was going out and in, an accepted guest at the imperial mansion, the pastor of some of its august inmates. As one after another of the princely circle became cold towards the ancient worship, or passed openly to the opposite camp, the mother of the Cæsar felt like a tigress robbed of her cubs, and she sought by any means to turn the tide. A tumult of sacrifices was almost daily ordered by her, accompanied by a banquet at which the occupants of the palace were forced to give their presence. Obviously, however, the proceeding arose not chiefly from devotion on her part; but with a stern and consuming purpose, which held every faculty in its bonds, to bring the upper members of the household, her daughter-in-law most of all, to a crucial test.

The Persecution, long anticipated with awe by the Christian flock throughout the Empire, now came in like a wave formed far behind on mid-ocean, which, as it rolls forwards, at length leaps with a crash on every shore.

It was before the Gate of the Cathedral that the presence of the swell was first felt; where, on the day of the Terminalia, the Prefect and other functionaries stood at dawn to raze it to its foundations. The doors being forced, the pagans, stimulated by curiosity as well as zeal, at once dispersed within in quest of an effigy of the Christians' God. To their astonishment it seems, scarcely less, possibly, than to the officers of Pompey when the Roman General penetrated the Holy of Holies, an altar was there, with the sacred books upon it, but the Deity was invisible. The hallowed scrolls, most detested of all by the philosophic opponents for their inscrutable power over disciples, were burnt with ignominy; while, in the general devastation, as at the sacking of a town, every object of value within the spacious edifice, including cups, lamps, and other vessels of the precious metals, was snatched up by the prowling soldiery. Galerius, who feasted on the scene from the adjoining palace, proposed, in order to glut his salamandrine appetite, that the fane should be given a prey to the flames; but his shrewder colleague, fearing lest the palace, by its contiguity, should also be devoured by the avaricious element, condemned it to the pickaxe. The pioneers of the guard, before the sun hung in the zenith, had made of the sanctuary a pile of rubbish.

To abolish the Christian name, according to a succession of edicts which followed this prophetic inauguration, the churches over the Empire, as soon as the Scriptures had been consumed, were levelled with the ground. Next, every order of ecclesiastics, bishops, presbyters, deacons, down to readers, exorcists, and others on the lowest steps of office, incarcerated, choked the common prisons by their numbers.

At length, besides the forfeit of rank, property, privileges, for those who had them, along with an incapacity to be free for the slave, and a reduction again to bondage of freedmen, torture mangled the frames of such as refused to offer sacrifice. Finally, Death itself, far from sparing the most favoured, seeking them rather in the first instance as passages for its fierce lightning bolts, came into play; and, while the head of Anthemius, Bishop of Nicomedia, was struck from his shoulders, Dorotheus, Gorgonius and Andreas, lofty in office within the palace, also suffered martyrdom for the faith which they prized above life itself. On the wide area of the persecutions, the ordeal took all forms. Rods, thongs, clubs, in mild cases, were wielded against the bare body. In others, the rack disjointed the bones, or pincers twitched the cheek, stomach, knee, and other sensitive parts. In certain instances, shells served the executioners mortally to scrape, or slow fires to consume their victims (the latter means taking off the Christian who boldly tore down the edict issued on the morning after the reduction of the metropolitan church); or, roped to the branches of trees bent together and allowed to spring back, the limbs were wrenched asunder. To complete the variety, the sea received some of the witnesses, flung in with stones about their necks, or sunk lashed in a body to a plank, women of birth occasionally drowning themselves to escape a worse lot. Probably the frescoes of San Stefano Rotondo, the quaint circular church dedicated to the protomartyr at Rome, do not exhibit many methods of martyrdom which were not now used somewhere throughout the Empire.

At such an hour it was, that Constantine appeared; and called like Cyrus to the Saviour's service, with as yet a dim sense only of the majestic scope of his mission, the Voice of the Master, controlling the billows which tossed the bark of the Church, was heard through him. As the foot hangs about the Emperor's triumphal arch in Rome, what a throb the

heart gives at the sight of the words, 'Fundatori Quietis,' cut in the marble of the central vault! The eye, wandering over the façade, had perchance been troubled with the barbarous mixture of sculptures, chronicling together the acts of men separated by centuries. The noble memory of Trajan, who has right to the best of the pictorial slabs, as well as can alone claim the Dacian captives on the columns, may have for a moment pushed Constantine into the background. But, the inscription come upon, how does all else vanish, crowded out by one single thought, the blessedness of that revolution won for the world through the victory over Maxentius! The decrees afterwards announced by the conqueror, carrying one, and another, and another, a softer balm to the spirit, exhibit the splendour of his function as the Liberator of the Church. Under the edict of Milan, the great Charter of Toleration as Gibbon calls it, the prisons, the mines, vomited forth their Christian victims, who formed themselves in festal procession, chains off, joy bursting into hymns of praise, and bishops again meeting their flocks in solemn embraces! Sunday, by another edict, was enjoined to be kept as a general holiday. Crucifixion, as a punishment, was made to cease, in order to banish its cruelty, but yet more to impart a singular sense to the sufferings of the Lord for man. Facilities for the emancipation of slaves were brought into operation. If Paganism was not formally abolished, its savage and abominable rites were prohibited. Infanticide, games of gladiatorship, and similar horrors, were all put under the ban.

CHAPTER IV.

CONSTANTINE AND THE CIVIL ESTABLISHMENT OF THE GREEK CHURCH, WITH SOMETHING ON THE SEVEN COUNCILS.

Constantine the Great.—Idea of a New Rome.—Foundation of Constantinople.—Remains of the Ancient City.—The Burnt Pillar and its Significance.—Vision of Constantine.—The Emperor as Preacher.—Nicæa, and the First Œcumenical Council.—Roll of the Gospels enthroned.—Constantine's Appearance and Sentiments.—Arius.—Athanasius.—Bishops and Confessors.—Victory of Orthodoxy.—The Seven Councils.—Immobility of the Greek Church.

AT the beginning of the fourth century, one arose in the imperial ranks, who, although a very mixed specimen of Christianity, rivets attention by the extraordinary *rôle* which Providence imposed on him in the peace and settlement of the Church.

Constantine the Great,—for, of course, he it is who is referred to,—towers like a cone of basalt amidst the agitations of his day, stamping his image on everything, while criticism, wave after wave, has broken on him without sensibly diminishing the impression of his historical importance. The Charlemagne of the East, in his ecclesiastical ascendency, he is also remarkable for the city which he founded, fitly baptized with his name. Remembering how Pagan Rome, like the Old Man of Sindbad, coiled itself about the neck of its Christian Successor, be all hail that Constantine, shaking from his feet the dust of the Seven Hills in the West, created eastward a capital, in which the Religion of Jesus

prevented any marked deviation of feature from its own spirit.

The idea of a New Rome, as Constantinople was first called,—a metropolis expressive of the Faith under the ægis of which one formidable foe had succumbed after another,—seems to have long flitted before the Emperor. Probably it did so from the time of his triumph over Maxentius. But, at Rome, on the Ides of July, in the year of our Lord 326, a short while prior to the site being marked off, the conception grew into a burning purpose, the accomplishment of which reduced the old capital for centuries to the head of a simple province, as well as raised in the new an enduring rival to it. On that day, embalmed by Chrysostom in one of his orations, Constantine stood before his palace, tossing gibes at the Knights who defiled past to the Forum for the celebration of the Battle of the Lake Regillus. The usual offerings were suffered to be ostentatiously made in honour of Castor and Pollux, the equestrian twins supposed to have fought for the Romans; but the Emperor, faithful to the Labarum under which all his decisive victories had been won, contemptuously forbore to take any part in the farce. A vexed votary of the ceremonies threw a stone at one of his statues, an incident which drew from the sovereign, dashing his hand across his face, smiling, only the caustic sentence: '*Odd enough! I feel no way hurt!*' The temper of the citizens, however, and the pomp of heathenism which still trivially vaunted itself on the streets, made him in disgust turn his back on the city, and, along with more material reasons, hastened the fulfilment of his vow to build a capital for himself.

The Christian origin of Constantinople so strikes a sojourner by the Golden Horn, that, if he take any account of his experience, he will often revert afterwards to its story, when a fresh era for the Church burst into flower.

The City of Constantine at the present day, indeed, not less in its civil than in its ecclesiastical aspect, is disappointing by the paucity of monuments traceable to its prime. A smoked and truncated column, a pedestal of twisted snakes in bronze and some other relics on the place of the memorable chariot races, a subterranean cluster of pillars, a few arches: such is almost all now found of the squares, porticoes, bazaars, theatres, hippodromes, along with forums and basilicas, which were summoned into being at its foundation. Yet, in the metropolis on the Bosphorus, if what lies over of the ancient city seems only a heap or two of refuse carelessly left by its conquerors on the wayside, the amphitheatre of hills on which it rose still basks in the sun; and as a pilgrim lingers by the crumbling bulwark of walls which in three courses girds, without protecting, Constantinople, the scene fills his fancy, when Constantine, the whole mighty empire at peace under his sole dominion, measured off the ground which should become famous for ever. The march for the purpose would have been a sight without parallel, even had no special spiritual motive given colour and direction to it. Constantine the Great! What an object for his courtiers, as, awed and astonished, they accompanied him on the occasion: tall, broad-shouldered, majestic in the consciousness of carrying out an epochal aim which had slowly matured itself within him, with the gleam,—the glare, it is said,—of a lion in his gaze! But, as he stalked gravely on, the cross-headed spear which he clasped pricking the track with every pace, an inspiration of yet higher import glowed in his eyes; and when his suite, weary with the length of the course, hinted that enough space for any capital was now gone over, the mysterious response dropped like admonishing thunder from his lips: 'I will follow Him who walks before me, until He stop!' To adoring observers, it might have seemed that the atmosphere about his noble person was brighter than

common, a moving aureole of light which marked him off from others.

If a student now keeps Constantine in view: examining his religious position; and, before losing sight of him, the part which his personal ministry performed in giving a constitution to the Eastern Church;—the character of that Church, already brought out in its living features of to-day, may be better appreciated.

As the tramcar, winding by St. Sophia, slowly mounts the second hill of Stambul, a monument breaks on the eye, which obliterates the sense of all around for a moment.

It is the Burnt Pillar, as it is called, the browned remains of the huge porphyry column, a hundred and twenty feet high, which Constantine erected in the principal forum, where once had waved his banners at the siege of Byzantium. The cylinders of ruddy granite composing it, girdled at their joints by bronze wreaths of bay, astonish with their circumference, and suggest a period when giants wrought among men. But the image crowning it conferred on it its chief interest; for, through its colossal form, the Emperor was presented, blending in himself the ideas that struggled together in the controversy between Christianity and paganism. The statue was originally of Apollo, ravished from some heathen temple; but, although the head had been changed, it beamed with the rays of the oriental Sun-god, furnished out of the nails of the Cross assumed to have been recovered by Helena. The left hand held a sceptre, the right a globe, symbols of the power and extent of that authority which governed the empire.

At an early period, probably before leaving the East for Britain, the great son of Constantius Chlorus had, like Diocletian, somehow been smitten with a passion for the God of Light, the noblest pagan type of deity. The emblem, after his conversion, seems still to have lingered by him, with a

trail of the glory that attached to it in its original connexion; or it may have changed for him into an image of the Sun of righteousness; or, a third possibility, it presented both in one. The statue of the porphyry column, in any case, with its incongruity of elements, its mixture of old and new sentiment, exactly expressed the amalgam of imperial belief; and without implying any incertitude of personal faith on the part of Constantine, the radiant visage was certainly meant to exhibit a paternal tolerance for all his subjects. But, as his people, whether of the growing creed or the decaying, gazed on the effigy, its ambiguity agitated opposing partisans with doubts, a state of mind which has perpetuated itself to modern times. As if still further to suggest the complexity of his faith, the coins of the empire, having the initials of Christ's blessed Name on one side with the title of Sol Invictus on the other, spread the same impression from the capital to the provinces.

The date of Constantine's conversion has been fixed, or left unfixed, from his own day downwards, mostly according to the temperament, or the ecclesiastical bias of historians. But, removed beyond ken though the fact is, in any exactitude, it is obvious that what accompanied the battle of the Milvian Bridge implied the beginning of a religious revolution in his mind at that crisis.

The famous Vision, related with confirmative oath years afterwards by the Emperor to his friend and spiritual adviser Eusebius of Cæsarea, does not seem to have had much of a material basis; yet, what is far more important than any exceptional solar apparition, or even miracle, is the action of the narrator's own spirit in the incident. Along with the cool, politic, resolute faculty which formed his prominent characteristic, an Asiatic ecstasy, resembling Cromwell's, lay in his nature, bursting now and then into flame. In a man of this complexion, with the whole course of life and his own

stake in it trembling at the time in the balance, what more probable than that as, at noon, on his way to meet Maxentius, —his heart lifted up in prayer, according to his own averment,—a Cross, or what wore the look of one, should start forth against the heavens, and out of the floating mists words should be fashioned, penetrating him through and through: *Ἐν τούτῳ Νίκα!* A vision, like a dream, however it come up, has its laws within the seer; nor is any physical cause more than the husk. The engagement in which the fugitive sovereign sank in the mire of the Tiber, was fought with the Cross blazing for the first time on the helmets and shields of the victors. The Labarum, seen by Constantine in the Saviour's hand, and which was a tall pike, holding on its summit a wreath of gold, with the monogram of Christ as a cross inside of it, took the post of the Eagle; a broidered silken banner, on a transverse rod, below, exhibiting the imperial family as votaries. The entry into Rome, which at once yielded to the conqueror, was signalised by the erection of an imperial statue, the long lance in the right hand having conspicuously the Cross on its top, an inscription announcing that it was through the grace of the symbol victory had been achieved. From this epoch onwards, amidst an occasional caprice and some tragic domestic acts, Constantine moved on the lines of his adoption; when, before the closure of his eyes, robed in white, a candidate for baptism, the waters of the sacred font, if they did nothing else for him, removed all dubiety from the long profession of his life.

But the personal ministry of Constantine in the ecclesiastical system of the East calls for a moment's consideration.

Under guise of Preacher, the Emperor, with all the play of light and shadow flowing from his assumed office, offers a phenomenon of transcendent interest, whether he himself be regarded, or his ministry for its influence on his subjects. A layman, not yet belonging to the provisional rank of a

Catechumen, still less a member of the Church admitted through the door of Baptism, the conqueror of Maxentius overleaped all bounds; and, standing within the circle of the Christian mysteries, which lay ordinarily beyond such as had not been bathed in the sacramental flood, opened his mouth in parable. It is a rich and precious spectacle, anticipating the feature of modern times, when converted lords as well as tapsters, and hundreds of every class, not abating the value of Holy Orders, are prompted by an inspiration of Divine Love to tell what God has done for their souls. Every spot serves for a pulpit: the stage even; the circus; the amphitheatre; the hillside; the shores of the sea. The seal of Heaven is on the practice; for Moses himself, the Prophet, longed to find the camp of the Israelites resounding to the voices of others, how distasteful soever to the formalists of the hour; while a Greater than he, the Prophet of prophets, rebuked the narrow spirit of His Apostles, who eyed askance some setting forth His Salvation, though not walking in their own band. The harangues of Constantine, steeped in the free, broad spirit of practical life, carefully meditated, and delivered in a manner weighty and moving in turns, fascinated the crowds who resorted to the Palace at his invitation, bishops themselves glad to sit at his feet. The absurdity and viciousness of Polytheism; the Hand of God in the affairs of the World; above all, Redemption, the Judgment Day: such were some of the topics. Passages of the discourses often awakened the applause of the audience, who were only brought to silence by the imperial Speaker pointing upwards. It is easy to represent the man in the light of an actor, or give to vanity and policy a predominant share in his motives; but, on this side of his character, be he the least in the Kingdom of Heaven, what a flight does he take above Commodus, whose hobby it was to be the Corypheus of gladiators; or Nero, the winner of an Olympic wreath; or even Marcus Aurelius, who,

in his campaigns by the Danube, filled up moments of leisure with writing the finest sentences of Stoic Philosophy, and yet stirred the fires of persecution against the Christians whose contempt of death had angered him into antipathy! At the thought of Constantine giving his personal help in the propagation of the Gospel, the memory calls up Josiah of Israel enforcing the Law on the people as he cleared away the idols of his kingdom, and, with yet tenderer force, the Anglo-Saxon Prince Oswald, who, with Aidan, his missionary from Iona, acted as interpreter and evangelist to his pagan subjects of the Northumbrias.

At this point a phase of pre-eminent consequence for its effects, shows itself in the Emperor's ecclesiastical relations: the authority assumed of calling Councils, and the rivalry which his position as the visible head of the Church in the East introduced between the Greek and the Latin Churches, the latter of them setting up the Pope in the West.

As an explorer of Constantinople ascends the Tower of Galata, the prospect, below, might easily confine the eye to itself by its strange oriental fascination. But, at length, turning from the waters of the Golden Horn and the crowded hills on either side, the glance may haply sweep away to the Mysian Olympus, which soars with its crown of snow beyond the cypresses of Scutari. For, as well as the attraction of its natural mountain beauty, at its base lies Nicæa renowned for its Council, and the lake Ascanius, which, linking the town with the Sea of Marmora, brought to its gates some of the bishops who sat in the assembly.

The most phlegmatic temper, assuredly, do what it may, cannot escape the contagión of the first Œcumenical Council, the Council of Nicæa, which met under the presidentship of Constantine in the year of the Lord 325. The controversy that drew to it all the chief ecclesiastics of the time, including even Paphnutius from the Thebaid, and Spyridion, the good

and genial shepherd of Cyprus, concerned, as all know, the divinity of the Saviour in the Incarnation, the central fact of Christianity. The Council, besides, was the first after the close of the persecutions; it was on a scale really representing the Church, and prelates most diverse in their views now stood face to face, controlled by the imperial presence only. Its Creed gradually spread over the whole of Christendom, a common rallying-point, and lives familiar to this day in the Confessions of all Churches. Ever to be remembered is the Council for the single incident, when, as the bishops had congregated, group scowling on group, Constantine, causing a brazier to be brought, and drawing forth from his bosom the scrips of accusation handed in by one against another, gave them to the flames, asserting on oath that he had not read any of them. Fit to be wrought in pearls, as the Creed of Nicæa itself in the Kremlin, was the accompanying monition of the Emperor: 'The command of Christ it is, that whosoever would be forgiven should first forgive his brother!'

The roll of the Gospels, the inspired biographies of Him who was about to be adoringly announced as God of God, lay enthroned amidst the congress; being the nave, so to say, round which all turned: bishops, presbyters, deacons, the Emperor himself, the Church in its whole circumference. The fact of their authority had not yet the stereotyped character given to it in the West, when the Divine Word, after being supplanted by tradition or glosses, was, as in the Council of Trent, handled only so as to authorise foregone conclusions. On the present occasion, the Evangel, along with the rest of the Scriptures, was constantly appealed to, as debate ran high, whatever weight the earlier Fathers had on the formation of opinion. The members freely drew their doctrine from the infallible source, nay, were constrained to prove its origin in that fountain; and, for the bishops who felt themselves liable to be warped by subtleties from the simplicity of

the Gospel, a relief would come over their minds as often as the eye fell on those scrolls within which brooded the records of the gracious Life that had once trodden, incarnate, the soil of Palestine. What attachment to the Word bound them, rooted in the deepest and most hallowed fibres of the heart, may almost sadly be seen in the agony with which the traditors gave up the sacred parchments in the persecution, and the severity with which stronger brethren regarded them for so doing. The deed of deliverance was, in the common judgment, as bad as denying Christ, and the compunctious penitence of offenders resembled Peter's tears. The posts assigned to the Evangelists in the domes of eastern Churches, afford to this day, in virtue of a primitive appointment, tokens of a real, not a factitious, subjection to Jesus, as Lord alone of the heart and conscience.

As the bishops, three hundred and eighteen of them, with their clerical attendants, stood in expectation ranged by either side of the hall, Constantine, shod with crimson sandals, and in his purple mantle which sparkled with jewels and broidery of gold, appeared on the threshold, the flash of a torch and the processional inflow of courtiers heralding his arrival. The lofty and stalwart frame of the man, with a head which, covered by long curling locks, bore the imperial diadem of pearls round the brows, at once dazzled and attracted his guests, who, motionless, gazed on their deliverer. At a distance of centuries, and in a democratic age which has broken through 'the divinity which hedgeth round a king,' it is easy to assume airs, as if oneself were above the influence of circumstances. It must not be forgotten, however, how imposing the prince was, not physically only, and seen in the halo of a great renown, but after the manner both of a soldier and a politician, who discloses in his glance the decision which marshals civil as well as military power to its highest ends. The devotional attitude of his soul, moreover, never

showed itself in a more touching way than at this moment. Far from the presumption natural to his place and services, his gait, it seems, as he passed up to the throne, witnessed to a timidity which sat beautifully on the master of the world in presence of the Church's representatives. Poor though the bishops were, raised to their perilous eminence mostly from personal fitness, they bore, many of them, on their worn and maimed bodies the 'marks of the Lord Jesus'; and had exhibited in the cause of man's salvation, a will, a boldness, a sanctity, which nothing,—the confiscation of goods, the cruel toil of the mines, the rack, the cross, could either dominate or win from them. As an ambassador of Christ, the least of them in the ranks, though less than nought of himself, rivalled monarchs. So, with downcast yet gleaming eyes, and step that faltered as he stole along to his seat, Constantine, never so glorious as now, exhibited a radiant gravity in his person; for the sense that, like David, he was striving to lead the ark to its rest, blended with the consciousness of his power being ennobled by the task. As it was, the sovereign and the bishops acted and reacted on one another. A flush was observed to mount into the countenance of the Emperor, as he first cast his eyes on the extraordinary congregation before him; while, on the part of the prelates, (so records Eusebius, answering for himself and his compeers,) it seemed as if an angel of God had come among them. The symbolic dove of the Spirit, in some paintings of the scene, floats above the convoker of the assembly, significant of the influence under which he was believed to have acted.

Arius, the heresiarch of the Council, and chief presbyter of Alexandria, cannot be regarded without sympathy, even by such as recoil farthest from his hypothesis. The pale and wasted face of him; his long, ghostly form writhing unsteadily on the legs, which led those who did not like him to compare his motions to the contortions of a snake; the

calmness of his demeanour, broken by occasional spasms of utterance, together with an ascetic air on the whole: all induces the impression of one doomed by his individuality to act an eccentric part. Significant it is of his sort of charm, that, besides fastening to his side bishops, presbyters, and deacons, he had, in his parish, a following of seven hundred virgins, whom his mystic ways drew passionately around him. But this was just a man, the prototype of Anglican ritualists of the present day, to disturb the Church, to create a sect, to mingle in his devotion a pride of holiness, which, concealed from himself in a flux of humble expression, really poisoned faith and precipitated a fall. If Arius, indeed, who, according to the historian Socrates, assumed his heterodox position from dread of Sabellianism, or, the confusion of the Divine Persons in one, had moderately asserted,—what yet passes like a withering wind over the fact of the Incarnation,—that, before Christ was begotten, He was not, the piety of the disputant, how marred soever by extravagance, might have pleaded for his being left alone. As the case turned out, the theological fancy haunting the Presbyter pricked him forward, one bold step after another, while the most abstract points of his theory were versified by him and danced to, until Orthodoxy felt constrained to don every piece of its armour.

Athanasius, the champion of Orthodoxy in the Council, was a youthful deacon of the same patriarchate, and secretary to the bishop Alexander, in whose unapt hands the controversy had taken its vexatious shape; but, in contrast to Arius, who soon vanishes like a shooting star to reappear three years later in a momentary blaze of triumph, Athanasius fills for a generation the entire breadth of ecclesiastical history. It aids a conception of the illustrious Copt, (for Copt he seems to have been,) to remember that he was, physically, the opposite of his adversary; short enough of height to be lampooned as a dwarf by the comedians of the theatre, yet bright in

face with the radiance of a seraph. The radical distinction between the polemics, however, lay within. Arius was an idealist in theology, starting with truth about the Saviour, but, dazzled by his invention of a fit statement, as he supposed, he at length put speculative incoherences in room of the concrete doctrine of the Gospels. Athanasius, contrariwise, as he elaborates his Creed, heaping up assertion on assertion about the relations of Father and Son, confesses his inability either to think or speak aright about such a topic; yet maintains himself steady on wing, like a brooding albatross, over the abyss of the Divine nature, an expositor of what he sees. All the phrases piled on one another by him, mad and presumptuous though an attempt at definition appears, are but a way of expressing the effect on a finite mind produced by the apparition of the Lord. If the method shows an oriental worker, the practical character of the Creed itself prepared it for satisfying the experience of the western hemisphere of Christendom equally with the eastern.

Could a representative of modern times have been present at the Council, the sparring duellists, exciting as the manœuvre must have been, would probably not have won most of his attention. Nor although Hosius of Cordova and Eusebius of Cæsarea, the most eminent and influential of the members in giving form to the Creed, could not fail to attract notice, would he have allowed these prelates to weigh heaviest in the scales of argument. The figures of chief consideration would be the common mass of bishops, who could less debate than preach and suffer for the Saviour, and, as mirrors, reflect the impression made by Him within their lives. The Confessors, especially, who had passed through the Diocletian persecution, coming out of it like Potammon of the Upper Nile with the loss of an eye, or having, with Paul from the Euphrates, the muscles of the hands seared by hot irons, would be reckoned evidence. At the moment

of torture, had the Lord presented Himself to them simply above the highest angel; or, as faith was strained to behold Him, looking up like Stephen, was it not as One with the Father that He beamed forth? Such witnesses might not count for much in bare metaphysical questions. On the present occasion, scarcely could they have followed the ball of discussion as it was tossed to and fro in the hands of subtle leaders. But Jesus, as no one other, even in the intimacy of the family circle, was known by them; for in Him they lived, moved, and had their spiritual being; they recognised the voice of God continually speaking through Him; and, skilless as they might be to handle the rapier of words, the hearts within them rose at once against diction, which, how high soever it professed to throne the Son, so as to constitute Him Creator of Seraphim and Cherubim as well as of the Universe, yet left Him in the company of creatures shorn of the Divine Glory. The Council of Nicæa, happily, in addition to gifts for criticism, possessed in the body of its members a hallowed experimental authority.

At a juncture such as called for the Council, the opportune presence of Athanasius was as if an apostle more had been given to the Church, to embalm and elevate above the waves of controversy the Doctrine of the Incarnation, in union with the Lord's place in the Godhead. It took, indeed, three centuries of effort to extinguish Arianism, which not only for long afterwards gave forth smoke in the eastern regions of its origin, claiming even Constantine in a way, but broke into a flame among the Gothic nations, embracing Alaric, Genseric, and others of the Teutonic chiefs. Certain, however, was the advantage for Orthodoxy of possessing a creed adopted by a Council so œcumenical as the Nicæan. Still, if the explosions of passion which marred the deliberations of the assembly and which Charity herself can scarcely condone come to mind, the Christian will be thankful that his conviction of the

Saviour's deity primarily rests on the perennial evidence which grows out of direct personal contemplation. As illustrative of the traditions of the Council, if no more, Nicolas of Myra, the popular Saint of the East,—the friend of outcasts and children,—is shown in some of the paintings dealing a box on the jaw of Arius. A demonstration of zeal by muscular Christianity of this sort, though only a legend, will, in giving emphasis to doctrine, be apt to cause people to miss the spirit of Him in whose honour the blow was meant. The Council of Ephesus, the Third, called to condemn Nestorius, who refused to the Virgin the title of the Mother of God, was like a pandemonium under the control of Cyril of Alexandria, at once accuser and judge, and his brutal myrmidons. The merit of the Fourth, the Council of Chalcedon, lay in recognising the two natures of Christ in one person, which thus excluded false consequences drawn from defective theories; but its temper was scarcely better than that of its predecessors. The Seventh, and last, of the Councils acknowledged by the Greek Church as the ground of faith, established the use of Images.

To a Protestant, appreciative as he may be of any services rendered by these Councils, the Greek Church yet presents an anomalous aspect. An immobility, so opposed to the agitated and progressive Christian life of the Latin Churches, seized it with the close of the Seventh Council. Confident, tenacious, holding within its fold about a half of Christendom, it stopped growth a millennium ago, the principle of its existence as rigidly confining it within fixtures as the maxim of the Egyptian priests did of old the worship of the Nile: the maxim, that, all novelties being avoided, the Past should simply repeat itself. At the same time, the slumberous character of the worship is a sort of opiate, welcome to a stranger suffering from ecclesiastical controversy. If it is ages since the soil was turned up on the field of the East,

with weeds growing rank in the old furrows, an opportunity at least is afforded on it for collecting the religious forces. In its conservative protest against the corruptions of Rome, although having those clinging to its own position, the Greek Church on the Bosphorus where hierarchical pride has no more its ancient aliment, enables the soul vexed with strife to breathe freely. The Councils which determined its faith and discipline, were, as Dean Stanley aptly calls them, pitched battles. The disputants over the relations of the Godhead have, however, long fallen asleep. No more as of yore does theological discussion, as Gregory Nazianzen describes it, rage round a statue, get travestied in playhouses, or mingle in the business of money-changers and bakers, as well as of the boisterous crews by the quays of the Golden Horn. All is now quiet, too quiet for a normal state of things. But, while in the Church there is wanting the various development which reveals Christianity as a power destined by evangelic life to possess man in all his relations, the subtleties of argument which animate rival claims find here small occasion for their baneful activity.

Following northward the envoys from the Dnieper who, in the tenth century, were so struck with the ceremonies of St. Sophia, the pilgrim, later, sought Russia, where the Church of Chrysostom has won its greatest trophy. There it will be worth while now a little to linger, if the most modern and aggressive branch of the Byzantine Church may be allowed to cast additional light on the ecclesiasticism of the East.

CHAPTER V.

CHURCH OF RUSSIA, OR THE GREEK CHURCH UNDER THE CZARS.

Kieff, the Cradle of Muscovite Christianity.—Position of the Czar in the Russian Church.—Vladimir's Mission of Inquiry.—Service at Constantinople decisive.—Baptism of the People and Reigning Family.—Church of St. Sophia.—Russian Priests.—An Archbishop in his Cathedral.—Further illustrations of the Priesthood.—Rarity of Preaching.—Russian Religiosity.—Superstitions.—Music.—Lavra of Kieff and its Dead Monks.—Style of Russian Ecclesiastical Edifices.—Reflections.

A CHURCH of the Czars at once reveals its derivation. If the fane has just risen, with its white walls and green bulbous cupolas shooting in a cluster upwards, so much the more is it illustrative; for, in contrast with the flaring materials, stands out the borrowed antiquity of the ideas. The Liturgy of Chrysostom has been established throughout Russia; and priests minister at its national altars, who might officiate in the churches of Constantinople. Everything, indeed, in the offspring, with only a difference of local colour, bears the parental features. A sense of being carried behind into the same ancient world seizes an entrant as he looks around. Nor is it easy, in a moment of forgetfulness, to escape a feeling akin to that awakened by a restoration as at Sydenham Palace, did not the presence of functionaries and assistants, by the assurance of a living worship, put a stop to fancy.

To a student approaching from the Bosphorus, however, no

view of the Byzantine Church in Russia can be satisfactory, without penetrating as far north at least as Kieff, the cradle of Christianity for the Muscovite; and the pilgrim, as he recalls his arrival at this ancient capital, where the embassy to Constantinople in search of a religion saw its mission at once break into bud, throbs afresh with the wonder which filled him gazing for the first time on its churches. At the sight of their gilded pinnacles, crowning the poplared cliffs of the city, a glow diffused itself within him, scarcely abated by reflection on the mixed motives of the Grand Duke Vladimir, the barbarian prince from whose conversion they sprang. In this Canterbury, as it has been called, of the Russian Empire, was felt an increased desire to comprehend the action of the Eastern religious system in the life of the ambitious Sclavonian people who occupy the Steppes between the Black and the White Seas.

Was it from policy, suggested by the position of the Byzantine Emperor in the Church of Constantinople, or simply from circumstances working through the strong, despotic will of Vladimir, that the Church of Russia was shaped into its actual form? In either case, the mould given it was final; the Church ranged itself round the person of the sovereign, and got a stamp which it has retained only in ever-enlarging characters, as the prince of Kieff became Czar of Muscovy, and the Czar developed into Emperor of all the Russias. At his coronation, a Russian emperor is seen not only to hold an intrinsic place in the Church, underived even from the Primate, but the whole ceremony of the occasion exhibits him as a bishop before all bishops; the keystone of the hierarchical dome which hangs over his vast dominions; nay, at special epochs, revered almost as Christ Himself. The crown, as he kneels on the dais within the Church of the Assumption in the Kremlin, is deposed on the head by his own hands. The Sanctuary opens for his reception as

ministering priest; it is he who offers supplications for the people; and, as consecrated not by human mediation but directly by the Holy Ghost, he takes from the altar the Chalice of the Sacrament for distribution of its contents. The preparatory devotions of the Czar, the imperial acts during the ceremony, the symbols of every kind used throughout the reign to mark his presence, show him at once to be identified with the ecclesiastical body, and yet isolated in dignity above its most elevated member.

At Kieff, where imperial ecclesiasticism burst forth, differing now from the flood at its source only in the majesty of the volume, it is difficult, as the foot lingers on its traces, not to feel the solemnity of the hour when Vladimir accepted the Christian Faith. The attitude of the Prince, as one missionary after another of rival creeds sought to catch his favour, exhibits an earnestness which, if it cannot justify for him a place in the calendar, and still less the vaunting title of Isapostolos, attracts the heart. To an arbitrator free of bias, the choice of the Greek Church by the descendant of Ruric, in preference even to the Church of Rome, will probably, among the offers made, all in all being taken, seem to have been the best in the circumstances.

At first view, from the manner in which the successive conferences on religious creeds is presented by the old monkish chronicler Nestor, who lies in the catacombs of Kieff, it might be supposed that Vladimir had never heard of them until expounded by the lips of these missionaries. The Prince is described asking, with all the inquisitiveness of ignorance only just opening its lids, what the Law of each rite required from its votaries. Yet although a bigoted worshipper of his gods, and, still more, a man of so vicious an appetite for women as to suggest to Nestor a resemblance to Solomon, might scarcely care to disturb himself with inquiries into other worships, it is incredible

that, in the course of his wars, he should not have picked up some chance hints about them. The Bulgarian Mahometans of the Volga, the body that first sought a proselyte in the Prince, had assuredly already fallen within the scope of his view. The Jews of Khazar, who appeared next, were his own subjects. As good as anything now observed may be said of the Germans, Catholics, the third party who solicited his attention. But the Church which won his ear, the Greek Church, represented by a missionary philosopher, a monk called Constantine, (it is fitting to name him,) must not only have been familiar to the questioner, it must have had its dogmas and morals insinuated into his juvenile mind, blank as was the effect before the moment when the Grace of God moved the voluptuous warrior to submit himself to the benign call of Christianity. Olga, grandmother of Vladimir, a great princess, with something of the ferocity of her line, becoming herself Christian, assiduously strove to plant the seeds of her own faith in the spirit of the Prince, although he madly clung to the worship of his native idols. Earlier even, the Gospel had some acknowledgment in Russia. The Varangian Knights, Oskold and Dir, who accompanied Ruric from the Baltic about the middle of the ninth century, taking possession of Kieff, led in an assault against Constantinople, when, awed by the boiling up of the Bosphorus beneath their galleys,—a prodigy wrought through the patriarch Photius, who dipped one of the Virgin's robes into its waters,—they accepted baptism, and seem to have brought back with them a bishop and priest. At the same time, all hitherto done, a family altar now and then set up at court gathering a few dependants around it, still left the nation prostrate before its gods, when, in the person of Vladimir the Great, that revolution took place which for ever fixed the Christian destinies of Russia.

At the epoch of the change, the wars of the prince, all of

them successful, were finished; and, in the first hours of triumph, he threw himself with the enthusiasm of his temper into a festal thanksgiving. To the gods who had aided him, he offered Christians as sacrifices, specially glorifying Peroune, the clumsy Jove of his race, who had a new image fitted with a head of silver; and he rallied in every way the popular devotion round the pagan traditions of the country. But within the bosom of the sovereign there brooded the bodings of conscience, ready to flash forth at any moment; for he had treacherously put his brother to death, seizing the fraternal inheritance; and with how many wives and virgins had he not pampered his lusts! So, as the Greek monk arrested Vladimir by a vivid epitome of the sacred history from the beginning downwards, and as a climax to an appeal like St. Paul's on 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,' planted before him a painting of the Day of Judgment, the soul of the monarch started to his mouth, and, with a groan, he acknowledged the justice of the wretchedness which sat on the faces of the wicked, in contrast to the blessedness gleaming from the eyes of the righteous. The royal impressions were laid before a council of the Boyars, the Russian nobility; and, as result, the famous journey of the envoys was decided on, which, after leading them in several directions, seeing with their own eyes various religious forms, ended at Constantinople.

For a pilgrim to Byzantine shrines, no ecclesiastical incident of the East has equal interest with this expedition of inquiry to the metropolis on the Bosphorus, whether for the light cast by it on the working of the Greek ceremonial system, or for its mighty issues in the conversion of the Russian people. The Cathedral of St. Sophia was still in its glory, not naked as now since the conquest of Mahomet the Second. It had not yet been stripped of its jewelled altar, nor had its dazzling mosaics been obliterated or ruined, with

colossal scrolls from the Korân figuring in their place. The chant, the incense, the expressive robes of the Patriarch as he bore the Gifts of Sacrifice from the Sanctuary, in a high service expressly arranged by order of the Emperor Basil Porphyrogenitus, all fixed the eyes of the ambassadors. But it was the Cherubic Hymn, joined in by the deacons emerging from the Holy of Holies with wings on their shoulders,—angels, in their eyes, mingling with man in worship,—which entranced and enthralled them. The envoys knew not, as was innocently related by them, whether they stood on earth or in heaven. At this point they sought to be immediately dismissed to their homes. In the solemn audience appointed by Vladimir to receive their report, the verdict was decisive. The huge uncomely figure of Peroune, bound to a horse's tail, being dragged with taunts and whippings into the broad flood of the Dnieper (the popular faith in the idol, after a temporary pause of fear, floating off in its wake), arrangements were made for the national baptism.

The foot hovers, with a soft, strange emotion, about the spot, a spring in a deep, wooded ravine near the riverside, where the sons of Vladimir, who should have the empire divided among them at their father's death, received the initial ordinance. Piety has not omitted to consecrate the fountain round which such a memory clusters. A small chapel, open on all sides, rises over it, surmounted by a Greek pillar a hundred feet high, crowned with ball and cross, which shoots above the embosoming foliage and catches the eye from a distance. The trickling waters flow into a bronze urn out of a rock in the centre, entwined with wrought leaves and fruit, while the Saviour, attended by youthful seraphs in the clouds, looks down from the cupola, an open Gospel in His hands. Tankards stand free on the margin for the thirsty to drink from, a sweet symbol of the Gospel itself. Few pass, although the track is a common way for pedes-

trians, without going in ; for it serves as a momentary covert of refreshment in the heat of summer, and the associations of the place live, and probably always will do so, in the minds of the people. Yet the calm of the spot is never disturbed, its own character imposing a religious peace on visitors, and the boisterous traffic of the world taking the modern road, cut out higher in the cliff, which joins the upper and lower parts of the town to each other.

The prime event of Vladimir's own baptism was celebrated away in Chersonesus of the Crimæa, a city of Byzantium, which, odd enough, he conquered for the purpose, a frolic of expiring barbarism, and after espousing Anne, sister to Basil, gave it back again. A relic or two of the cathedral in which the prince welcomed the sacrament yet exist to tempt an antiquarian to the spot. It may happen to him, in any case, if he do no more than coast the southern shore of the peninsula in the passenger steamer, to have the site pointed out with exultation by some fervid member of the Russian Church. But, at Kieff, in the capital, it was, that the people as a body were received to Christian Communion ; and over against the spring where the children of Vladimir were baptized, an imposing monument of the Prince stands, with the cross upheld in his right hand, and himself looking down on the bend of the Dnieper, where, it is believed, with the deep willow shadows overhanging the fringe, the public baptisms took place. Some, as the pathetic chronicler says, were up to the neck in the water ; others, breast high, bore their infants in their arms. The general crowd was ranged in companies, each lot receiving the same name, and prayers meanwhile being chanted by the priests on the bank. The stout Prince, above, subdued by the sight, burst into the pious invocation, as tradition has preserved it : 'O great God, Creator of Heaven and Earth, look on these Thy new People! Grant to them the Knowledge of Thyself, the true God, as

Christian nations know Thee, breathing into them a real and enduring Faith; and vouchsafe to me, O Lord, grace to oppose the Enemy of my soul, so that, with Trust in Thee and in Thy Power, I may foil all his wiles!'

The visitor to Kieff, who has plunged in the limpid, saffron-hued flood of the Dnieper, breaking into foam of jasper under the stroke of the hand, cannot do so in oblivion of the event which nine centuries ago, in the year of our Lord 988, passed, by baptism, the Russian people under the mild yoke of the Saviour. The scene is easily realised, called up with the help of the large, alto-relievo on the pedestal of Vladimir's statue overlooking the river. The Greek Patriarch, surrounded by his clergy, pronounces a blessing, while the Charity of the Gospel is already found at work among the people. A couple of the strong give their aid to an old man, bearing him down to the water's brink, joy and desire lighting up his withered features. A maiden in her teens hands from the stream an infant brother to the maternal arms, the woman forward to receive back her boy to her bosom animated by a hope which clothes him with a fresh worth. Every figure in the group is illustrative of the gracious prospect opened before the nation, which, in union with all the changes of dynasty, should shed its influence from generation to generation.

The days of the fierce Vladimir, under the guidance of the Patriarch and clergy of all ranks got from the Byzantine Church, now flowed fruitfully in the channel of the Christian life, giving an impression that, with him, the change was conversion of the heart. Alms were freely distributed by him; schools founded; and the Prince himself, accompanying the Greek missionaries, shared the noble work of bringing the population throughout the realm into practical acquaintance with the doctrine and discipline of the Gospel. Churches, mostly of wood, rose in every town, and so numerously in

Kieff, that a generation had scarcely elapsed when as many as four hundred are spoken of by a traveller as adorning the capital. But these have all vanished, giving place to modern structures, with the exception of the Cathedral, St. Sophia, the oldest, most beautiful, and most characteristic church in Russia. St. Sophia, which took its plan and name from the Cathedral of Justinian, is the glory of Greek architects invited by Yaroslaf the Legislator, who outstripped his father Vladimir in zeal and greatness of views, to build it in the year A.D. 1038. The Church thus almost touches at the very origin of Christianity in Russia, having sprung out of its early love. To him, therefore, who, treading its sublime prototype at Constantinople with unsandalled feet, for the jealous Moslem is its master, has in vain striven to restore its religious solace, the Cathedral of Kieff bridges the difficulty; it is the mother Church, on a diminished scale, pushed forward into the Steppe, giving a rich sense of its hallowed lessons; and an audience alike, save for the imperishable difference of race, comes and goes within its precincts, awed by the same liturgy which impressed the envoys of Vladimir.

As the Street named after it, striking from the broad thoroughfare of the city,—the backbone joining the hills on which it spreads,—is slowly mounted, the venerable Cathedral at once breaks on the view, lifting on the summit its tall, golden-tipped tower into the sky. The tower is a fitting sentry to the church, whose crown of golden cupolas, glistening in the sun's lustre, dazzles the sense as with the radiance of another world. It is useless to repeat to oneself, what is partly true, that this taste is an accommodation to barbarism, and argue down the impressions of the heart. Religion in any form, above all the Mystery of the Christian Hope, is so manifold in its working and applications, that its expression can only be judged of by experience. Moreover, what is unsuitable for one mood may be found adapted to another.

But within, it is, after it may be the eye pauses a moment outside on the swelling apse and chapels, which catch brightness from the dome and its circlet of cupolas above, that the spiritual sentiment of the temple discloses itself, falling in its consolation softly and profoundly on the soul.

The threshold of the southern door was crossed as the service began. A glance being sent on along the line of the altar steps, where the light coming full out under the dome showed the robed priest about to enter the Sanctuary, the foot turned into the aisle at hand, with the sweet tones of the choir throbbing in the ear. Arches and cupolas, in linked involution, fill the whole church; winding staircases mount to galleries, which offer other suggestions to sacred feeling; while the lighting continually fluctuates, until it breaks in a mass within the nave, the focus of the common worship. The fane, by these soft changes, prepares the heart, which shrinks into itself at first. In these successive conditions it finds a reflection of its own nature, with thoughts and feelings hidden out of sight yet bespeaking sympathy, and conscience desirous to be at once probed and soothed by appeals which shall bring home the Law in its fiery summons along with the blessed Hope of Mercy.

The Screen of Icons, which, as already said, always fences in the Sanctuary and blazes with sacred portraiture, is, in this instance, low and simple in arrangement, but it blossoms in golden roses on pillars of gold, all a rich fret, full of holy innuendo. The dome, however, it is, which brings out the weightiest doctrinal meaning, and strikes the soul at once with awe and joy; for, above, in glowing mosaic ancient as the church itself, the Father, sending the Spirit as Dove and worshipped by seraphs with crossed wings, looks down; Jesus, lower, within the apse, spreads forth His hands in blessing; the Evangelists, as always, fill the spandrils; and the Twelve Apostles beam from stances between the windows

which light up the scene. The Virgin, colossal of form and in mosaic like the others of the sacred hierarchy, stands withdrawn within the apse in the attitude of adoration, intimating, as it were, in the background, the union of the human with the Divine nature in the Son.

The audience was worthy of study, observed from the western gate, which brings all within view. Rank, or any other superficial circumstance, throughout the East, gives no distinction in the House of God. Side by side, accordingly, before or behind, stood prince and peasant together, the humblest keeping the place first taken up as matter of course; whilst, from all classes, an occasional voice joined in the prayer, *Gospodi Pomilai*, The Lord spare us! softly sighing it out, or breaking with it into a solemn burst of contrition impregnated with hope. A yet more characteristic incident, however, closed the service. The number of children in attendance, especially babies in arms, could not fail to attract a stranger's notice, when, at the distribution of the Communion, the thing explained itself, all the little ones vanishing from the general body and turning up at the steps before the altar to share the contents of the Chalice.

At this point may now be fitly considered, how the ship of the Byzantine Church in Russia has behaved itself on its course down the ages, and with what spiritual results for those born within it. In other words, What are the distinctive characters of this branch of Eastern Orthodoxy?

The Priest, in any communion, is a significant feature of his Religion. But, however this is in general, the position of the Church in Russia depends so much on its sacerdotal functionaries, it is so involved with the place they hold, notwithstanding the influential status of laymen in its constitution, the Emperor at the head of all included, as to give the study of them a primary interest.

If a number of Russian priests be seen together, one

becomes aware that the majority, from whatever cause, are of a large, portly build. Frank and unpreoccupied in appearance, they have often a roll in their walk, which is carried forward at a slow, dignified pace, as if nothing called for haste or perturbation. The boast of the Russian clergyman, in contrast with the Roman, is his unshorn hair, following a tradition of the Saviour on this point; and, in towns, the observer comes not infrequently on individuals of the class who arrange their expression into resemblance to the Redeemer as early convention has transmitted the portrait. The priest of the East, in short, aims to be a type of our Lord, womanish though his manner of attempting it sometimes is, rather than, according to the Papal style, a representative of St. Peter perverted into the embodiment of sacerdotal domination.

An instance of the kind which comes out from others in recollection, was the case of a clergyman known at the southern port of Odessa. The face, grave, long-drawn, looked forth from a flowing, silky brown beard, the hair of the head being carefully divided in the middle. The effort at imitation got its reward; for even dames of various accomplishment adored the copy for its supposed likeness to the original. What gives importance to the present illustration, the man had theological attainments according to the eastern notion, so much so as to have been once the Principal of a Seminary for the Priesthood, and holds now the status of a bishop. At the same time he could talk with a child's glee and simplicity, the idea of imposing himself on others for what he was not, occurring by no means to the worthy functionary.

But a more striking example of the same bent was met with in the Cathedral of Kieff, on one of the several visits paid to it.

The Mass was over, when a portable desk being planted

before the Iconostasis, a preacher entered from the side, and, holding a scroll, began to read. The discourse, which was very short, was on the obligation to fix thought on the world above; but, how important soever the topic, the speaker, for the foreigner, was more than his sermon. At a pause in the interest, the visitor chanced to cast a glance on a head of the Saviour painted over the screen door. To his surprise, in all that concerned its trimming, he recognised the image of the priest before him! Once awakened to the subject, his eye wandered yet higher; and there, again, within the cupola, drawn on a sheet held by angels, the archetype was substantially repeated.

The Preacher, a fair, handsome man in the prime of life, had moustache and beard, with, as usual, the hair parted in the centre and brought imposingly forward from behind in curling locks. All of the bust, although the orator was modest and showed some signs of seriousness, had evidently bespoken his care along with the sermon, and, as representative, was probably considered by him to be of more consequence.

To sacred pantomime, indeed, inherited and practised in all good faith, the hierarchy, on more pompous occasions, give themselves with supreme devotion. For this reason, the reminiscence of a festival in which there functioned the archbishop of the city where it was celebrated, a man held by all in reverence for his blameless life and works of mercy, may yet more fully exhibit the topic in its living aspects.

The cathedral was rapidly filling, currents of people flowing in by every door; and all were in expectation of the arrival of the archbishop. For his reception, the ordinary members of the priesthood, bearing high, unbrimmed, cylinder hats in purple velvet, had drawn towards the chief entrance. Deacons, with heads uncovered, and in heavy cloaks of brocade, stood close behind, passing every now and then

the fingers through their hair, which they nursed with the coquetry of maidens verging on womanhood. Meanwhile all the ecclesiastics, even the higher, chatted and laughed together, some civilians and military men joining in a jest with them. What, however, most attracted notice, was the attitude of the deacons whose business it was to wait on the person of the pontiff. One, a stout, small man, in a conical cap, bore in readiness a large gold cross. But he was overshadowed by the presence of a brace, who reminded the spectator of the 'lion-like men of Moab,' tall, athletic, and looking out from their sleek locks with the air of privileged chamberlains. Each swung in the right hand a censer, which, jerked in fits and starts, served as a sort of plaything for the moment. In the left were held the characteristic instruments of archiepiscopal benediction, namely, a candelabrum of three tapers, converging at their points to denote the Trinity, and another of two expressive of the double nature of our Lord. All eyes continually turned a look of scrutiny to the gate.

At length the archbishop drove up, alighting from his chariot, with a halo seemingly round his person, on a carpet run out to the edge of the pavement; while, on his form appearing within the doorway, boyish voices of the choir, as if the cherubs in the frieze above had unexpectedly mingled with the audience, broke close at hand into sweet song. The priests, with bowed head, pressed towards their superior for his blessing. The deacons seized him, stripped him of his travelling garb, indued him in sacred vestments, trimmed his hair, and, later, placing the pontifical crown inlaid with gems on his brow, led him forward as if in triumph to the altar. If the officers who attired the archbishop were of large mould, he himself stood forth in yet statelier proportions. The figure, aged, venerable, slightly stooping, with a benevolent expression of face which supported his reputation for goodness, bore a public functional air. But, what is char-

acteristic of the whole priesthood, growing out of its essential position in the East, no trace of casuistry, such as is inwoven with the hierarchy of Rome from the Pope to the humblest sacristan, was visible in him. A chief pastorate seemed to be all that was his, but so wrapped up in symbol as to awaken a smile, while attendants took him, dressed him, combed him, and might, it was thought, have washed and laid him away to complete the ceremony, if the sacred *cortège* had not moved on. After service, as he withdrew through the length of the cathedral, the crowd showed a fond eagerness to press his hand to their lips. All thronged in on his path, like children stumbling one over another to say good-bye to their papa, a spectacle tender rather than impressive, fanaticism, however, whether on the side of priest or people, being quite absent from it. At Moscow, where every species of ceremony reaches its climax, the Primate, in addition to being enveloped with yet more of this homage to his person, may, on leaving the Kremlin in his carriage, drawn by three pairs of black parade horses, be saluted by the bells of every church on his passage, marking to the citizens the line of his path long after he has vanished out of sight.

An uninstructed eye, probably seeing in all this demonstration little or nothing except a ceremonious show, might easily draw an inference too unfavourable to the position and Christian worth of the Russian hierarchs. The Archbishop, however, just noticed, in addition to the charity of temper and action which ever adorned his life, justified his high place by missionary efforts, earlier, among the Aleutian Islands, and a faculty of occasional preaching, with the merit of simplicity, if it possessed none of the brilliant qualities of distinguished contemporary dignitaries in France and England. On being transferred to another diocese, the municipality of the town gave him a banquet in the Exchange, at which the clergy

of various foreign Churches were as fully represented as the native, willing to testify their affectionate esteem for the good old man. The second in succession to him, Platon by name, and also venerable for his years, is, although a monk like all Russian ecclesiastics above the rank of priest, a man broad and genial in his views; he has also an eye of humour for the absurdities which grow around a changeless Church; and, more than any dignitary of Russia known to the critic, he is free of bigotry towards dissent, the clergy of which he calls his 'brothers.' A funeral procession of the British happened to pass by the archiepiscopal palace, when a coster-woman, squatting at the gate with her basket of apples and comfits, noticed that a cross was absent in front, as is always borne before a Russian corpse, and exclaimed, addressing in a tone of pity and contempt a group of English children who looked on, 'They must be heathens, these strange folk!' An elder girl of those spoken to, mildly replied that the cross may be carried in the heart; when the good archbishop, who is fond of young people, being within hearing, drew near, and, patting the respondent on the shoulder, said, 'Yes, indeed, the essential thing is to have the cross in the heart!'; and forthwith invited the juvenile company to enter his garden. Another instance of his sound and trenchant sense may be given from a different department of illustration. The Abbess of a Convent within his diocese was, even at his request, slow to yield up some small privilege of the Sisterhood for the benefit of a neighbouring female boarding-school, when the old Monk, indignant, asked, 'Of what use is Virginity if it leave people insensible to the religious wants of others?' and added that, besides plying a round of prayers, the community would do well to go out as Sisters of Mercy.

At all times, it would seem, the Russian Church has had a few dignitaries, who, if their names may not have often travelled beyond the Steppe, have maintained unity with the

Church catholic, in defiance of the isolation fostered within a body so sufficient to themselves in prescriptive right. One such, the most distinguished of them in modern history, was another Platon, Metropolitan of Moscow during the reign of Catherine the Second, by whom he was loaded with honours. A visit to his villa, secluded within the woods of the famous Troitsa Monastery, and bearing the fragrant name of Bethany, still lays open the liberal character of its former learned and eloquent occupant. It was a winter's day, the snow lying heavy on road and tree, when the sledge conveying the writer stopped at the saintly retreat. But it sufficed to disperse from the mind all the sombre influences of the season, only to enter and look round on the walls and tables; for, here, in a Russian Primate's abode, besides the straw hat and rustic garb in which he entertained visitors, one sees how he had gathered from Rome and other parts outside of his own circle works significant of taste and breadth of sympathy. Philaret, an eminent successor in the See, maintained down to a recent day the hallowed reputation which clings to the metropolitan throne of Moscow.

The Russian hierarchy, as said, draws its bishops from the monasteries. But the parochial clergy, that is, the great bulk of the priesthood, must, as in the Greek Church, and indeed throughout the East, be wedded, before being invested with the sacred office. By this share in family life, they are saved from the intriguing spirit which is apt to beset the Romish priests. To the laity at large the marriage of the clergy is acceptable, and serves to weld the component parts of the Church together, whatever awe cleaves to office apart from personal character. At a show of Russian art, collected in St. Petersburg and circulated about the provinces, one of the most popular works was the painting of a homely Russian pope, (as a priest in the East is called,) driving with his sedate wife in a cart along a country road. To the genial sight

every foot in the Exhibition turned with complacency, and photographs for sale extended the pleasure. But the popes, after all, even in the towns, are, alas! often little more than functionaries, celebrating the service, and presiding over baptisms, marriages, and burials. In rural districts, where the priest, through wide tracts, is scarcely above a peasant in any respect, the prevalence of clerical drunkenness induced in great measure by Church festivals, and bitter squabbles about fees, give rise to scandals too common to be taken notice of. A scuffle between a couple of priests whose parishes adjoined each other, known at first hand from a gentleman called in to arbitrate, had its origin in the popularity of one of them among his neighbour's flock. On occasion of the blessing of houses,—a yearly custom in Russia,—the favourite, being invited by a family over the border to perform the ceremony, was, during the act, bluntly assailed with the cross by the parish priest, and defended himself with the same sacred symbol. The emblems of salvation, in the strife, were broken to pieces before the combatants could be brought to terms. But, amidst the shadows which lie broadly over the land, a bright point of light radiates here and there; and, in exhibiting the character of the clergy, it will be a more pleasant task to draw the image of a priest, whose influence shines with grateful power far beyond his own parish.

The priest in question, Father Alexius, early lost his wife without children. But, although having felt on the occasion the natural sorrow of a man, he congratulated himself on the rule of his Church, which allows no second marriage to an ecclesiastic. By this law, according to his own observation, he became liberated from the chance of fresh family cares to devote his whole existence to his ministry. For his parish he has a property belonging to the Princess Emanueli, in the district of Elizabethgrad.

At first view, the asceticism of Alexius—for he deprives himself of everything, so to say, sleeps on the naked floor, fasts absolutely on Wednesdays and Fridays, and throughout Lent eats no food except the small loaves blessed by the Church—might seem likely to give a taint of the fanatic to his character. But such is the sweetness of his Christian nature, and the advantage to the priesthood of always at the commencement of their ministry, at least, being linked to domestic life, that no trace of such a blemish is found in him. Celibacy, for its own sake, with its false celestial merit, is no hobby of his. Even in the case of an orphan female child, whom he picked up and adopted, he has placed her at a seminary with the injunction to have her educated in every fitness for conjugal ways. The type of his spirit is Johannine, fire and love blending to one end, and imparting to his mere reading of the Liturgy so tender and expressive a quality, that for nothing more at times his church overflows with worshippers from the surrounding parishes. His sermons, which are exceptionally frequent, have no philosophy in them, no display of logic, no rhetorical bursts; but, taking up for topics of the pulpit daily faults, drunkenness, family quarrels, envy, jealousy, avarice, he throws, in contrast, round the Christian graces which oppose them a charm of saintly attraction so as to draw every heart. The Cabacs—the grog-shops of Russia—have disappeared within twenty versts on all sides of his parish; not a mendicant is to be seen in the district, for he sets all to work; and, in a failure of the harvest, he manages to find other employment for sufferers until the loss is tided over. The offertories voluntarily made in the parish are very large, but are entrusted absolutely to the good priest to be disposed of. Schools, churches, institutions for the helpless of various kinds, rise at his beck.

The Preacher, however, so rare is he, can scarcely be said to exist in Russia. Amendment, indeed, is afoot in this respect

as in other things, yet churches are still found even in the throng of cities, which do not echo to a sermon over once or twice in the year. From this excess of ritual and, except in Cathedrals, the almost total absence of biblical exposition, what results have followed, as seen in the condition of the people? A question to which curiosity, as well as Christian interest, forces an observer to attempt an answer.

A species of religiosity, which is apt to be favourably viewed by strangers, lies, doubtless, on the whole surface of the popular life. A church is seldom come to, without many of those who go by being seen to stand for a moment, and cross themselves. Specially observable, in this respect, are workmen in bands hurrying home at the close of their day's labour, and the Isvosjiks,—the poor, rude drivers of carts, who, as they pass a place of worship, slouching, it maybe, on a sack of grain or other commodity, lift themselves on their knees, reverently doff their bonnets, and make the customary sign. The same act of devotion is gone through by people of similar rank when, having stript for a bath in the sea, they are about to take the plunge. Yet more, at the first thunder-clap in a storm, a lady, overtaken by it out of doors, holding down her head, may be observed hastily crossing herself, as she hurries on her way. A house is not built without a cross being planted among the scaffolding for the use of the hodman and others employed on it. At railway stations along entire lines, sacred pictures, having a lighted lamp burning before them, occupy corners, the place of honour in the East; and as a train is getting ready to start from a principal terminus, a bagman, even a prosperous merchant, as likely as a peasant or a maid-of-all-work in the crowd bustling to and fro, may be caught commending themselves to the image. Passengers on board the steamers of the Black Sea often rise after dinner, and, turning to the shrine in the saloon, give thanks in the usual way. Many a votive altar, too, is set up on the

dangerous northern shores by some shipwrecked mariner who has got safely to land, the simple token of his faith and gratitude. On all such occasions, the form of devotion adopted has assuredly a benign reference to Providence, and involves the profession of trust in the Saviour. But although its exercise cannot be witnessed without emotion, and the loss would be vital if the habit were dropped out of common life without a substitute, yet the farther even a charitable inquiry is carried, the deeper becomes the conviction that, in most cases, it is only a ceremony, or a charm, rather than an act of piety.

In the abject ignorance of the Mujiks, or boors, and other classes on the same level, superstition, as might be expected, often buds into grotesque forms, which rival anything of the kind reported of paganism. A gentleman known to the commentator, and resident all his life in Russia, meeting once on a journey across the country with frivolous hindrances at a Post Station, took advantage of a ventriloquistic power possessed by him to work on the master. The image in the corner began to admonish the man, bidding him bring out with all speed the needed horses, as the stranger was an agent from the lower regions. The delinquent, in terror, forthwith rushed to the stables; and the result was, the horses stood ready yoked almost before the comedian had time to gather up his traps. On another occasion the same alarming traveller used his gift in the service of mercy. The Yamtshik, or driver, of a post cart, on a pause in the journey, was hurling brutal reproaches at one of his beasts; but the dumb creature, opening his mouth like Balaam's ass in defence, upbraided the wretch with having defrauded him of his corn, and being often guilty of cruelly beating him up to a speed above his strength. The poor Yamtshik, used indeed to reverence a Power beyond himself, but unaccustomed to distinguish between probable and improbable signs of it, at

once fell on his knees before the animal, and, imploring forgiveness, promised better treatment for the future.

One more instance may close such illustrations.

A spacious church at Odessa, a church of the Old Believers,—as dissenters who have peremptorily resisted all change are called—lifts in a populous district its dome and cupolas, grouped together by a lofty campanella. The church is the fruit of a bequest left by a Russian merchant, who, in oriental style, had been favoured with a vision, in which priests and pictures blended with throngs of needy souls. The executors of the will were slow to finish the building, when a stork was observed to perch every evening for a time on the cross of the belfry. The surmise grew up and at once spread among the people, that, under the form of this bird, the spirit of the testator had returned to earth, in order to urge forward the fane to completion. To such a degree did the fancy agitate the commonalty, that the whole town, including the Governor-general, drew out in different moods to get a sight of the merchant in his feathered shape.

The Saints of the East, male and female, play an important part in the domestic piety of the Russians. In Cathedrals, their images look down from arches and side pillars with clear, untroubled eyes; and one expression, almost one set of features, may be seen in that of St. Sophia at Kieff, belonging to Calista, and Agape, and Photeina, their very names suggestive of love and other Christian graces. Facing these, among members of the opposite sex, are Nestor and the popular Nicolas, tall, lank, grave figures, which have no harm about them, if they do not impose on the beholder any sentiment beyond a vague reverence. At the best, indeed, the saint whose name is borne by a Russian, and is his patron through life, is for him often little more than a name, although, perhaps, morning and night, the picture of the holy man is resorted to for prayer, and his day as it comes round

is kept free of work. It is rare, even among the educated, to find any knowledge of the protecting saint in a votary who may be daily offering homage to him. Inquiry, on the client's part, would often resolve his patron into a myth, or, what would almost be worse, reduce him to very common proportions. The devotee, accordingly, hugging the fancy of possessing a friend who hangs on his path with attributes as good as Divine, shrinks from an acquaintance which might impair or destroy the illusion.

Such views, however, true as far as they go, would, if taken alone, or given too great prominence, convey a false impression of the Russian people. The ordinary service of the Church, as everywhere in the East, it must be remembered, with its exhibition of the sacrifice and its precious readings in the Old and New Testaments, is going constantly forward, affecting the whole structure of the religious life, and ever recalling to thought the substance of the Christian Hope. In all churches, too, the screen, wisely read, gives emphasis to the personality and functions of the Holy Trinity: the Father, with outstretched arms of blessing, presented looking graciously on His prodigal children; the Saviour extended on the Cross, or otherwise set forth; and the Spirit hovering on wings. The system, indeed, has the radical defect common to all symbolic rituals, of lulling the popular mind to sleep; and, by monotony of repetition, the liturgy is apt, at last, to pass over the ear like a wave which leaves no trace of itself. But, with many, doubtless, as experience shows, nay, with more, far more, probably, than can be appreciated by those accustomed to the direct teaching of the West, the Russian worship ministers to substantial piety, and moulds the temper into a growing conformity to the spirit of Jesus Christ.

At an outskirt of Odessa where the breeze of the Steppe begins to be felt, the Church of St. Michael, the church of a

convent of educational nuns, but doing also parochial duty, at one time often attracted the inquirer when, in special circumstances, he wanted the consolation of the common hope. The service which usually drew him was the Saturday Vespers, with the mild lustre of the Day of Rest falling on the soul by anticipation. In those instances, the Sisters, coiffed in high pointed hoods which protect the face without hiding it—simplicity shining out from mature features—composed the choir. What, indeed, took the stranger by surprise, adding at the same time to the interest, they shared also with the Diatchok, or chanter, the public reading of Scripture. The childishness which, even with the gravest intention, continually tends to bubble up in eastern worship, showed itself here, when the Diatchok hung on the epithet 'Gospodi,' meaning Lord, volubly trilling it to twenty or thirty times with the satisfaction of a prima donna, and closing with the prayer 'Pomilui,' Spare us. But the effect of such trivialities is small compared with the general solid body of devotion, and is wholly forgotten as the prayers fall in song from above, bursting, at frequent intervals, into stars of sound, each ray diverging from the others, or settling together in low, soft, plaintive notes which bring tranquillity. At cathedrals, on feasts, the Russian psalmody, all know, is very solemnising, always conducted, as in other Orthodox Churches, solely by voices, and resembling nothing heard westwards. The result, at the crises of the theme, is as of waves swelling from a common centre ever into larger and larger circles, and rising in volume till the notes strike like reverberations of thunder. Brought, it seems, from Greece, by Nicon, the Russian Reformer as he has been called, the harmonies, later, received completeness through modifications introduced from the German and Italian schools. What they now are in mingled sweetness and power, can only be perfectly known by those who have been present at service

within the Chapel of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. But devotion most haunts the simpler occasions, and the wanderer preferably dwells on his recollections of the modest fane of St. Michael's.

The Lavra of Kieff, with its monastery and catacombs of dead monks, draws streams of pilgrims, not fewer than 200,000 yearly, from all parts of the empire, as far as Kamskatka itself; and resolving to open as much as possible his spirit to the genius of the spot, which is the most ancient and famous resort of the kind in Russia, the pilgrim one day while in the town bent his steps in its direction. The votaries of the shrine swarmed at the time in the city, refreshing themselves at the public fountains, and, when in motion, striding forward in companies, men and women, with long staves in their hands, an air of gravity in every face, as if a work had to be done, but a work not of this world.

The common road from the lower town was taken, a way flanked by wooded bluffs and villas shining out on the heights. A broad grassy esplanade above, now converted into a park, overlooks the winding Dnieper, a white sail seen gleaming here and there among the reaches of the river, and forests spreading away in the blue distance. In face at this point, rise the casemated walls of a fortress, which, besides serving its proper object, defends the retreats of Antony, a Greek monk of Mount Athos in the eleventh century, and Theodosius his companion, the founders of the Lavra. But, as the foot passed within its gates, frowning with bosses of roaring lions' heads, the sight which closed the vista burst on the eye with a sense of enchantment, a cluster of golden pinnacles, as elsewhere in the city, which shot up from a valley, glittering afar against the sky! Just then, a squad of the garrison marched out, and in other circumstances might have drawn a moment's notice. But they left the traveller, who was fascinated as by an apparition of the New

Jerusalem, almost unconscious of their passage. The soft, pure notes of a three-quarters broke from the belfry chimes as he advanced, which predisposed him for all influences of the locality.

The Cathedral of the Lavra, although very rich in the usual things, was sought chiefly for the sake of the head of Vladimir, here enshrined away from his body, which is entombed in the modern Church of the Dessiatinya, built on the site of one of the Grand Duke's own churches. But, in this enterprise, the foreigner had not taken into account his fellow pilgrims. When, accordingly, anxious to look on the actual cranium of the great prince, he begged the attendant priest to lift the silver mask which covers it, and again the soft satin cushion enfolding it,—offered one after the other to his devotions,—the cold islander found himself pushed about by a band of zealous adorers, who, catching sight of what was going on, stretched in their bended heads with the cry, 'Vladimir! Vladimir!' and compensated the ducal saint, if any particle of him lies there, by the passion of their kisses.

To the crowds, however, who visit the Lavra, the grand object which glances in pious fancy, affording strength to dare want, thirst, fatigue, sickness, and death itself, is the congregation of niches underground, holding the bodies of deceased monks, and connected together by miles of galleries. Martyrs, doubtless, who suffered under the cruel rule of the Mongols, occupy some of the tombs. But, in these caves, among a hundred forms which lie away in the walls, covered each with an embroidered pall, the chief personage, the crowning attraction, is St. Antony, who, with body erect, is presented about three-fourths sunk in his cell. According to belief on the spot, the holy abbot descends and ever descends by insensible gradations, and, as he vanishes out of sight, the end of the world will be brought about. The

ecclesiastic, scarcely steady on his feet from wodka, who, with lighted tapers, conducted the visitor among the catacombs, spoke with bated breath of this formidable Saint, and, pointing to him with anxious glance, gave to understand that, if irritated, the monk might waken up on the moment! In the cells of the monastery of Theodosius, the attendant priest, pausing by one of them, took up a skull filled with holy water, and, thinking to do a service, would have crossed the face of the stranger from its contents.

In the fierce history of the Czars, the fortress monasteries, in default of a Constitution fitted to bring tyrants to reason, have now and then furnished a man, who, by his courage and devotion in stemming brutal profligacy, has justly left his name with a halo around it.

Such was Nicolas of Pskoff, the mad reprover of Ivan the Terrible, but noble in his madness; planting himself sublimely athwart the monster's path, on a visit to his native town, made with the intent of massacring the inhabitants as he had just done those of Novgorod, and threatening him with the bolt of an impending thundercloud if he touched a single hair even of a child's head.

If pilgrims, however, to the Lavra of Kieff must feed the soul on what is stored in the catacombs, it is difficult to see the truth, or the motive to piety, which can possibly be picked up by them. A monkish saint has generally won pre-eminence by some fantastic act of abnegation, which has no virtue in it, and, as a model, he cannot in any degree help the commonalty to fulfil the Christian life. The class is embalmed in stories marked by characteristic childishness, and it would seem to the narrator incredible, if it were not directly known to him, that a Russian priest, giving instruction on fasts in a gymnasium of the first rank, commended St. Nicolas as an example by the alleged fact that, in infancy, the saint refused the breast on Wednesdays and

Fridays! As mediators, on the other hand, fled to in all emergencies, the mixed body who find their way into the calendar dim the perception of God, and concentrate on themselves the confidence and affection which should settle on the Father of all.

Paintings, fenced and stimulated by the Seventh General Council, which was convoked against the Iconoclasts, have, it has already been observed, a constant office in oriental devotion. But nowhere in the East is the part played by them so important as in Russia. Art, properly so called, has not any place in these works, the conventional types descended from the Lower Empire being preserved from age to age. Especially is this conservatism rigidly held to in fanes of the Old Believers, no painter being employed for them who has not consecrated himself to the simple reproduction of the traditions. At an inspection of one of their churches, as the critic, after service, slowly passed down from the altar to the doorway, his eye was arrested by black frames on the pillars, shaped as crosses, with religious groups inserted in them. The stiff, straight, wooden forms of the saints, and the golden horse-shoe aureoles of their heads, which deepened by their glow the sombreness of the dark features, gave to them the aspect of genuine Byzantine relics, freshly touched with a coat of varnish. Since Peter the Great's time, however, an attempt has been made to impart some slight artistic expression to church paintings. In St. Isaac's, the most splendid sanctuary of St. Petersburg, with a magnificent peristyle of granite monoliths on each of its four faces, it is easy to observe signs of a revolution.

The painter, indeed, how low soever a foreigner may rate his works, is as yet, for the most part, the preacher of Russia. How important he is as an instructor comes very forcibly home, when, leaving the catacombs, a visitor to the Lavra saunters about the churches. At the western door of St.

Antony's, painted in rough colours on flanking walls, the Saint appears, holding the image of a dead brother, with Theodosius opposite, and a procession of monks taking their way down the hill. At the moment of examining them, circumstances may harmonise with the simplicity of the scene. A few doves, held sacred in Russia as emblems, will probably gather at the feet, cooing, while a kindly priest may pass out, turning round to salute the Virgin over the porch, and give his blessing to some chance pilgrims stretched on the flags. Behind, a window or two of the high outspreading apse admits light into the interior; but, on embrasures of mock windows, the Saviour and saints flame in showy hues. The lanterns of the pinnacles glow with circles of apostolic figures, responding in this prodigality to the pictorial luxuriance within. The Church of Theodosius rises with the same characteristics on an adjoining height, its blue domes sprinkled with stars which gleam above the embosoming trees.

To wander in this bosky hermitage, with the historical Dnieper caught by glimpses below and the chimes dropping their hallowed call on the ear at intervals, has a charm, it must be confessed; and fain would the visitor represent the Byzantine Church in Russia through the soft medium of this experience. But the remembrance includes painful reflections which obtruded on the scene and marred it, as he thought of wasted resources, and the existence of a hierarchy which nods while the world changes, leaving the young generation of Muscovites a prey to atheism. The Bible, indeed, God be thanked, is abroad in Russia, yearly coming into more and more hands. Many thoughtful laymen, too, in high stations, are joining with the wiser clergy in efforts at renovation. Yet it is staggering and appalling to know how, even under the guidance of the Holy Synod, with the Emperor at its head, the pulpits generally are stages from which

the living voice is seldom heard, or, instead of announcing the glorious applications of the Gospel in the spirit which itself bestows, is suffered to speak only in tones measured by the censor. At departure from the Lavra, as the eye glanced back from the fortress gate on the cupolas which had shone so fair to view on entering, the prayer rose to the lips, that the precious foundations which underlie the Russian Church might be freed of the corruptions which cumber them, and built upon afresh with evangelic doctrine and practice.

All illustrative of the Oriental Churches yet come before the wanderer, could not content him, as long as Jerusalem had not been visited. At length, accordingly, one spring, in company with other pilgrims, he embarked at Odessa for Jaffa, in time to assist at the Easter Ceremonies in the Holy City. Gregory of Nyssa's truism, that change of place brings God no nearer, could not withhold him from the journey. The reflection of St. Jerome, that the sight of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre profits him only who bears his own cross and daily rises with the Saviour, induced thought, but did not damp his fire. An aureole invests Palestine for the Christian, as if the sun shines with a holier beam on its mountains and valleys than in common lands, and the air is balmier; for He who was born in Bethlehem has consecrated it, and, by His sacrifice, together with the life that led up to it, transformed the World.

CHAPTER VI.

JERUSALEM AND THE EASTER CEREMONIES.

On board the *Vladimir*, steaming from Odessa for Jaffa.—Russian Fellow Pilgrims.—Pashas taken in at Constantinople.—Off the Syrian Coast with Palestine in view.—Ascent from Jaffa to Jerusalem.—Pilgrim Tents covering the approaches.—Via Dolorosa.—Holy Sepulchre.—Comedy of Feet-Washing.—Imposture of the Holy Fire.—Awaiting the Ceremony of the Resurrection.—Adoration of the Patriarch.—Dome of the Rock.—Subterranean Quarries.—Jews' Wailing Place.

THE pocket napkin, with adieux to friends, had been waved for the last time, as the *Vladimir*, conveying the pilgrim among others to Jaffa the port of Jerusalem, steamed round the lighthouse of Odessa. Turning from the company which crowded the poop, the wanderer bent his eyes over the balustrade on fellow pilgrims who swarmed below, anxious to behold the motley crew. As the good old lady the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, in obedience to a dream, betook herself to Palestine in order to visit the sacred places and build churches over them, far was it from her thoughts, probably, that thousands from the Steppes of Russia would yearly follow her course. But, although pleased, could she have seen them, scarcely would she have regarded the majority without a smile.

The pilgrims in general, as their comrade found them, had a mild, placid look, the mind within slumbering in happy contentment. But the bulk of them, be it said, wore a certain monotony of expression, obviously imparted by the

grinding effect of routine constantly at work on ignorance. All lay in families packed together on the deck; each circle, at meals, eating from the same pan of a mess formed from fragments of stale bread, with a shredded onion thrown in for relish. When freed from the pinch of hunger, they mostly dozed the time away, or became keenly awakened to a foray in one another's heads. Le Sage might have found a subject for his pen in the lambent play of sympathy which was kept up between the sexes; for, all innocence, all simplicity, the male saints, chiefly above twoscore years, some of them bordering on three, with long yellow locks which might have done honour to the Merovingians, laid their bushy pates on matron laps, to be relieved by kind fingers of parasites which seemed visibly to multiply for the purpose of being hunted up. But, over the frowsy band, in their excited fancies, hung the banner of the Cross, ennobling even their sordidness; and, as the stars came out, and the night watch was set, it was pleasant to catch a soft voice rise here and there, leading the evening hymn, while others of various *timbre* joined in it. The crowd had flocked from every part of Russia; some, under a vow formed in sickness; some in thanksgiving for a special favour of Providence; some, doubtless, prompted by religious enthusiasm,—a vague passion for places consecrated by the Faith,—and all, with few exceptions, it may be supposed, from at least harmless motives. To stand with unsandalled feet within the Sepulchre, to dip in the flood of the Jordan, preserving the bathing gown for the shroud, and return home with a palm branch in hand, such and similar hopes drew them forward on their pilgrimage.

At Constantinople, besides a batch of Greek pilgrims, the good ship received into itself three Pashas, who, accompanied by the Lights of their Harems, were on the way back to their governments by the shores of the Levant. The addition

gave what was wanting to the passengers, a deeper infusion of oriental colour, and helped to understand the personage who presided over the Easter drama at Jerusalem,—the Turkish Governor of the Holy City.

The first in dignity of the Pashas had the hue of death on his strong Tartar features. The consciousness of his condition, as his slaves came and went at every moment, imparted a touching softness to his commands. While his wives, forbidden by Moslem etiquette to be present in the saloon, squatted on the poop,—slyly commenting, it was evident, on every figure that showed itself,—the boaster of many tails was grateful for any poor words of sympathy which a Christian stranger could offer him. A second of these high officials had attempted to inoculate himself with the customs of the Franks; but he must have begun late in life, for he had succeeded only in catching some superficial tricks. Unlike his peers, he dined at the common table, a bib under the chin, and strove to keep a glass on the left eye with all the airs of a dandy. Every dish was tried by him, handling knife and fork as well as he could; and, though contrary to the Korân, not less than to the example of Thalaba, who rightly knew,—

> '——the Prophet had condemned
> The beverage, the mother of sins,'

yet, like the Corsair,—

> 'Forbidden draughts, 'twas found, he dared to quaff.'

The third of the Pashas belonged to young Turkey. A wiry member of the sect, he had mixed a good deal with the British in the allied army, and flattered their countryman by his enthusiasm for the nation. A few words of English,—a kindly phrase or two,—was all he knew of western languages, but he eked out his meaning by vigorous pantomime. It was as pleasant as a good comedy to watch him, as time after

time, abandoning his fair ones, he appeared at the door of the saloon, to gaze on the representative of the admired people. Now and then, however, unable to confine himself to distant demonstrations, he approached, repeated his salutation, touching the forehead and ground with the forcible politeness of the East, and told over and over again, hands and legs boldly figuring in the description, the part played by England in the war of the Crimæa.

At length the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles being left behind, the Cape of the Troad was doubled, and the *Vladimir* now began to circulate among the enchanting islands which fringe the coast of ancient Ionia. At the sight of the Tomb of Achilles, it was impossible to prevent the hero starting up before the mind, although St. Paul, coming that way, had given more blessed associations to the district. There, just by the shore, to the eye of fancy, the Greek warrior had fiercely gloomed in his tent, while the fair Briseis was borne from his arms. Still nigher, from amidst the waves themselves, the goddess mother had risen at his call, to soothe his chafed spirit by the promise of revenge. Ida, Mount Ida, at the same moment, lifted afar to view its sharp-toothed ridge, with corrugations of snow wreaths in its hollows, and a trail of pallid cloud sloping off from its crest northwards. Easy it was to suppose Paris, in one of the ravines of the mountain, awarding the golden ball; but such airy fictions can exist only in sunshine. A storm banished them for realities, when the course among the isles during the night at hand was guided by gasps of lightning, which cast their momentary gleams on rock and sea.

It was on leaving Rhodes, and turning eastward into those waters which bathe the shores of Palestine, that the special sense of the present expedition broke on the pilgrim. The town, with its red revolving light, was sinking out of view, when, from the keel's track curdling in the moonshine, he

glanced up at the crescent orb itself which glittered above in tenderest clearness. Orion and his dogs, Castor and Pollux, and the sparkling Pleiades were in attendance. It was now remembered how all in the East were expecting the fulness of the moon, for then the acts of the Holy Sepulchre are performed! At the Bay of Acre, however, where the coast of Syria first opens and shows the sacred territory,—Carmel trending away south-east with Samaria and Judæa beyond, the round green hills of Galilee in the foreground, and at a distance the mountains of Moab which hem in the Jordan and the Dead Sea,—the traveller began to be conscious of a strange glow, a glow analogous in another sphere to the battle spirit noticed by Goethe in his 'Campaign,' which kindled brain and heart, and mastered the whole being. As the landscape was looked at, a soft sense of going home took possession of him, it was scarcely known why. But, on analysis of the feeling, it became evident that the Holy Land attracted as the habitation of that Friend of the soul, who is inwoven more completely with the tissue of existence than even the parental image. The entire coast shook the mind with its interest, each name on it striking like a battery: Antioch, Tripoli, Tyre, Sidon, Cæsarea. At last, the *Vladimir* which had served all so well anchored in the open road of Jaffa; the high mountain platform of Jerusalem was reached two days later; and, as the sun was in its decline, the Tower of David with the crenelated walls of the city rose in view.

Outside, every level patch of sward was whitened with tents. Flags of various nations fluttered at their peaks: the Tricolor, the Stars and Stripes, and the Union Jack predominating. At this season, here, East and West meet as on a common camping ground, usually adding, it is said, forty thousand to the population. The Russians, who, starting with the Briton from the same port, seemed at the end

of the journey to be of his own lot, were distinguished in the crowd by feature, garb, and language. In such a place, haunted by the memory of Him who draws together these multitudes, it would be difficult indeed, even for a nature far less lacrymose than Lamartine's, not to feel softened towards one's very foes, if any were present. A poor Corfuite, from the sense of some claim, partly of country, partly of a common Christianity, was suffered to join the wanderer in ascending from the coast. The fellow, met at the gate of Jaffa on the verge of its fragrant orange groves, introduced himself by saying that he had waited for the honour of escorting the Englishman; and forthwith, as bodyguard, pushed forward his ass to the front. The saddle of the Briton, incommodious as a seat, especially in the stony bed of a torrent which formed the ordinary path, while a piercing wind, blowing down the pass, stiffened up the limbs, forced him often to dismount, which was done by aid of his hired convoy, a Mahometan Arab. The Moslem, a little man, advanced in years, weary of assisting the rider, feigned at last not to hear his call. On observation of this breach of duty, the Corfuite, slipping in a trice from his own beast, rushed at the offender, knocked off his turban, cuffing him about the ears, and, despite the command of his chosen lord to cease, did not stop till the infidel was reduced to a just meekness of obedience. As Jerusalem came in sight, all the fantastic circumstances of the journey sank out of thought. The pilgrim looked on the path—a bare white limestone—and became lost in a trance which left but the consciousness that a Greater than the simple sons of men had possibly walked over the same rock. If at the moment the call of the Muezzin to prayer brought up the fact that the Holy City was under Moslem rule, He alone lived as King, to Whom, as St. Paul says, all knees shall one day bow, confessing that He is Lord, to the glory of God.

At whatever point in the town one may be lodged during Passion Week, the object in the stream of movement is seen to be the Holy Sepulchre. All feet are for the most part either treading towards or coming from it. But, occupying a small vaulted chamber in the Prussian Hospice, the pilgrim found himself, on emerging next morning, in the Via Dolorosa, in the very throng of devotees kneeling along that sad but famous path which ends at the Tomb.

At the Tomb, however, an effort of imagination is wanted to realise the original scene. The Garden of Joseph of Arimathæa, outside the walls as it is described, still blooms in the words of St. John's Gospel. Absent from Jerusalem, accordingly, a reader may picture himself standing silent within it, catching faith from its flowers and shrubs. But, as he seeks the spot, here, instead of a retreat in the open air, he finds it inclosed in a rotunda, lighted like the Pantheon at Rome by a circular aperture in the roof, and with galleries entered from a cluster of adjoining monasteries. As to the Sepulchre hewn in the living rock, what is taken for it is covered by marble slabs, forming an altar, over which a painting of the subject hangs, and is inclosed in a chapel of a size to receive one or two persons at a time. Within, scores of lamps, twinkling day and night, cast a luxurious glimmer around. Pots of artificial flowers, perhaps to intimate that the site was a garden, border the cupola of the chapel. But all, all of the original as it breathes on the sacred page, must, to be at all, be called up by the mind.

It is natural, however, to approach the cave of the Lord's interment, even when only reputed to be it, with a step befitting the real place. In the present instance at the moment of entry, the request of a friend to be prayed for on the spot came to memory, and was already agitating the lips; but the words were swallowed down again, and not till the eyes could be lifted where the sky gleamed through the circle

above, were they rolled forth into that Ear which catches the cry of the needy. The shock given by the signs of fraud in all the arrangements, is too great to be borne; the heart collapses; the light of Him who has come from heaven gets extinguished; and the comfort of faith returns only when beyond the precincts. The coarse and blank faces of monks of different rites, who, plainly making merchandise of credulity, were just then guiding votaries in their devotions, first breathed death into the scene. The ferocious hates of rival Churches, which have often been fought out with the dagger at the tomb itself; and the abasement of worship which superstition there specially engenders: all, even if the uncertainty of the locality could have been forgotten, contributed to complete the banishment of an illusion. The visitor did not gain equanimity, until, leaving for relief, he turned by the north wall of the city, with the Mount of Olives and the steep, irregular paths which drop down to the Kedron in view.

A subordinate interest in the place, indeed, as has often been said, grows out of its associations with Constantine, as also with the Crusaders; and, before the ceremonies of the season are alluded to, the venerable, heterogeneous pile which envelops the sepulchre, or what is taken for it, may be called up to the eye.

The Sepulchre itself, the centre of the whole, besides being cased in a chapel, is covered, as already observed, by a spacious Rotunda. At the present visit, although the scaffolding was up for a restoration, the walls had still the smoke of centuries on them, and the dome showed traces of many a rent, which the jealousy of contending hierarchies had kept from being stopped till equally the guardians and pilgrims were threatened with burial beneath the ruins. All, indeed, most obtrusive within the precincts, speaks of ecclesiastical contests, which have existed ever since the Crusades,

and have now and then broken out in such a ferment as to bring protecting nations on the field of battle. From this rivalry has grown the wondrous number of sacred points grouped round the Sepulchre; for, within an acre or two of space, odd enough, Jesus was scourged, crucified, anointed, buried; here the Virgin took up her residence for a time; even here Melchizedek met Abraham, and Abraham stood to sacrifice Isaac. Copt from the Nile, Syrian from Lebanon and its coasts, Armenian spreading from Ararat, Greek with Constantinople and its great Byzantine reminiscences, and, finally, the Roman, boldly pretending a claim to the whole world: each, according to wealth and the number of swords at their disposal, has grasped a place of honour. From a similar ambition, chapels of every eastern sect have here won standing room, while convents of monks crowd like reserves around. Such is the reality of this competition, that, in recollections of the spot, a band of bravos seems to appear, struggling in fierce conflict for some coveted jewel, each to appropriate it to himself. But so equally balanced are they one with another, that, although the prize may be seized for a moment, it cannot be permanently held by a single hand. Through mutual antagonism, it is still common to all the parties.

The first Ceremony to call for record, curiously illustrated the characteristic of playful childishness in the offices of the Eastern Church. It was the ceremony of Feet-washing performed by the Greek Patriarch on the Piazza of the Holy Sepulchre, in imitation, everybody knows, of our Lord's touching act at the last Passover.

A stage like the framework of a royal bed for gilding and paint greeted the eye on arrival, while, facing it, an iron pulpit, canopied by a branch of Olive, was hooked to the right wall. Meanwhile, however, the crowd of spectators themselves chiefly drew attention, multitudes of every folk,

who not only thronged the court, but were perched by windows, along the jutting ledges of roofs, and on narrow lines of stone ornament, leaving vacant not an accessible inch, how dizzy soever the seat, within purview of it. Russian female pilgrims, in one cluster, stood with sober mien in their dark glossy cloaks and shawls tied about their heads. Greek dames of the better class, from under an awning on the roof of the church façade, flashed down their Olympian beauty on the piazza. The women of Bethlehem were recognisable by their high bonnets and the handsome western faces which it is their doubtful boast to have derived from the Crusaders. But, most singular and affecting of those who flocked to the ceremony, was the Christian Bedouin, found here and there with his prominent swarthy features. Mothers bore infants in their arms.

Many, from their expression, showed themselves prepared for a comedy, when a procession, with the Greek Patriarch as central figure,—a cheerful old man of sharp, ruddy countenance, flowing beard of snow, and glasses on the nose, —pouring forth from the church, took seats on the stage. The throne of the patriarch faced the wall, and, on either side of it, half-a-dozen ecclesiastics were ranged to represent the Apostles. A good-looking deacon, in flaunting robes, now chanted psalms from the pulpit. But neither the place nor the occasion could force him to forget his long black locks, which he incessantly combed with his fingers. An orator followed with a harangue on the subject of the ceremony.

The moment of consummation arrived, but not a bit too soon; for Fun, already twinkling in the eyes even of those on the platform, revelled in broad farce among the wilder spirits of the pit and a serried body squatted on the low roof of an adjoining chapel. The venerable primate was stripped of mitre and robes, had a sheet cast round his shoulders, and gave himself placidly to the work of the hour. What was

seen by those close at hand it is impossible to say. But, as the feet of the assumed apostles, pair after pair, were uncovered, it was easy to guess it from the visages of the assisting deacons and others who peeped over their shoulders. Never, indeed, have morning clouds more vividly reflected the sun while yet under the horizon, than the smiles, growing and breaking on the faces of these worthies, told what the nether members of the apostles were disclosing to them. Everybody at length laughed, the apostles themselves not excepted, and most of all a young ecclesiastic, who, clinging to the pulpit and stretching out his head for the sight, exploded in indecent fits. But the pantomime hastened to a close, for rival amusements were getting up among the spectators. A solemn individual now and then had his turban unexpectedly toppled over from behind by fingers which he could not trace, and tossed about amidst the guffaws of the mob. The dignitaries even, distracted by the popular competition, could be observed occasionally turning from the mirth of the stage to regard for a moment some rough play going on elsewhere.

The water tinctured with the ingredients from the apostolic feet was naturally too sacred to be thrown away. Kerchiefs, towels, any similar article, in order to be dipped in it, were passed from hand to hand to the platform, or summarily flung on it. By such things the impregnated fluid got dispersed; and, forthwith, devotees were seen pressing the cloths to their hot faces, especially to the eyes, obviously appreciating the divine refreshment. As the bells rang out a merry peal, which was a sign that the office was over, a deacon in charge of the Olive tore a spray or two off and threw them among the crowd. But the prize was disputed by a bold, sacrilegious Arab, who sprang up to the fence where the sacred tree waved, and, in spite of protests, ravished twig on twig. Others joined him in the theft, when an amicable tussle

set in, ending in a fight around the guardian, until the Olive, —anything but an emblem of Peace,—was stripped bare, the stem itself began to be broken, and what would not break was hacked, when the remaining stump, hurled below, was seized by a strong hand and borne off in triumph. The patriarch and his suite had meanwhile slunk away from a performance, which had been a parody rather than a representation of the original. The stage was taken to pieces in sight of the crowd, as if to complete the disenchantment; and, soon, all was as if it had not been, except the memory of a pageant which probably humiliated the actors and could shed no seeds of life among those who looked on.

The attraction of the season, however, need it be said, is on Easter Eve, when flames, assumed to have been kindled by the Holy Spirit, burst from the Sepulchre. The Roman Church, till lately, shared in the imposition. The Greek and other Eastern Churches still support it, finding in this opprobrious firework a sure seduction for pilgrims; nor can the condition of oriental Orthodoxy be understood, without considering a show which so powerfully stirs fanaticism. Foreigners look on as at a Spanish bull fight. The arena has sometimes flowed with blood before the spectacle was over.

A little world, on the Saturday morning, crowded the area of the Rotunda. Except that the throng, it may be hoped, was better in character by some shades, the sight was fitted to recall the Pandemonium of the Poet, in which he places the subjects of Satan, shrunk to diminutive forms.

One of a queue holding on to a Cawass, who cleared the way with his long staff, the islander, after winding through corridors on the basement, as well as upstairs and down, was stopped at a low door, on which the official knocked violently, adding shouts to his blows, when a monk cautiously withdrew the bars from within. The gallery reserved for Franks was

soon reached. Greek and Armenian women occupied another underneath. Below, on the floor, a rolling mass of human beings heaved like a troubled sea, each grasping in the hand a bunch of tapers, ready to light when the fire should break forth.

The spectacle had only one element of order in it. A double ring of Turkish guards was formed round the Tomb, to keep open a space for the coming procession. In the meantime, these, with fixed bayonets, watched the orgies of the multitude, vigilantly, yet in grim contempt. An armed Moslem police in such a spot could cause no surprise. During the whole Easter week, a company, with muskets piled, occupied the court before the church, prepared at any moment to enter; while inspectors squatted on a divan at the grand portal, for the purpose of challenging any suspicious fanatic who might be passing in. But, on this, the triumphal day of the season, the clothes of pilgrims were searched for weapons, a caution justified by the angry strifes apt to arise between sect and sect. At the sight, a lover of Christendom cannot prevent a blush of shame suffusing his cheek, while he is struck with horror at the thought that the Mussulman, even at such a Feast, must be the dictator of peace among fellow Christians!

The shadow of the dial began to point towards noon, when it became evident from the condition of the mob that the crisis was not far off. Devotees of the Arabian Church, with the watchword on their tongue, *Behold the tomb of Jesus Christ!* had for some time kept whirling within the reserved circle, linked irregularly with one another like globules of blood in the veins. But, now, the excitement among them grew to frenzy. Every cry became a howl; and co-religionists, rushing along as maniacs escaped from an asylum, their eyes starting from the sockets, all gestures spasmodic, leaped and balanced themselves on the heads of one another, continuing

aloft until they toppled over or slid to the ground. In the mass which writhed around, the crush had grown so great, that, in efforts for room, the pilgrims were like worms at the bottom of a vat, struggling to keep on the surface.

But, just then, the Turkish Governor took his seat overlooking the area, as the wild notes of a chant, advancing from afar, became heard in gusts through the riot. At the sound, the guarded ring was cleared without ceremony; all rapidly crossed themselves, turning the eyes in the direction whence the tones fell; and, with banners expanded, a procession of priests and deacons, accompanying the Bishop of the Fire, as he is called, came slowly forward on the scene. The faces of the actors wore a jaded and anxious look, which had a sad effect. The choristers, jolted by the crowd, who were involuntarily borne in upon them, wavered more and more in their voices as the procession girdled the sepulchre. At last, on the third round, the bishop was pushed within; the door slammed to; and, in awful expectation, which expressed itself in noises like the brewing of thunder, the Rotunda awaited the miracle. The suspense was short. Gleams of light with intermittent shadow, seen at orifices on either side of the Chapel, gave evidence that the element was springing up within the holy cell; and, before the pulse could beat faster for the sight, a flaming brand blazed at the same mouths. A Greek priest on one hand, and an Armenian on the other, seizing a torch kindled at the supernatural fount, bore it off with a swiftness which almost eluded the eye; the tapers of the multitude caught the flame as if by spontaneous combustion; the illumination flashed round the vast fane, rising into every circle, until if all had not been an imposture set in the coarsest of circumstances, the mind might have thought itself transferred to that temple in which there is no need of the sun, but where the Lord Himself is the Light. As it was, foreigners, with nothing to support the wings of faith,

sought at once egress to the simple day, where no attempt is made at deception, and even a clouded sky, by its truth, recommends Him who has thrown a pall over it.

In the evening, with a torch borne before for security, the Rotunda was again visited, in order to witness the close of the spectacle, and bid farewell to the theatre of its enactment. All had got transformed since noon. The pilgrims, mostly drowned in sleep, lay sprawling on the floors, awaiting the resurrection which should take place at midnight; while a flickering lamp here and there deepened rather than relieved the heavy reign of gloom. But, lurking in some recess, with a taper in his hand, Age was piously fingering a sacred tome, or a female pilgrim raised a hymn which drew in others touched by its soft strain to join in it. Instances of this kind served to mitigate the sombreness of the week's impressions, and suggested how fair souls, close as they may stand to contagious fanaticism, will yet often live free of its worst effects.

A ceremony specially clerical, and lifting the veil from the spirit of the hierarchy, passed off on Easter Day. After Mass in the evening, the sacerdotal body prostrated themselves before the patriarch enthroned in the ancient church of Constantine, which opens into the Rotunda.

> 'Towards him they bent
> With awful reverence prone, and as a god
> Extolled him';—

or seemed to do so. A long file of all official degrees, coming up as if it would never end, emptied itself on the floor at the feet of the Chief. Each personality, the oldest and highest in dignity as well as others, gathering together his robes, made a short run with his head bent low as if for a plunge, seemed to graze the ground, and rose close to the primate, fervently clasping his hand to kiss it, and receiving with devout recollection of himself the fatherly blessing. If it had

been meant for more than a mark of free homage, agreeable to the pontiff, and imposing to the senses of the mob, it might have ended like Herod's pageant at Cæsarea without awaking astonishment. Even as it was, the imperishable lesson bound up with the modesty of the angel in the Apocalypse, should have been remembered. The inveterate love of play in Eastern Churches, forbids, indeed, the charge of blasphemy. At worst, if only the place and season could be forgotten, it might call up a smile, such as one indulges in at children mimicking the grave business of life.

During the display, deacons, elevated on opposite sides of the church, kept up a chant which, according to the Greek style, limped along in clumsy alternate measures. At one moment the stranger felt that the attention of a principal chanter was, for some reason, given to him; and, turning the head, found himself nodded to in genial manner, with glances pointing towards the patriarch. At a loss to know the precise meaning of these indications, he acknowledged the compliment, but did not change place, when a messenger, descending, whispered in his ear an invitation to advance for the patriarchal blessing. Was it a simple complaisance, perfectly natural to the Greek Church? or had the Presbyterian been taken for one of that fantastic band of English Churchmen, who, estranging themselves from the pious Nonconformists of their own land, long to embrace with the fervour of a spousal union the Church of the Holy Fire?

At the close of Easter Week, when the interest of the locality began to appear above the mists formed by the revels round the sepulchre, it was soothing to cross the Kedron, and from the hill identified with Him whose presence hangs about it at every foot, look over the city. As the steep is mounted, some jutting rocks tempt a pedestrian to draw breath. The thought, so constantly suggested in following the traces of the Lord through Palestine, breaks forcibly on the mind at such

a moment,—the thought how closely Life, with Him, sat into Nature. At all turns in the ground, the breeziness itself of the slope setting loose reflection, with the Temple opposite, an occasion would be given for such discourses as those of Jesus on Olivet. The Temple is now no more, but its site remains ; and, as the Mosque of Omar, occupying that sacred stance, lifted its cupolaed form to the eye, it drew the pilgrim to arrange for visiting it.

A knot of people stood one early morning in the court of the British consulate. It did not need the Union Jack which waved over them to suggest their country. Easy was it to recognise their nationality by their ruddy complexions, and especially by that air of independence which seems born with the British Islander. The sea, it might appear, had produced them ; and generations after their bold ancestors sailed from Denmark and the fiords of Norway, they preserve the style of the ocean, as if balancing themselves on it, and claiming with the eye the whole horizon.

As the party collected, every fresh step which came up was eager, every countenance glowed with an animation which implied a powerful interest drawing them on. A mystery, indeed, was about to be laid open to the band, which till very recently, during the six centuries that had elapsed since the expulsion of the Crusaders, had been penetrated only by a few favourites of governing pachas and a disguised traveller or two among Christians. The Mosque of Omar, in short, rising on the platform of the temple, and which, as seen from Olivet, forms the foreground of Jerusalem, was to become known to them. To how many a Giaour who had of old sought entrance, but were deterred from the enterprise by the daggers of black dervishes at the gates, might not the present company have been objects of envy! Even later visitors to the city record with a sigh, how a glimpse of the precincts merely could be caught from the hot roof of the governor's

palace, or in groping along the wall. As each who gathered within the consular court that morning, the wanderer among the number, thought of his more fortunate lot, he burned to be put in motion.

It was as the sun began to flood the streets, that the word was given to advance. A Cawass, handling his usual staff of office, marshalled the way. Scarcely had a few steps been taken when the walls were passed.

Before the aspect of the scene could be collected, a halt was called, as the party reached the portico where a broad flight of steps leads on to the platform. A request, which provoked a smile on every face, was here made to give up boots. The reason, assigned with oriental gravity, was, the sanctity of the Mosque, hallowing even the ground around it. If an infidel, in Mahometan eyes, therefore, would not hazard the assault of some jealous fakir, he must consent to be unshod. Some, forewarned, had brought slippers, which they now drew from their pockets. Others wrapped their feet in handkerchiefs. But most, with a demureness of visage which could not long withstand the ridiculousness of the position, had no alternative but to walk on in their stocking soles.

As the company advanced, the mind was swayed between the present and the past. Fancy went back to the Jewish monarchy, when Solomon, here seated on his throne, asked a blessing for the sanctuary which had grown up in silence at his word. Moslem and Crusader, again, warred on the spot; while, mixing with earlier and later images, the fury of the contending sects of the Israelites at the Roman siege, added a conception how much fiercer may be the rage of brother against brother than against a common foe.

If such forms glimmered like ghosts clothed once more with life, the party was suddenly brought to itself, as, crossing the threshold of the Mosque, it stood face to face with

the contents. No sign appeared of an ordinary sanctuary, as in forgetfulness perhaps, had for the first moment been expected. No pulpit rested on the shoulders of celebrated doctors of Moslem. No fresco represented a great historical incident; nor did vestments of dead saints show themselves, nor any lamps, nor furniture, nor hangings; but, lo! beneath the airy cupola which rises over its octagonal base, a body ot living rock, on which a tool has scarcely come, stretched away fifty or sixty feet in every direction and about five above the marble floor It was the celebrated Rock of the Dome! At first view, inclosed by a screen of delicate arabesque work, it looked to be a colossal model of some Alp with its peaks and chasms. But, by degrees, the mind realised that it was a crest of Mount Moriah, where Abraham came to offer his son, and the Temple had once stood. Possibly, as some antiquarians think, it is the unhewn stone which formed the basis of Solomon's brazen altar. The Moslem, for his part, has invested it with a halo as the Stone of Prophecy, within whose clefts is the print of the Prophet's feet, when, in his nocturnal flight, after alighting from the celestial Borak, he mounted again for his departure. At any rate, the Mosque exists to cover this wild tumbling mass. The pointed windows serve for nothing except to distribute light over its surfaces.

The guide waved his rod after a few minutes, and the party vanished within a grotto, reached by steps through an aperture in the rock.

The cave was sombre as the Inferno. Strange, mysterious hums, too, fell on the ear. But, as the sight accommodated itself to the dismal shadows, the intruders found that the eyes of Moslems were fastened on them, and that the tumultuous movement of prayer produced the noises which rose around. If true what the Moolahs inculcate, that every petition offered in this pit is granted, it might have been worth while, now that the wishing-cap has lost its virtue, to turn the visit to

account. The company, however, entered as unbelievers; and nothing in the privileged place, it is probable, induced any to put it to the proof.

As the foot withdrew from the Mosque, it was natural, how painful soever, to contrast the simple aspect of the Moslem Sanctuary with the tawdry ornaments of the Rotunda. Above all, although the Mussulman also has his fanatical fits, his temperate worship never runs into orgies such as those celebrated at the Holy Sepulchre. At the same time, the 'eternal truth,' which Gibbon says is in Mahometanism, —the truth that there is one God,—formed the comfort of Abraham, and was proclaimed by Moses along the Nile, thousands of years before the founder of Islam was born. The 'necessary fiction' in the system, to use the Historian's remaining words,—the fiction that 'Mahomet is His Prophet,' —got currency only through the cymetar and the ecclesiastical corruptions of the seventh century. As the Golden Gate, the pillared Church of the Crusaders, was visited, the thoughts turned into a new channel. The image of the Saviour arose, who had walked hereabouts in His Divine beauty; and, with the Mount of Olives in view, it was forcibly borne home how Islam asserts one naked dogma, borrowed from a Faith which, embodied in its Author, revealed God on the earth, and which brings forth in affluence all fitted for the good of man now, as well as wanted for his coming capacities.

At spots the pavement resounded hollow to the stroke. Cisterns stretch deep away into the rocky area. Josephus, it will be remembered, gives a tragic picture of his countrymen who, at the capture of the Temple, took refuge in such concealed works, or sought them in hope of exit by some distant outlet. Passages, afterwards explored, join enormous quarries beneath the foundations of the city. A tradition only of them existed, until a Missionary's dog, in pursuit of a fox, entered a breach near the Damascus Gate, barking

with a fainter and fainter echo, and coming out by another opening, an incident which recalled attention to the forgotten caves.

The sense is overpowered, as, descending within by a gradual slope, one finds himself in these prodigious excavations. Here the stones which drew the admiration of the Apostles, were probably cut by the masons of Solomon. But, what specially strikes an explorer, the caverns look as if they had only been left by the workmen for a holiday. The niches for the lamps, by the glimmer of which the quarriers wrought, are still visible, with a trail of smoke blackening the surface of the rock over them; grooves begun have been left unfinished; and blocks of colossal dimensions, shaped in part, lie on the floor, seeming to wait for their completion by a hand which civil strife or some other cause has kept from returning to deal the last strokes.

One other sight connected with the area of the Temple, although also reached outside of it, moves yet more the heart at this day: the Jews' Wailing Place.

To it,—an alley in the Jewish quarter, at the base of the walls,—the Israelites, as all know, come from every land for prayer. The spot is not easy for a stranger to find amidst the tortuousness of the squalid lanes which adjoin it. The first sign of it for the pilgrim was the appearance of some Hebrew women with swollen eyes, followed by a man of the family, whose haggard face likewise bore traces of emotion. At one other turn of the path, an inarticulate buzz broke on the ear. Next moment stood out the huge bevelled stones of the ancient wall, beset by mourners.

At one end of the passage, the males, a majority of them in cloaks reaching to the heels and having on tall caps bordered with a broad band of fur, muttered their devotions, moving the head backwards and forwards in a grave, affecting manner. The women, as they approached, a sheet hang-

ing over their dress, walked up to the top, fell involuntarily into tears, kissing and clasping the wall, and at last sought the joints of the stones into which they poured their petitions. All ages had come, and mothers holding infants in the arm. The suppliants sobbed in a personal key, without formality; and though the Christian who looks on may wonder that his own blessed faith in the Nazarene is not shared by those present, he will scarcely be able to prevent a tear of sympathy starting to his eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

GROTTO OF BETHLEHEM TO NAZARETH AND THE LAKE OF GALILEE, BY WAY OF THE DEAD SEA.

On Horseback across the Battlefield of Rephaim.—Tomb of Rachel.—Repast on the Sward in sight of Bethlehem.—The Modern Bethlehemites.—Cave of the Nativity.—Tents pitched by Mar Saba.—The Dead Sea.—The Jordan.—Jericho.—Pass of Jenin.—Jerusalem Recalled.—Over the Plain of Jezreel.—The Bedaween.—Up the Galilean Hills.—Nazareth.—Lake of Galilee.—Storm.—In a Fishing Boat to the Cities of Gennesaret.—Jean d'Acre.

AT the Gate of Damascus, as most convenient, the pilgrim mounted horse for Bethlehem, with intention to prolong the journey round by the Dead Sea. Glancing aside on the Dragoman and his muleteers, and on the armed escort appointed for safety, a breath from the ancient chivalry of Palestine seemed to come over him,—a fancy which was aided by the presence of a bevy of Prussian deaconesses from Beyrout, who had begged at the Hospice to be taken under his wing through the Wilderness. In this temper it was easy to imagine himself called to sustain a skirmish on their behalf. On turning the head of a ravine which suddenly brought the whole file into one view,—forgiven be the fantasy!—it even appeared to him for a moment that, by some odd trick resembling the transformations in Arabian story, he had become a slave under the Korân, and these, with their shy, demure looks, withdrawn from scrutiny by the large dropping borders of their white bonnets, who could they be but ladies guarded by him for his master! In any case

it would have been worth while to break a lance for noble women like them, who, giving themselves to education and works of mercy among the natives of the Lebanon, adorned their Christian piety by a simple and cheerful disposition. But no perilous task in their defence fell to his lot, no honour was won. With the day's joyous expectations, and the fresh morning air flowing around, the cavalcade moved in peace on its course southward.

The path lay across the historical battlefield of Rephaim. Once the track was a pavement of black basalt laid down by Solomon. A dazzling pageant, as Josephus says, often advanced at dawn along it, the monarch in his chariot drawn by three chosen horses of Egypt, on the way to the beautiful ravine of the Urtaz. A bodyguard of the tallest and handsomest youths in the kingdom, sumptuously mounted, and their long flowing hair glittering with powder of gold, galloped in attendance. At that time trees decked the landscape; the fields waved with rich harvests; while the road was ordinarily enlivened by caravans of camels bearing the wealth of Asia to the Holy City. The skeleton of the scene, including the distant mountain range of Moab, is still the same; but trees, harvests, commerce, have vanished, and the road is no more than a rough mule track. The plain, however, at Easter, is brilliant with flowers, for the spring rains are then just over; and a shepherd piping to his flock is met from time to time, recalling the fascinating image which illustrates the Saviour's office.

The first object on the way, the Tomb of Rachel, came in view about an hour or so after the start. Known by its small saracenic cupola, the company hailed it from a distance, pricking their steeds into a trot. The shrine is visited by Jew, Christian, and Mussulman, all rallying round it with a common devotion. A Pillar inclosed,—the same, maybe, set up by the Patriarch Jacob, when the Israelitish people existed

only as an oak in the acorn,—is scrawled over with names of votaries, who have doubtless added to piety a romantic tenderness for the fair Mesopotamian cut off in the beautiful prime of wifehood. As the band rode off, after the women had twined a wreath to commemorate the moment, the sad mother's exclamation in closing her eyes on the infant Benoni came to mind, as well as the father's, drawn from his attachment, which changed the name into Benjamin. Another hour saw the travellers dismounted by the Pools, the most southerly, and therefore the most elevated point of the present excursion.

The tanks are embosomed among hills, whose waters they gather into themselves, along with those of a neighbouring spring. If now mainly supplying Jerusalem by a covered aqueduct, formed by the Romans under Pilate, they poured, in Solomon's time, their contents into the valley of the Urtaz. The Urtaz bloomed like the Paradise of Adam; every tree grew which was good for food or pleasant to the eyes. But, though the fancy summoned these ravishing gardens from the past to revel in them for a few moments, the heart was ever turning to Bethlehem; and the band got at once again into the saddle.

Soon, the Village of the Nativity, stretching away eastward on a long grey ridge of limestone, rose before the eye. As each hallowed object, already made familiar by the graver's art, was being recognised, lunch was prepared on the spot. But as a carpet for cloth was laid on the stony sward, rich in anemones, and as boxes of sardines, with preserved meats, grapes, melons, and other refreshing fruits, were piled upon it, the contrast was too strange, too touching, between the conveniences, the delicacies of modern life, and the fortunes of Him whose infant wails were once heard in the grotto opposite! The repast could not but be troubled; for besides Bethlehem, every point in view called up some

memorable incident. David might have watched his father Jesse's flocks on those wild round hills overlooking the wilderness, and, as the youthful hero told Saul with dignity, faced the lion and the bear. On any of the same heights, or one of the grassy spaces below, the shepherds might have kept charge by night when the silence was broken by the Song of the Angels. But the grey cliff in front chiefly drew attention, awakening emotion by the associations which cluster about its caves.

The modern Bethlehemites, as at once appears, are a joyous, radiant folk, contrasting by their handsome, oval faces and frank manners with the other tribes of Palestine. At Jerusalem indeed, among those who were present in the court of the Holy Sepulchre, the women of Bethlehem had been already distinguished. But, on entrance to their village, the impression of their good looks was deepened as they crowded round in families, offering for sale, besides beads and crosses, shells of pearl with the Mother and the Babe, the Crucifixion, and similar subjects cut into the surface. The blood of the Crusaders, according to themselves, as said, flows in their veins, tinging their ways with the courage and suavity observable in them. At all events the community is Christian, divided among the rival Churches, Greek, Latin, Armenian, yet intermarrying as if in protest against the local ecclesiastical jealousies. It is impossible, on noticing the slightly curved nose and other features of the female, set in her robe of blue with a short red mantle thrown over the shoulders, not to justify the remark of a Swiss traveller that, probably, the conventional type of the Virgin has been taken from Bethlehem. At Rome, at Florence, at Paris, the same face which here smiles with a living smile, is often seen looking from the walls of galleries.

As the Cave of the Nativity is entered, and a descent made of about a dozen steps, it is striking to come all at

once on a star of silver and jewels in an embrasure, with the sentence in Latin over it: *Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary!* Nothing could add to the sublimity of these simple words. Yet, often in life, thoughts which soar the highest, are brought by intrusive incidents to creep on the ground. Besides the fact that a charge of theft of the original star, made by the Franciscans against the Greek monks, served as a pretext to bring France and Russia in arms against each other, the spot was haunted by a present element of disturbance. At every point associated by the monks with a Scripture or legendary circumstance,—where Mary sat, where the Kings of the East made their offerings, and similar events, an old woman slipped in beforehand with her devotions; and, while seeming piously to fold her hands and in ecstasy raise the eyes to the ceiling glimmering in light of lamps, the visitors, it became obvious, were the sole objects of her thought. In one word, as the issue proved, it was a mendicant, under the guise of a religious votary, seeking to turn her feigned raptures to profit. Nor would the Witch of Endor or a goblin from pandemonium have troubled the spirit so much as the sight of this sanctioned pest pursuing her trade in such a place.

The Grotto has many arguments for its authenticity. It is protected by the Church of St. Helen, as well as by Convents of the three Confessions. Like the monasteries of the Holy Sepulchre, these lie over the sacred cave with a strong, brawny arm upon it; but at times they pour out their brotherhoods to meet in hostile encounter.

The sun was already sinking, when the party plunged into the desert, and, at nightfall, the tents were pitched under cover of the Byzantine Monastery of Mar Saba. At sight of this district, a sense of desolation crept on the heart beyond any experienced hitherto. A solitary mounted Arab hunting the gazelle and partridge had been met on the

way. An encampment of Bedaween, now standing at their doors with spear in hand, darkly glanced from beneath their roped kefiehs at the passing Franks, while fierce curs, rushing from every point, snarled at the heels of the horses. From time to time, recently, a glimpse had been caught of the Dead Sea, with the pale yellowish flood of the Jordan entering it and spreading out like a fan on its surface. At present, a foreground of bare, dreary, round mountains, yielding only the thorn which forms food to the camel, closed in the view. The Monastery itself, which dates its origin from the fifth century, glooms within its fortress inclosure of lofty walls, its towers, and its low iron gate, often besieged in its history by hungry hordes. At the time in moonlight, clothed on the offside with dark shadows which were yet swallowed by the darker of the terrible abyss of the Kedron, it quelled the fancy with awe. But as, at evening prayers, the remembrance came to mind that possibly in this wild, sterile district, visited by beasts of prey from the Jordan, Jesus endured His Temptation, it was found to be good to counterbalance one feeling by another, and press the question on oneself, what the Soul was prepared to bear rather than yield to frailty.

At noon next day, (the saddle having been resumed while the stars were still trembling in the east,) the band stood by the northern shore of the Dead Sea, which rolled in its blue clear, sparkling waves at the feet, as if appealing by their brightness against the gloomy name. At the same moment a light purple haze, an exhalation from the sea, which boils as in a caldron formed by the limestone mountains that shut it in, hovered over the waters southward, extending thirty miles in that direction. Dry, whitened branches of trees, lying like bones picked clean by monsters who had come out of the lake and withdrawn again, fringed the strand. These, torn by the Jordan from its banks in the fierce moods

of its floods and brought down by the river, had been cast up on the beach without any remaining life. Life, indeed, cannot exist in the Dead Sea. Fish entering it, immediately perish. Shells found on its borders are of fresh-water origin. The most violent storm produces no blade of weed from its bottom. Animalculæ even, as the microscope shows, are wanting. Some reeds and thorns grow near its edge, and, behind its soft, slimy borders, a small flower or two may be gathered. But rarely a bird approaches, nor does the cheerful hum of insect soothe the ear.

It was just a moment to bathe, the moment of arrival; and, withdrawing behind a promontory among a thicket of reeds, the imaginary Templar was soon plunging in its cool waters. On merely looking at the Lake, it is difficult to suppose it to differ from other seas. But the first step planted in it, and especially the first dip attempted, disposes one to believe all that has been reported of it. A bather can scarcely keep his feet when the water reaches the waist, and, on taking a stride farther in—such is its buoyancy—he is liable to be tossed up like a cork. Vespasian, when here, ordered a criminal to have his hands tied behind the back, and flung in to drown, but in vain. Horses, it is said, possibly with some exaggeration, cannot swim, being turned over with the heels up. As the American Expedition coasted the lake, the lapping on the sides of the boat sounded as if it were passing through a sea of metal. In short, so dense is the medium, that, in a storm, it is said, the waves beat like hammers in herculean hands. As the experimenter withdrew from his singular yet pleasant bath, he suffered no ill consequences. The eyes slightly smarted; every pore of the body nipped for a few moments; and a greasy saline coat lay on limbs and shoulders. But, though a nauseous mouthful, which tasted bitter as Epsom salts, had by chance been gulped, the sense of that, as well as of any

other discomfort, soon passed off, and he mounted his steed refreshed and ready for the remainder of the day's journey.

A further ride of an hour or two brought the party to the verdant thickets of the Jordan. As they slid off their horses to repose under the shadow of willow or tamarisk, a cry was raised that an Arab was drowning. Forthwith, a muleteer of the company, throwing aside his easy garment, swam to the rescue of the poor man, who was being fast borne away in the fierce grasp of the stream. The Jordan, swollen at this time by the dissolved snows of Hermon, rushed and swirled with a force which the arms of few swimmers could buffet with. The incident illustrated the interposition, (for it was at the same period of the year,) which enabled a million and more of fugitive Jews to cross with their families and cattle.

At this spot it is, that the Greek pilgrims, to the number of seven or eight thousand, bathe on Monday of Passion Week, while the Paschal moon is growing. Escorted by the Governor of Jerusalem at the head of a strong guard, they descend with festal shouts by torchlight to the tuck of the kettledrum. The thought, probably, with which a western traveller leaves the bank, is, that Jesus may have here suffered Himself to be baptized, and, in loving honour of the event, in all likelihood, he will stoop down and lap a few drops from the sacred river. At Jericho, encamped for the night near the old square tower which marks the supposed site of the famous ancient city, a German hymn was raised by the silvery voices of the Deaconesses, with the evening shadows falling around. The story of the Publican, who clomb the sycamore to see Jesus, was read. Dawn next morning broke on the company toiling up the awful pass where the scene of the Good Samaritan is laid. In some hours Bethany, the retreat of the Saviour, was reached. Slowly winding round Olivet by the path which the Lord

assuredly took in His triumph, Jerusalem in its glory started on the sight all at once, as it did on Him when He shed tears over its fortunes. St. Stephen's Gate soon welcomed the band, weary, but charged with memories which could never die.

The sun had long since dropped behind the mountains of Samaria, and was cooling his hot, rosy face in the Mediterranean, when the pilgrim, now on the way to Nazareth, so familiar as the Home of the Saviour, began to defile through the pass of Jenin, which opens on the magnificent historical plain of Jezreel.

The shades thickening on the ground, with the prospect of soon dismounting for the night, would have been pleasant in ordinary circumstances. But the inhabitants of the adjacent villages are brigands, who defy the patrol which scours the district; the pass is a dreary ravine, winding with such rapidity that the head of a cavalcade is almost always out of sight of the rear; and, as the wary Dragoman, Ahmed, whispered to the company to keep close together, the fancy conjured to itself desperadoes couched behind every cliff, ready, like the kilted bands of Roderick Dhu, to spring up at the first signal. Silently the way was threaded, growing ever narrower, as well as ever darker in shady horrors, although no glimpse was caught of any one except an armed shepherd leading home his flock; when, to the joy of all, at a sudden bend, the plain burst on the view through the lingering remains of twilight. Soon the pack mules were unloaded. At once, like mushrooms, rose the tents, pitched away from the orange groves and minarets of treacherous Jenin. A gypsy fire speedily crackled and blazed, the centre of culinary operations; and, before long, with satisfied appetites, the camp was sunk in profound slumbers, which were hardly broken by the snorting of the beasts stabled in a circle around, or the gossip of the watch stretched by the expiring embers.

Jerusalem, the Holy City, the metropolis of Christendom, lay already three days' journey behind. But it still haunted the mind, flickering before it with its lofty, solemn, tragic interest. All along the road from its seat among the mountains of Judæa, one famous spot after another had drawn the feet aside: Bethel, with its awful stones; the Well of Sychem, Jacob's Well, affording a drink to the party; the colonnades of Samaria crowning its hill. Everything, however, appeared a simple appendage to the Capital; and the farther the city receded, its glory grew in enhancement. Jerusalem became transfigured by distance, touched with the softness which clothes the dead when the mouldering frame is out of sight. At the time of visiting it, the heavy sense had often been felt, that the City sanctified by the steps of the Son of Mary, lying away forty feet under ground, could not be got at; while the pipe and dance of His day had given place to a sombre silence, or the noises of fanaticism. But, in absence from it, the modern streets seemed lifted and removed. Christ and the Apostles visibly walked in the Temple courts, as these once were. They ascended and descended the crowded cliffs. It was realised that not in vain had the lyre of David been struck to the praise of One who should eternally sit on His throne, when the king and his children lay in their tombs. He, to whom Moses and the Prophets pointed, had really come, and, by His presence, imparted dignity even to its stones and rubbish. Before its associations, in the eye of faith, paled the glory of Alexandria, Constantinople, and Rome, with all accumulations of empire, reduced to asteroids, exhibiting only a borrowed fairness.

In taking horse next morning at sunrise, after a cup of steaming coffee, the heart swelled high with the thought, as the plain of Jezreel was entered upon, that, ere the day closed in, the mountain village of Nazareth would receive the rider. But, as may have been surmised, he was not alone,

although the party had changed. The Deaconesses of Beyrout remained at Jerusalem with sisters of a branch establishment, bequeathing to their comrade a crown of the traditional thorn which pierced the brow of the Saviour. A charge of three accomplished dames had now befallen him, a lady of the United States and two English, who, at the British Consulate, had solicited his convoy northward. The American, a small, lively person, the least of stature in the company, always trotted first; but, gathering flowers for a Church bazaar across the Atlantic, the nimble lady showed such a passion in the holy task, as once to leave a celebrated place unnoticed until it was dropping out of sight. The more prominent of the English items was a bold, adventurous damsel, bent on rivalling Lady Hester Stanhope, the mysterious recluse of Lebanon, in which capacity she had just penetrated into the robber region of Engedi. The other was an amateur statuary, who devoted her plastic power to altar compositions. All were spinsters, though, among the events confided to their companion, he did not learn whether Eros, so prone to tricks, had ever buried an arrow in any of the maiden bosoms. But each of the ladies had reached that happy epoch of independence, which comes in with security from the chains of Hymen, and, possibly, for the long fear of being reduced under his bonds, they were now indemnifying themselves by a pilgrimage.

The plain of Jezreel, which stretches away some hours' ride from the base of the mountains of Samaria, seemed to be exactly the spot for a gallop. But, scarcely had the gardens of Jenin been left behind, when the horses were brought up by the gigantic artichokes which close in on the way, and a walking pace gave leisure to figure to oneself the encroaching thistles, in colossal form, as Highlanders flaunting their tartans. The Bedaween beyond the Jordan,—those fierce nomads whom no arts can tame, who are mounted on horses

so domesticated, so identified it might be said with their riders, that if the idea of the centaur had never before occurred, it would be originated by them,—those awful descendants of Ishmael come up still at the present day into the plain at harvest, ravish the corn and fruit, and withdraw like a tide which has broken beyond its bounds. The wandering Arab, indeed, cannot like Attila boast that the grass ceases to grow wherever the hoofs of his horse have been. The luxuriant, though unprofitable, crop of Jezreel proves the fact. But the sight of a Bedouin, as one came across the path, a scout from his tribe, gave a stern thrill. The management of his steed showed the man master of him; he scanned the company with the imperial glance of a lord of the situation; and as he brandished his long spear, though all his property might be no more than his beast and the coarse chequered mantle on his back, together with his share in the daily spare meal of his people, he inspired as much respect of a kind, as Ahasuerus of old may have done when he shook his sceptre.

As the day wore on, the journey brought the travellers abreast of the historical heights which rise successively on the way. With these coming into observation, the past more and more predominated over the present. The plain, indeed, was, as a magician's hall, in which the wizard Memory, striking the earth with his wand, summoned up object after object. Saul, especially, appeared with the swelling hill of Gilboa. The agony of the unfortunate monarch was re-enacted; the passionate demand of the son of Kish to be thrust through by his sword-bearer, conscious that throne, family, honour, all were gone, seemed to be again heard; and, in connexion with the visit to Endor, it was thought how fatal is a compromise between good and evil, even when the character, like the king's, may have elements of grandeur in it.

At last, so early in the day that sunshine still glowed on Tabor from cope to base, the travellers struck up into the Galilean hills. At the beginning of the ascent, which is abrupt, and winds round bushy knoll and hollow, all the names which had occupied the mind below vanished, giving place to His alone who consecrated these green mountains by His presence; and, alas for gallantry! the hero of the party dropped behind his fair allies, finding all speech jar on the associations. Every flower,—and this region is specially haunted by flowers,—meets the eye with more than ordinary love. Even every stone and projecting cliff looks friendly. The ground, as the pony, with the rein on the neck, took his way up the rugged path, seemed not of earth; but there was in this no prodigy, no capricious illusion; for, as when these hills were first seen from the sea, the traveller felt himself going home after absence. Almost indulging a hope of somehow meeting Jesus shining through a common face, he was borne up and up, when, in a moment, as the rocky shoulder of the topmost height was crossed, Nazareth disclosed itself. Afar the town is seen clinging to a rounded hill, the highest and most westerly of the series which form the great cup in which it lies. 'And Thou, too, art a Nazarene!' said the pilgrim in himself, as one after another of the villagers passed by; 'and Thou! and Thou!' whilst, at the sight, a sense of kindred sprang up within the heart, closer and sweeter than common blood could give.

The basin which encloses Nazareth is shut out by situation from the world. So complete is the seclusion, that History passed absolutely by it, until, in the Evangelists, it fixed its eye on this small circular depression, not to close on it as long as the mountain endures. The flatness of the valley gives the aspect of liberty, or free open air. Yet, as the foot winds through it, the town is every now and then concealed by some mound rising on the path, which, in its turn, diffuses

a sense of solitude. Withal the world is felt to be at hand; for are there not glimpses of the great plain, the seat of royalty in ancient times as well as a battlefield in all ages? And does not Tabor look down over the margin of the rocky knolls which invest the hollow?

But all that Nazareth means as a school of the spirit is most found when, its lanes being threaded, the top of the hill is reached. A brown heathy shrub clothes its surface, tufted with wild roses, tulips, and other flowers, which one gathers with a feeling that Jesus Himself may have plucked a bud or two from the same roots. The eagle is there, wheeling overhead. The lark, springing from the valley, gyrates in the sky as it flings out its rapturous song. Birds of variegated plumage, the jay especially, have their nests not far off. But, sequestered though the spot is,—a very shrine of meditation,—its position is such as to bring a wide prospect within scope. From its airy height may be seen the hills round Jerusalem; Carmel, with the Mediterranean, sails on the water gleaming in the sunlight; and the Lebanons northward in the distance. As the hill is descended, the sounds of the town again steal on the ear, recalling that common existence from which man cannot safely be long separated. The bark of dogs, the strifes and merry shouts of children, the multitudinous hum of life, all strike on a susceptible mind. In a mood formed by these various elements, as one musing on the subject enters his tent pitched by the public fountain where the Nazarene women bearing waterjugs on their heads are in constant movement, 'No!' he says to himself, 'I can imagine no locality better fitted to nurse a Divine youth!' Yet the proverb, 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' as well as the attempt of the Nazarenes to drive their townsman over its brow, show that faith, worth, character, have their prime source from within, and that, in the absence of spiritual life, the scenery

most lavish in adaptation to hallowedness may be wholly thrown away.

The Fountain, conformably to the legend of one of the Apocryphal Gospels, is consecrated by the Greek Church as the place of the Visitation. At no spot, indeed, sweeter or more appropriate, could the announcement have been made to the Virgin. Here, under the open sky, the bright spring bubbles, and flowers gem the sward in profusion. But the Roman Church, as might be expected, (for Catholicism and Orthodoxy, alas! show everywhere in the Holy Land their teeth to each other!) has fixed the event at the opposite end of the town. The Franciscan Convent there lifts its white Campanile, offering hospitality from afar to comers into the valley. A few steps leading down from the vestibule bring pilgrims to an altar close to which, on the ground, in Latin characters, they read the sentence, *Here the Word became Flesh!* A divided pillar of granite, hanging in part from the roof, in part rising from the floor, marks the spot on which Gabriel alighted. The monks, it seems, were earlier in the habit of ascribing the breach to a miracle. But the tone is now changed, and they recognise its condition as, what it is, the result of some catastrophe.

A miracle, indeed, of so simple a sort, even if certainly fictitious, might be allowed to pass with a smile, when it is considered that, under the ægis of the Popes themselves since the Saracens finally drove the Crusaders from Palestine, a whole rival House of the Virgin has existed in Italy. Loretto, the famous Loretto, on the shore of the Adriatic, has its Santa Casa, decreed equally by the authority which hallowed the shrine at Nazareth to be the original home of Mary. Pilgrims in hundreds of thousands, including kings, yearly circulate round it on their knees, and retire from it as from a royal presence. A difficulty, of course, is, how it was conveyed across the seas. But, when the Church has need

of a prodigy, it is never wanting to it. Angels, accordingly, interposing for the comfort of believers, as a Bull of Leo the Tenth assures, bore off the holy house on their shoulders, apparently as a parachute moves over water and land, and the skyey messengers, after a temporary stay at Fiume, triumphantly planted it where it now is. But, in presence of the scenery itself where the Saviour grew up, a pious hand would draw a curtain before a proceeding which is a scandal to Christendom.

As a traveller winds over the crest which shuts in the valley of Nazareth, and, losing sight of the town, descends to the Lake of Galilee, the feeling arises of quitting the scene of Preparation, for the scene of the Work of the Divine Teacher. All at Nazareth connected with the Saviour is shrouded in obscurity, if the incident of His twelfth year, which breaks the darkness only as by a flash, be excepted, and as much as can be inferred from the manner in which He was considered by his fellow townsmen. But, now, acts and discourses fill up the whole history by the Sea, sparkling and gleaming through the business which animated its populous shores, and leaving a perpetual glory on its waters.

At the brow of the last ridge in the descent, overlooking Tiberias, the horses were reined in for a moment; for, there, in its mountain bed, a thousand feet below, spread away the Lake in secluded beauty! A ripple played on its surface, sweeping to this side of the shore; and, fatigued with the hot way, the cool breeze was caught on the face. But, as a storm was obviously brewing, the dragoman hastened down with the baggage to have the tents at once pitched on the camping-ground, counselling his train to follow as fast as possible. In fact, one of those sudden squalls, so memorable in the Evangelists, was on the eve of breaking. Before the party was half-way, the wind, rushing through the gullies on the opposite coast, already piped in wild swirls; and, by the time

all got under canvas, the tempest exploded with such fury that every instant the shivering tents seemed likely to be swept like straw before it.

At a late hour, as the stars shone out amidst the flying wrack, the pilgrim could not forbear, despite feminine remonstrances, from stealing to the shore. A traditional belief exists among the Jews of Tiberias, that the Messiah will one day rise from out the waves, walk into the town, and fix his throne at Safed on the mountain behind. But, although not sharing this hope, never might the stranger have again any opportunity of being brought so close to the storm in which Jesus was involved with His troubled Apostles. Baring the head before the elements, he gave thanks to the Father for the Saviour's coming, flinging forth some feeble syllables over the raging surge. The lake had been lashed into spray, which formed by reflection a kind of twilight, just such as might have imparted to the Figure once treading its billows the ghostly aspect which scared the Apostles.

During night the wind fell. But, as rain followed, outlasting the next day, which kept the ladies within, their companion sauntered forth into the town, the melancholy remnants of the city which Antipas founded in honour of his imperial master. The walls with their lordly bastions, shattered by an earthquake, are rolled into the sea, or nod to their fall; while some broken columns are all that exists of the palaces which attested the pleasure-loving character of him who beheaded the Baptist. The population is also changed. No Roman with his slave is now found commanding in the streets. But, as Tiberias is one of the Holy Cities of the Hebrews, owing to its possession of the tombs of some famous Doctors, pious members of the nation come hither from all parts of the world to be buried. The schools, with their children gabbling over their lessons outside in eastern fashion, drew the foot to them, much courtesy being shown

by a venerable Jew and his wife. Poverty, and its shadow misery, however, met the eyes on every side. Since, too, the extinction of other dynasties, the King of the Fleas, as the Arabs say, has formed his court here. But, how numerous soever his subjects might be found to be if a census were taken,—and Eothen, in his inimitable manner, has attempted to reckon up the types at least,—no molestation was offered to the present visitor.

The Lake, shaped, generally, like a heart, lies away in its mountain setting about thirteen miles in length by six broad. To be taken in its arms, to be balanced by its waves, to be borne forwards on its clear bosom, was a passion, a necessity. The storm having next day subsided, accordingly, embarking in a boat,—the only boat, manned by a crew of Arab fishermen—the pilgrim and his companions glided from the shore. The programme was, to coast northwards, visiting the sites of the populous cities of Gennesareth, especially Capernaum where the Saviour abode during His ministry by the lake.

As the ragged lateen sail was hoisted to an ebbing breeze, all the scene, so pathetically told in the Evangelists, rushed on the view, when the Great Preacher dropped His weary head on the pillow of Peter's vessel, and, while the disciples gave the sheet to the wind, fell into slumber as of a child. The smell which rose from the fish scales at the bottom of the skiff was gladly tolerated for its aid to the restoration of the event. The fishermen, with their broad, seafaring manners, well enough shadowed forth the apostles. As the mountains around were caught in their outline, together with the snowy Hermons shimmering far away to the north, a faintness for a moment fell over the sense at the thought that the eyes were taking in substantially the same objects on which the Master must have gazed so many times. The waters of the Jordan, which, traversing the lake like the Rhone, reaches the Dead Sea by many a cataract, might

have often come and gone. But the fish which now sported and darted past in shoals, were they not the spawn, by descent, of the very fish which filled the nets of the disciples? Every small sea, too, hemmed in by rocky barriers, as the Lake of Galilee is, has its own peculiar billows, which perpetuate themselves, because its winds, rushing through the same passages, and from the same general directions, preserve an identity from age to age. The white and black stones on the beach, now more rounded doubtless, lay there when the feet of the Saviour went by. All of importance for bringing back the original scene still existed.

The breeze died away as the coasters arrived opposite the Horns of Hattin, which stand apart on the western shore, and are reckoned by the best recent topographers to be the Mount of Beatitudes. The boatmen amused themselves piping on reeds, sometimes singly, sometimes together, and seemed adverse to take the oars, a circumstance fortunate for the travellers, anxious to pause as long as possible before such a spot. The high-spirited imitator of the chieftainess of the Lebanon, taking out brush and water-colours, began a sketch of the Horns, which her convoy had the honour to receive as a memorial of herself and the place.

At the revived thought of the Lord, who, on the mount before the eye, drew the Apostles to His feet, weaving for them eternal lessons from birds and flowers, it was impossible not to adore the wisdom which presided at their choice. The Apostles were to convey to Man, direct, personal impressions of the Teacher. All nationalities, therefore, it may be said, had to be represented in the witnesses, who should serve to humanity as a prism for the beams which streamed from the Light of the World. It is observable, however, that the basis of these missionaries fitting them for their office, was not characteristic of either of the chief secular races. They were not Romans, with a ferocious aggressive instinct, and a

strange immoral disposition to cast a lasso round the necks of their fellows. As little were they Greeks, a people too fond of sensuous loveliness, too amorous of form and the creations of fancy, to be the immediate servants of a revelation of holiness. The Apostles were taken from the Jewish people, the Witness for the Unity of God, and, under Christ's benign influence, instead of fanaticism of any species, they became possessed of a zeal, tempered with liberality, which alone could qualify them to reflect a Faith universal in its applications. Winds, storms, buffeting with the boisterous waves, watching hill and sky, sleep at sea with morning and evening continually modifying the shapes of things, all kept the sense wide, and formed a counterpoise to false expectations of every kind.

But where, oh where, are Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida? Where are the gay and busy cities by the shores of Gennesaret, which, at the time the Lake was sanctified by the Saviour, sent forth thousands of sails on it, and banished solitude to the mountains? Passed away! Each of them, even the most renowned, is gone; and the very sites themselves are sought for in vain, or form a theme of controversy. The rivers which traversed the district, and made it a garden, still rush to the sea. The land is as fertile as ever, and here and there exhibits patches of cultivation which illustrate the Parable of the Sower as if it had just been spoken. But man in communities has disappeared, and a traveller must go armed and guarded, in case Arab robbers should waylay him with pistol and spear. As a fishing-craft pushes through the thickets of reeds and oleanders which choke the margin of the coast, a few blocks of cut stone at different points give evidence of earlier habitations. But the sight of these enhances the loneliness of the scene, and the mind feels only the more thrown back into the past.

'Farewell!' exclaimed the pilgrim, waving the hand, as he

again took horse with his companions, now bound by way of Safed for Jean d'Acre, where a steamer for Constantinople was expected: 'farewell, ye waters, farewell, farewell!' And as the cavalcade ascended, coming again and again out on some promontory from which the lake, though diminished to the eye, was still beheld in its deep bed, it was impossible not to keep turning round, and, in yet more pathetic tones, repeating adieu. At length, as the party emerged from a long ravine up which the path led, the last speck of wave had disappeared behind the mountain barrier. It was then that the journey in Palestine was felt to be at an end; and, moving onward in silence, buried in the thought of Him by whose transient presence an obscure sea had been raised as a constellation, the wanderer became conscious, as he had not been before, how great was the epoch which had dawned with Christianity.

At Jean d'Acre, after the marshes at the mouth of the Kishon were waded through, and a sunset had been beheld from the Monastery of Carmel, the pilgrim embarked alone on his return westward. As he said good-bye to his companions, one of them, the eldest, gravest, and sweetest, in a word the artist, calling him aside, placed a palm from the Jordan in his hands, and expressed thanks that, as the only cavalier in the journey, he had shown equal attentions to all of them so as to awake jealousy in none of them. Soon, the ship weighed anchor, and, steaming off, left the hills of Galilee fading behind in the twilight.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the Mediterranean for Malta.

Fellow Passengers.—Squall.—Sense at Malta of having left East for West.

THE metropolis on the Bosphorus, with its mosques and towers dropping one after another out of view, filled the eyes as the pilgrim left the Golden Horn for Italy by Malta. By means of the Oriental Churches, a foreground had been got, from which observations on the Church of Rome could be better carried forward. But, what was more, as well as more important in completing an estimate of different communions, a firmer grasp of Christianity itself had been obtained, amidst the scenes hallowed by the ministry of Jesus and His Apostles. This raised the searcher into a sphere from which it was easier to appreciate the developments, not to say corruptions, of both East and West.

The passengers on board (the steamer was French) fitly enough, as it happened, included Asiatic along with other nationalities of the Mediterranean. But, what met the present disposition of the wanderer about to plant his foot in Italy, the western element predominated. During the day, some played at chess or dominoes; others, lounging in cushioned chairs under the awning, cast a lazy eye now and then on the columns of the morning's newspaper, or held in hand the last popular novel. In the evening, however, as the sun began to abate its force, everybody roused

himself. The change was specially marked by a show of ladies, when, as weather permitted, the poop was cleared for a dance. A troop of opera singers from Milan, returning home after an engagement at Constantinople, infused an artistic flavour into intercourse. The soprano, coquettishly throwing free her tresses, hummed snatches of soft airs, and let fall burning glances, which afforded stuff for remark to the elderly and philosophical portion of the company.

At Syra, the *entrepôt* of the Archipelago, where the Packet touched on the afternoon of the third day, the weather threatened to disturb this gay mood. For hours before, indeed, while steering among the islands, waterspouts had played about the horizon, cloud and wave kissing each other in a spasm of attraction, and then coyly falling off. Now, as the vessel rode at anchor in port, she rose on the bosom of the water with slow but large motion, as if the sea under her was drawing long, uneasy breaths. The wind sighed through the tackle; the sky turned from azure to greyish-white; and, when the captain came from shore, looking around with a seaman's eye, the command to heave was given with a gravity which contrasted with his ordinary manner.

The Morea, looming in mist, had been left behind about midnight, and all below was in silence broken only by the grinding roll of the screw, when the steamer, as if a drunken hand had seized her, began to rock like a cradle. A squall had suddenly thrown itself loose on the waters, and the vessel increased its angle so rapidly that, after a few swings, it almost dipped to the beam. From the deck, the masts and funnel were seen sweeping across the heavens, now crowded with clouds, tearing along like racers for a prize. Broad, rounded billows, gleaming under the moonshine, towered above the bulwarks; and the proud ship looked a thing doomed to destruction. At a later hour it blew

a hurricane, which caught the craft now one way and now another, while the sea cast its huge bulk over the prow, fiercely hurling the spray from stem to stern. In these moments, the anxious bark trembled in the balance, when the flood, springing with more than usual fury on the figure-head, fixed its grasp as with the claws of a lion which had fastened on her broad chest to pull her down. The pilgrim, then, wrapt close in his mantle and clinging to one of the stays, silently brooded over the possible loss of the vessel. In presence of the contingency, with eye settled on the watery gulfs constantly forming and filled up at his side, for, as Heyne describes a similar tempest,—

> 'Hier gähnt ein schwarzer Abgrund,
> Dort thürmt es sich weiss in die Höh,'—

he thought of what he had already accomplished, what he was dreaming still to do. Hopes, which had drawn him forward, vanished from his embrace with an air of mockery. But the sombre scrutiniser became aware, how, amidst the awe of the situation, the simple verities of the Christian Faith, free of tawdry aids from fancy or superstition, showed themselves equal to the task of steadying the soul. As he continued to scan the conflict which might be at hand, an undefined attraction to death even grew upon him, until he found himself able to look with composure into the deepest shadows of the mystery. The ship moved on, for Heaven had yet unfulfilled purposes with all the troubled mortals in her womb, whether their aims were earnest or frivolous. The dun sea itself, veined like marble with streaks of the scattered foam, lost its gloomy sway. By sunrise, which broke on the unabated storm, fear, despondency, and deadening pictures, as fantastic shapes only, had followed one another into nonentity.

At evening, with the setting sun, the coast of Sicily was

looked for. But a haze had swallowed it up; nor, though wistfully gazed at until day closed, was any trace of land to be discovered. As dawn, however, again returned, the wind had fallen; the moon, full-orbed, was sinking westward among clouds over which she flung her own lustre; and the flame of the Malta lighthouse blazed out some leagues off. Once more life stretched the canvas to fill in its golden plans. The anchor was dropped, as morning, such as is seldom seen, was casting a glow on the harbour and its military works. A yellow flag, borne at the masthead, told that the ship was in quarantine, and boats of health, ready for commissions, already swarmed around.

On the last day of the steamer's captivity, the captain amiably entertained passengers at dinner. In the gay temper of the Gallic nation, the officers filled the night till daybreak with songs of love and politics. But the forenoon of the previous day happened to afford a curious illustration of the sort of persons who sometimes seek to take the veil. A young Donna, a Smyrniote of Italian parentage, who had attracted notice on the voyage, was come to Malta with the view of entering one of the convents. As a ship's boat, under the guardianship of a quarantine officer, conveyed a pleasure party including the intended novice round the bay, the tender candidate sang various melodies of a sentimental religious character. In doing so, it was unconsciously revealed by many signs, how little prepared the cantatrice was to hide her pretty dimples within a cloister. The air around was sweet, the sky clear, every circumstance agreeing to impart hilarity to the company; when one of the crew, more merry than others, was tempted to make violent court to the damsel, urging the withdrawal of her purpose with the flattering reproach that she was about to rob society of a gem. At a point where the boat touched, a flower or two were gathered in order to disclose the state of the signorina's heart. As the

smiling virgin, like Marguerite in Faust, plucked time after time the leaves, and the ladder of sentiment was climbed, thrice the index stood at, 'I love you!'; a result which so inspired her suitor that he made show of kissing the fair maiden. The Signorina, on her part, sighed over the feigned sacrilege, with just enough of sincerity to prove how great a pity it was thought by her that she could not be a nun and enjoy the world at the same time.

At Malta, amidst the throng of one of the churches, the pilgrim to the shrines of Christendom sensibly felt that he had left the East behind, and was now where the institutions of Rome bore sway. A few steps only had been taken, as he walked forth on a promenade of observation, when notes of an organ murmuring through a muffled doorway caught his ear, the sign of religious service. Passing in, high mass was found just commenced.

According to custom, dropping any special question of creed, the entrant gave himself up to whatever power of consolation was present, and was floated off by the music on a sea of glory. As the sacred instrument warbled with flute voice, rose higher and fuller, died like a spent wave, and finally burst into peals of rolling thunder, it was as if he had been bathed in infinity. He panted, suddenly borne in fancy into enchanted regions. The arched rafters above opened on celestial light. All reflection expired in the ecstacy of sense. It was a foretaste, as it were, of Paradise.

The wanderer only returned consciously to himself as others rose from their knees, and a cloud of hooded heads, showing faces of a soft, moontinged grace, swept by, each figure crossing itself with downcast eyes. He could not, like the crowd, go at once. The absorbedness of the situation continued, even when the causes of excitement had ceased: as, after the sun is looked at, coloured shadows of its disk still dance within the vision.

Malta, a curiosity in many ways, and so profoundly interesting from the shipwreck of St. Paul on its strand, busied the visitor for a few days. But, nothing could long detain him from pursuing his journey. All was arranged to embark again on the waters; and the fascinations of the East faded for the moment before the passionate desire for the new scenes in prospect.

STAGE THE FOURTH.

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CHAPTER I.

NAPLES,

PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN.

Vesuvius from the Gulf of Naples.—Descent from San Martino.—Nature dominates Art in the City.—Pompeii.—Roman Pagan Life.—Origin of Greek Mythology.—Comparison of Ancient Manners with Ecclesiastical Asceticism.—M. Taine's Theory.—The Tarantella.—Cone of Vesuvius.—Frenzy for Church Festivals.—St. Januarius.—Santa Maria del Carmine and her Picture.—Masaniello, the Fisherman of Amalfi.—The Family Sepulchre of San Severo.—Crudeness of Neapolitan Catholicism.—The Clergy.—Mishaps.

A VOWED pedestrian, having now only a knapsack for baggage, the Pilgrim, steaming to Naples from Malta, lay extended under a fair sky on the white shining deck, with the map of Italy, the familiar Boot, before him, poring on the landmarks of a country which, next to Palestine, has wrought most powerfully on the destinies of mankind. A French Marquis, a simple, enthusiastic boy, already met in the East, stooped over the shoulder of his former companion, to examine with him the broad chart. What cities started to the eyes! Naples, Rome, Florence, Pisa, Venice, with Milan and Genoa: each so different; each without a rival of its sort. Rome, of course, most chained the hopes by its memorable ruins, and the history that lurks in every stone, as well as by the doughty spiritual power which afterwards managed to appropriate its overshadowing traditions. But

Naples, where the foot should first touch the soil, what loveliness, what enchantment, was expected within its charmed bay! As day broke, gradually dissipating a veil of mist on the gulf, while the glowing East tipped with gold the crests formed by the morning breeze on the blue waters, a zigzag of pale rayless fire,—a stream of lava, it was,—burned against a faint pyramid of mother-of-pearl. The pyramid, need it be said, was Vesuvius, which, perched like a witch on her hams, loomed through the ghostly dawn, eyeing the adjacent city.

'Am I in Italy?' asked the wanderer of himself next day in the poet's words,[1] as, winding down from the Carthusian Monastery of San Martino, he gazed on Naples and its bay sparkling below in the sunshine. At the first turn by the old conventual bastion, the Volcano, in soft purple garb, appeared hanging over the path, a white puffing cloud—a cloud of vapour, not smoke—brooding on its summit; nor, in the descent, did it often pass out of sight. A small arc of the coast specked with villas, and the sea which breaks on it, next filled in the prospect. Some steps lower, again, the range of the Apennines was caught shimmering above the wooded foreground of Capo di Monte. At length, a knoll, standing freely out, was reached, where a view all round could be had, which, although only partially including the gulf, ravished the sense with its delightfulness. Behind, the castle of San Elmo, in those days the prison of patriots and refuge of tyrants withdrawing from the vengeance of their oppressed people, lifted out of the rock its stern, weather-stained walls. But the eye reposed in front, where hanging gardens of citron and orange, with shady inclosed walks, were surmounted by the characteristic parasol pine, and Vesuvius had at its base a larger expansion of water, gay with the felucca on a pleasure excursion, and many a boat

[1] Rogers's.

paddling to and fro among the steamers at anchor. Some notes of a piano wandered down from an open casement; and that the scene might not want in merry circumstance, a cobbler at work by his door cracked jokes with children, a crone in attendance smiling on. From the city, the blended noises of its streets came up with a crash, which can only be found where, as here, everybody who speaks screams.

At Naples, indeed, to a visitor, even if he be an ecclesiastic warped by his professional tastes, Nature counts for more than the popular worship itself. One is so tempted to keep out of doors, to drink up the joy of the gulf, that churches, with all that pertains to them, supply only a subordinate dish of the banquet. The whole town together, with a roaring population of half a million, offers no noble piece of building, not the Cathedral even, to which a stranger cares to come and go, and come again. A few dingy towered castles draw notice by the interest of their political story. The situation of the City, nevertheless, the unrivalled panorama seen from the gulf, terrace rising above terrace, will always rejoice the memory. If nature surpasses art, the long-gone past, moreover, vies with the present. Everywhere, as a traveller moves about, the old pagan world is recalled, which claims equal attention with the clamorous Lazzaroni of the hour.

As the student once lounged at sunset in the bosky alleys of the Villa Reale—the great popular promenade by the seaside—while the waves were curving to the beach with soft plash, the vanished voluptuary of the empire rose from his grave; the system of life represented by him came back again; and all prompted an effort to fix the worth of it. Baiæ, the resort of the Sybarites of Rome in winter, lay off a short distance, where the rounding shore opposite ends by a narrow neck in the Cape of Misenum. Nearer at hand, Puteoli, (or Possuolo its modern name,) the port of that region in which Virgil has placed the entrance to Tartarus and the

Elysian Fields, as well as where Paul landed on the way to Rome, stands, with its ancient columns of the Serapeum and its Amphitheatre. Above all, among the uncovered homes of Pompeii laid open on the flanks of Vesuvius, the forms of heathen manners linger with a vividness, as impressive as the animation of Naples itself.

Such is the power of Pompeii, awakened from the sleep of ages under its volcanic coverlet, that, after toiling up the noisy Toledo where all classes of Neapolitans are poured out, one is irresistibly drawn off to the town which restores for him an extinct world, along with a curious sense of its continuance. 'City of the Dead,' it has been baptized by the prince of novelists on the topic;[1] yet, strange to say, as the foot, at noon, mounts from the Hotel Diomede, the lively inhabitants, it is fancied, are only indulging in a siesta, and may soon be met coming down the road. The illusion, it is true, does not last, except for moments; for is not every house, even the most private chamber of it, vacant, exposed to shower and breeze? Is not the very Forum, where, like the ear of Dionysius, the tattle of the whole city once resounded, silent as the grave, without a single orator talking to himself for want of an audience, or some pedlar verbosely crying up his wares? No judge, in the pillared Basilica, sits on his curule chair, administering justice before the statue of Cæsar. The temples,—the fane of Isis, most popular of all, as well,—have neither priest nor worshipper in their courts. The baths, the theatre, the amphitheatre, wont to echo with the hum of thousands, are equally void. All is mute; and the absence of stir among these exuviæ of a community strikes more forcibly than the quiet of sea shells heaped up by a storm. But the revery, how often soever broken, pieces itself together again on some dancing faun or simple border

[1] 'Last Days of Pompeii.'

of flowers starting to view on the next wall. Yet more is it so, as a wine jar, or a millstone, is found standing in its original place, which begets a fanciful expectation of its owner's appearance. Stepping out into the street once more, the ancient pavement of basaltic blocks exerts an endless fascination, with the expressive wear of feet on them, and the ruts of wheels, and the stones which enabled pedestrians to cross in comfort. The sun shines as of old; the blue sea on which Pliny, the Naturalist, in the great outburst of 79 A.D., came, to make observations and perish in the cloud of ashes, still sparkles at hand; while Vesuvius looks down with its tender canopy of vapour, as if, like Gitche Manito, the Mighty, in Longfellow's poem, the mountain smoked the calumet of peace over the tenements at its base.

Of the remains disclosing the moral condition of the Pompeians at the moment of the catastrophe which covered up their town, the most interesting, of course, are the frescoes lavished by them on their homes, along with their domestic utensils. The Forum, and other great public buildings, all planted on the hill of the town, prove that the inhabitants fundamentally resembled in their institutions other subjects of Rome. But where, as in Pompeii, is the private existence of the time, with the popular morals and amusements, to find illustration, in contrast with the holy and blessed Hope which St. Paul had not long before sealed by his martyrdom? Poets and satirists, under the Empire, cast a piquant splendour over its vices, but have left the real life adumbrated only in vague allusion. The mission of teaching what ancient conduct was in Italy fell to the lot of Pompeii, which fulfilled its task similarly to the tombs of Thebes, yet with far more impressive effect.

The essence of Roman pagan life, be it said in a word, was mundane; and if, besides a bath, libraries were provided for it; if imitations of the Greek dramatists were presented,

and stately pillared halls, adorned with a pavement of mosaic and works such as the Venus Callipyge, the Farnese Hercules, and the Dirce, received the people; yet all these arrangements had one object, the culture of pleasure. To give a citizen possession of his limbs, of his senses, even of his fancy and mind as far as these could serve to material enjoyment, was the dominant aim.

The ideal from which this life was borrowed and corrupted, has, indeed, a charm even for Christian tastes. The Poet of the 'Excursion,' coming with his Sage on the soil of Greece to unfold the origin of its mythology, loses his phlegm, and his muse burns with a glow beyond its average. According to him, the swain, as he dropped his reed if music superior to his own broke from some distant glade, fancied an Apollo to have descended to gratify and mould his sensibility. The hunter by twilight, lifting the eye to the lunar crescent, would entreat its tenant to join his sport, when a Diana, in his imagination, glided down, along with her flowing nymphs. Naiads, Oreads, Zephyrs, and the whole pantheon of greater and lesser deities, haunted the being of the Greek, giving him a conception of corporeal completeness, which all his institutions were designed to realise in himself. Schiller who, in some of his finest stanzas,[1] brings a poetic offering to the Hellenic gods, bewails their departure from the earth, apostrophising them in the pathetic refrain:

> 'Ach! da euer Wonnedienst noch gläntzte,
> Wie ganz anders, anders war es da!'

Goethe regarded them in a similar manner; nay, his passion for the fictions of Olympus seems to have so grown with years as justly to expose him to be called the Great Pagan. But, if the civilisation of Greece in the heroic age may win sympathy, its baser form calls for a different judgment.

[1] 'Die Götter Griechenlands.'

At Pompeii, after having made the circuit of the city, and resting, it may be, on a bench of the theatre, while a warm voluptuous air, tempered by the cool sea, breathes on the cheek, a comparison is involuntarily made between the perfect animal life of the ancients and the ecclesiastical asceticism which followed. What brings the one into strong relief from the other, is, when perchance a church has just been visited, in which the human form is offered to homage, with the emaciation and distortion of saintship together with its halo. The pietism which riots in fasts and flagellations to please God or as a propitiation for disorder of the passions, cannot bear competition with the healthier terrestrial life of the gymnasium. But it is a wretched aberration, which is characteristic of a French school having M. Taine[1] the eminent critic at its head, who sigh, or feign to do so, over the extinction of paganism, and, looking at Christianity as an incrustation on a more natural faith, would, could history be rolled back, frankly restore its worship. M. Taine, if indeed he is to be held to his words, which may be doubted, uses the soberest prose to establish the dogma that life, as here found, with exception of the cruelties of the amphitheatre, had an advantage over that of modern society. The city of Roman days, with the absorbing egotism which it formed and flattered, receives its apotheosis at his hands; and the large cosmopolitan humanity of Christian times is vilified as well as hunted down.

The temptation, verily, it must be owned, is great, to take refuge from the many church inanities at Naples, in the restoration of a system which boldly appeals to elementary principles. It is impossible to be in presence of the frescoes which decorated the homes of Pompeii, without a sense that, whatever was the moral condition of its inhabitants, they still

[1] 'Voyages en Italie.'

retained much of the noble simplicity derived from their Greek origin. The worship of Isis, it is known, more often awakened the fears of the Roman censor than any other cause of depravation. Yet the scrolls of convolvuli adorning her temple, with wolves, bears, lions, horses, stags, bulls, leaping through them, draw the eye by the grace in which the whole conception is wrought out. Marine animals of all sorts largely played their part on the walls, fancy rejoicing in their production. Here flies through the air a pretty little amorino, lightly holding the reins to a pair of dolphins; and, there, appears a superb Nereid, who, as she stretches her magnificent limbs over a panther of the sea, turning the head round, pours water into a saucer for the beast to drink, while another of the family dashes by on horseback.

Such, however, are slight efforts of art compared with the tragic products which survive. In these, painting, seldom as the fact has been recognised, is seen hardly to fall behind its great sister, sculpture, except in the coarseness of the execution. In Eneas wounded, and leaning on the neck of his weeping boy Iulus, all in the expression of sire and son,—so modest, so heroic, having no overstrained sentiment in it, yet charged with pathos,—at once transfers an observer to the original scene. As if nobody else were cognisant of it, no Machaon at hand to extract the shaft, or Venus hastening with divine help, the struggle of nature goes on in its exquisite simplicity.

Similar in effect is poor old Cimon in prison, his daughter, his more than daughter, Peronea, giving him the breast. Nothing, moreover, could surpass in gracious effusion the flocking out of the young and aged to Theseus, kissing hands and feet of the deliverer, on his return from the conquest of the devouring Minotaur. Meleager, too, full of passionate life, is seen pouring into the thirsty ears of Atalanta, his mistress, the story of his successful hunt. But the most

striking works have their subjects taken from higher spheres and rise, indeed, into the sublime. Such is the group of Nessus, Dejanira, and Hercules her husband, where the unfortunate yet noble wife,—all of the woeful tale of the poisoned shirt, all, all in her face,—stands equipped for departure in the biga, a long white veil flowing from brow to feet. Such, still more, is Medea meditating the slaughter of her children. Dagger clasped by both hands, thumb pressing thumb, and the other fingers crossed fast on one another, with perplexed terror on the stern yet maternal visage, depicts, even to the smallest detail, the composition of forces warring within the outraged woman. In the counterpart she comes in ready for the deed; but, touched by the beauty and innocence of her boys, who are tossing astragals at play in all unconsciousness, the mother within her forces her to pause an instant before committing herself. The climax, however, of moral dignity is reached in the presentation of Iphigenia, prepared for the altar. The piety of the royal maiden, looking up for support; above all, the momentary suspense of the priest, a figure worthy of his office, the perfect sacrificer, anguish in him blent with awe before the dictum of fate, are features in the performance that raise it above eulogy. The king, Agamemnon, as in the tradition of an earlier painting, has the countenance covered, while the assistants harmonise with the chiefs. All is finely interpenetrated with a sense of the price of a human life.

At the same time, a critic must be very naïve to be caught by the choicer mural paintings of Pompeii, and out of these, purifying as may have been their action, to weave a theory of manners for its population. As little will it suffice for an estimate, to prune the gayer order of them, taking for gauge the hundred charming devices, which, if they stood alone, might not only be judged harmless, but accepted as proofs of hearts at peace with all things. A nymph, for example,

bounds with her head thrown back, saucily tossing from side to side a long scarf in her hands: her look, her gestures, the play of her feet, everything expressive of the enthusiastic joy of motion. As much almost might be said for another figurante, who yet dares more, hanging in the dance on a male partner, and, clasping him from behind round the neck, approaches her lips to his. A shock, indeed, would probably be given to the sensitive by a third of the class, who, as well as her companion, is crowned with vine leaves, and in a crisis kisses him. Scores of such subjects might blamelessly appeal to an instinct of art, of beauty, if in real life the incidents represented had not usually been meretricious. But, what is decisive on the point, in every house, it is known, the cabinet of the master was specially adorned in a loose taste. M. Taine, however, with a freedom which is scarcely an outrage, for the manner has been long a fashion, bestows applause on the very ornaments of the Lupanari, which, in his way of expressing himself, exhibit love neither as an infamy of sense, nor an ecstasy of the soul, but as a function.[1] In so regarding it, man, he adds, as distinguished from God and brute, whom Christianity, according to the critic, opposes one to the other, was kept by the ancients in harmony with himself.

As one withdraws from Pompeii, great as are the impressions produced by its public edifices, while the witchery of its homes, despite everything, hangs about the mind, a sombreness of tone mixes with happier feelings. The common union of license with a brutal passion for blood is found to have stamped itself on life in the disinterred town as in others of the Roman empire. But the measure in which the ingredient of lust entered into the composition can only be known after visiting the reserved apartment in the

[1] 'Voyages en Italie,' vol. i., p. 88.

Museum of Naples, where lamps and various other domestic objects, as well as frescoes, too gross to be exposed to the general eye (and yet some of them belonged to the furniture of temples), show the frightful forms of pollution in which man may lose himself. Capri, with its horrible associations, notwithstanding the fair azure grottos which draw all to visit the islet, gleams on the horizon opposite, to suggest by its traces of court life what civilisation during that era was among the ruling classes. The possibility of a Tiberius, while holding the sceptre of the Roman empire, consuming there a quarter of a century in inexpressible infamy, surrounded by a society which could invent the medallions called Spintriæ, proves the clamorous necessity of the epoch for that new, Divine life, which, under its most degenerate type, has yet raised the Christian disciple so far above heathen abominations. In face of ancient depravity, the worst extravagances of asceticism are felt to be infinitely preferable to an existence so appalling in its dishonour.

Rather than the mildest form of a system which admitted without blame of such abysses, give back again (is the prayer that involuntarily starts to the lips) St. Jerome at Bethlehem, wrongly striving to perfect himself by morbid austerities. Let Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor of the Schoolmen, the glory of Naples in the Middle Ages, once more arise to indite another dreary 'Sum of Theology,' with the Crucifix beside the Saint, assuring him, by word of mouth, of his proficiency. Even Simeon Stylites, rotting away on his pillar, is in comparison to be wished for. In all such cases, the soul exhibits, at least, its superiority; and if the noble spiritual health of the Apostle Paul, who at once 'kept his body under' and welcomed all the gifts of Providence, be seldom thought of, the lowest form of sincere Christian piety as far surpasses a complete animal existence,—the best to be had,—as reason does instinct, and hope the gross contentedness of the savage.

At his return to the Hotel, the pilgrim, during a slight repast, was casting a glance on articles prettily exhibited for sale by a tawny beauty,—brooches, necklaces, rosaries, and other fancy things in coral, when, the door opening, a man with flowing locks, clothed in faded finery, bowing low, walked in, a mandolin in his hand. A fly leaf, with which he advanced, humbly deprecating his boldness as he did so, was deposited by him on the table. It was a sonnet in honour of the traveller, a signor, it said, from the Island round which the world turns as on its axis. The poem concluded with offering the homage of the artist, along with an entreaty for permission to give specimens of local ballads, 'Santa Lucia,' 'La Bella Sorentina,' and the like. It would have been difficult, amidst such a shower of blandishments, to refuse the petition, even had the humour been to be surly. But, among a people who speak a dialect which is itself musical, and are continually expressing themselves in song, anything of the kind promised to be too agreeable for rejection.

Scarcely, however, had a canzonet been taken in hand, when, breaking through the crowd which had gathered at the door, a pair of blooming girls advanced to the front, fierily glancing on the patron for protection, and, to the complete discomfiture of the songster, assumed an attitude for the Tarantella, the famous dance of Naples. One of the pair, slender, took the female part, the other, plump, richly developed, represented her male partner; and, rattling castanets over their heads to the throb of the tambourine, while a companion lent her voice, they quickly passed through all the phases of the pantomime. Shy at first in acknowledging the soft sentiment, they warmed forthwith, until the glow on the cheek showed that the end was not far off. The sonneteer of the mandolin, finding his own occupation gone, caught the tide as it mounted, and twanging out some appropriate notes from

his instrument, managed to come up at the close, one with the others.

A few hours still remained of the long summer's day, when the traveller felt magnetically drawn to Vesuvius, the idol of the Neapolitans, regarded by them alternately with rapture and fright according to the mood shown by it. From it he could not turn away without having first scaled its sides. Passing up on horseback through the rich vineyards of Bosco, which were succeeded by furze bushes in flower, a cone of scoriæ and ashes, friable as new fallen snow, rose before him, soaring at an angle which seemed to put the summit beyond attainment. At the same moment, a band of uncouth figures plunging madly down the escarped face of the volcano, as if gnomes native to it, capable, at least, of being taken for brigands, closed on the stranger, with offers to pull him aloft, which, despite the humiliation of the thing, he was forced to accept. The sight at length of the sulphurous jaws of the crater, yawning like a ravenous dragon, inspired real awe, especially as the columns of hot vapour, bursting from fissures all round the edge, roared like escaping steam, and huge whiffs of the clouds above, impregnated with a strong mineral stench, occasionally threatened suffocation. For the first time, a physical basis was got to the fancy of hell painted in the earliest catechism of childhood, as a region burning with 'fire and brimstone.' The *inferno*, smeared with yellow marl, was now visible; and he who looked felt a purifying shock, which, although the spectacle was a symbol only of the unquenchable flame gnawing within an impenitent spirit, can never be lost for him in its wholesome action.

The extraordinary power of the Mountain over the popular imagination at Naples, agitating, appalling, cheering, as the case may be, striking every chord of the mind in turn, offers a curious subject of reflection. Vesuvius, is, for the people, a personality not a simple physical phenomenon; a demon

in the bowels of the globe, having friendly moments for its votaries, but which seems ever ready to overflow in angry spurts of temper, and, in crises of ire, rages, and bellows, and throws its gigantic limbs about, to the absolute terror of all within its sweep. The volume of vapour issuing from the top during the day,—always pleasant to see from the squares,—turns, at times, as night falls, into spectral shadows of flame, which reveal the inward commotion of the volcano, goading itself on for some explosion. Every variety of passion is believed to animate it; and the ecclesiastical patron of the metropolis, with the hocus-pocus of the Church at his disposal, is continually on watch, to conjure down its wrath, or restrain by spiritual means its ebullitions, when it shakes the ground, and heaves out its boulders, and, having molten its fiery streams of lava, shoots them recklessly on the towns which have been tempted to harbour themselves on its sides. Corinne, with her usual penetration and feeling, points the attention of her friend Nevil to the fact, that the houses on the margin of the mountain are built of the matter which had enveloped their predecessors. All connected with the volcano contributes to keep up the compound impression of it, as a sort of Mephistopheles, who fascinates, but does so only in order to swallow confiding victims.

Naples, however, was visited by the pilgrim, chiefly for its illustrations of Catholicism. Of all things under this aspect, the frenzy for festivals pervading the whole population most astonishes a stranger. Besides the feasts of the capital, which, passing round into every parish in succession, give an air of perpetual gala to the streets, the neighbourhood has its sacred shows. Swarms pour out by rail and tramway to the towns bordering the bay, on days when patrons of churches are fêted with ecclesiastical dramas. Since Garibaldi and his legion gloriously drove the Bourbon from the city, many an image which formerly drew worship to itself at corners, has

been removed. Pietàs too,—Christs on the Mother's knees,—in fresco, earlier emblazoned like an advertisement on vacant walls in the Toledo, are no more to be seen, while booths of refreshment, once flaring with bland effigies of the Virgin, have been forced to moderate their fervour. How is the contrast of now and then expressed by a single circumstance! At a recent visit during Carnival, the long arcaded walls put up to bar off the space opposite the Royal Palace for a popular open-air theatre, were ornamented, instead of the old sacerdotal devices, with bunches of newspapers, the title of each, given in large characters, a signal of constitutionalism. What a change from the heavy, barbarous, bloody *régime* that went before, was the appearance of Umberto, with the sanction of his saintly wife, as a ministering angel during the cholera! If all have welcomed liberty, the fondness for festas, it is true, in spite of some restraints on their management, controls life as much as ever.

The famous Januarius, a martyr under Diocletian, but since transfigured into a wonder-worker, so absorbs the faith of the people, so bewitches them, that even He whose Sacrifice for the Redemption of Man is daily celebrated at a hundred altars of Naples, has come to be little more to the citizens than a phantom in the background. As the Saint's Chapel in the Cathedral is entered, the eye, on turning, marks over its interior front of white marble, flanked by superb greenish columns, the dedication of the fane[1] (for fane it is, rather than church), and Januarius is declared to be divine, the patron of the city, defending it against famine, war, pestilence, and its most active foe, Vesuvius. Nor are these titles, the first of them borrowed from the inscription of the Roman Emperors after their apotheosis, simply a compliment.

[1] 'Divo Januario e fame bello peste ac Vesevi igne miri ope sanguinis erepta Neapolis civi patrone vindici.'

On the bridge of the Maddalena, a statue of the protector, with hand raised in the face of the volcano, commemorates the popular faith that he it was who, about the end of last century, on a violent eruption of the mountain, arrested the flood of lava before it reached the city. The *liquefaction*, it is notorious, is forcibly believed in by princes, magistrates, and folk of education, whatever the life may be, as well as by the commonalty. Nobles, otherwise brave, will tremble on its delay, as well as the raging hags, who, claiming kinship with the saint, hold the first places by the altar, and fling abuse at his head if their expectations are not answered. Even the Paternosters, Aves, and Credos, muttered by these assumed relatives of Januarius awaiting the miracle, sound like scolding, which grows in acrimony until the blood in the vial dissolves under the warmth of the priest's hands. But, such is the blind exasperation, should the fulfilment of the prodigy for any political or other reason be put off, that foreigners present, taken for Englishmen, and therefore heretics, are pointed to as the obstacle, and forced to seek in flight safety from popular vengeance.[1] The scene does not differ a whit in its elements from that of the Holy Fire at Jerusalem, one inevitably recalling the other by the mixture of credulity and turgid fanaticism which animates both. Addison,[2] visiting Naples in the beginning of last century, suggests that the trick may have been borrowed from a similar imposition in the temple of Gnatia noticed by Horace, the poet reporting himself to have laughed at the multitude bound in awe before the wonder of dissolved gums. The vicinity of Pompeii, indeed, as well as the character of the whole region around, gives even now a strong flavour of paganism to the air of the capital. On the spot, it is difficult to suppose that Christianity is aught other than a graft on

[1] M. Valery, the French traveller, mentions an instance of this sort.

[2] 'Remarks on Italy.'

the old stock, drawing its life from roots which have flourished in the soil centuries before its appearance.

The elaborate pictorial relief on the high altar of the Chapel, which represents the acts of Januarius and the woman who preserved his blood when decapitated in the amphitheatre of Puteoli, shows how art has been devoted to the subject. But, as Domenichino's pieces are turned to, the admiration awakened by them is crossed by recollection of the efforts of local rivals to make away with the illustrious stranger. The great painter of 'Jerome receiving the Communion,' was forced to fly for life, leaving unfinished his designs for the cupola. During the period when the Chapel of Januarius was built and adorned at a cost of a million ducats, it was in the sanctuary itself that the worst plot of the times had its centre. Correnzio, Ribera, and Caracciolo force a student to remember them rather as the basest of villains than chiefs of Neapolitan art. Devotion, damped by such reminiscences, is not recovered by passing to the sacristy, where a fine, soft-tongued priest, after the manner of a showman, exhibits the forty, or more, imposing busts of silver which are borne in procession on the annual festa, even if the collection includes those of no less persons than Athanasius, Augustine, and Loyola.

Valery, a Frenchman of talent, learning, and industry, applauds the policy which feeds the spiritual appetite of the people on such garbage, although, in his lofty condescension of approval, he would not deign, himself, to snuff up the slightest flavour of it. Voltaire, for confirmation, too, is solemnly quoted by him on behalf of superstition. Has Truth, then, no Divine, paramount claim? but, instead of the children's meat, must the children ever have husks given them? Did Jesus, did His Apostles, act thus? or, rather, did they not at once bring out the best for the poor, the ignorant, the miserable, putting the family ring on the prodigal's finger,

and serving up the fatted calf? The difficulty of abolishing an old erroneous custom, may be acknowledged, for, as a Catholic poet says,[1]—

> 'Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
> To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.'

Yet what has progress been from the beginning of the world, if not supplanting fiction by reality!

The festival of Santa Maria del Carmine was once witnessed, a spectacle which, probably as much as any other, gives an idea of the whole class. The church belongs to a conventual fraternity, who, fleeing ages ago before persecution from their original seat on Mount Carmel, bore with them the palladium of the monastery, an image of the Madonna, since celebrated for its miracles. As a sightseer at the time of the festa strides along the Strada di Porto, thronged by the Phrygian-capped fishermen who here moor their boats, and others, circling round the stalls of hot maccaroni, the church lifts its tall tower afar off, unobstructed to the view. For the occasion, which lasts two or three days, the spire glitters forth at sunset with coloured lamps, a veritable show, forcing every one within sight to be a gazer. Chapels in the parish, succursals of the monastery, put on their gala dress along with the central sanctuary. Festoons of lamps, which, when lit, glow one behind another with fairy effect, stretch across the streets leading to them, and an orchestra, mounted on a stage outside, gives a gratuitous concert to the throngs in perpetual motion up and down.

The Mass had begun, as the church itself was entered, where, of course, its resources are displayed with the fullest ostentation. The service went forward with the usual air of mystery; the priest, supported by the whole ecclesiastical staff, functioned in robes glittering with symbol; but, as if

[1] Moore, in 'Lalla Rookh.'

a melodramatic spirit had been at work, the sanctuary had become a theatre. Drapery was so arranged as to form a vista of festoons, which spanned the wide area, hanging lower and lower as they receded in perspective, until, by closing round the high altar and those ministering at it, they left the eye no discretion but to settle on the ceremonies. Few were devoutly engaged, a small group only in the choir and a sprinkling in the nave; for worship, although formally, was not really the object of the day. The congregation, a packed mass, circulated as in a bazaar, kissing, if any had a chance, a saint, and crossing themselves.

As the stranger sat looking on, when midday, the hour of closing for dinner, was at hand, a sacristan, shaking a bag for the offertory, hovered about him, smiling at all points as often as the attention could be diverted from the scene. At length, humbly bowing, the good man whispered with solemn unction in his ear: How beautiful the Madonna del Carmine was!

'Where is she?' he was asked.

'In the sacristy,' was the prompt answer.

A sign being given to lead the way, the gratified functionary, his face suffused with radiance, tripped off, followed by his captive.

The image lay up behind an altar, with an embroidered curtain before it, which, drawn, revealed a dark thing just coming out to the eye and no more. A colossal nosegay crowned with a lily and girdled with smaller bouquets, all smelling fresh from the garden, filled a narrow platform in front of the Carmelite Madonna. The chief Sacristan, however, with a withering frown, now displaced his subaltern, who sidled off like a poodle that has had its bone snatched by a mastiff. The same swelling dignitary, as he conducted out the foreigner, contemptuously ordered to be gone the two or three old people still at their prayers, and, in answer to

a grumbling remonstrance, bade them finish their devotions where they might, and slammed the door upon them. At all the outlets, the Madonna had her collections of rosaries, medallions, and similar trinkets for sale, the venders crying up their wares in tones which left nobody a pretext for passing them by unheeded.

The spot, however, if distasteful for its traffic at this moment, was hallowed by one possession. In the vicinity of the gates, the Fisherman of Amalfi, Masaniello, the hero of the Insurrection of 1647, had his ashes laid to rest, borne hither with a funereal pomp without a parallel. A nine days' wonder, literally, he had been; for just so long was his star in the ascendant, from the morning when he flashed forth the tribune of the ragged lazzaroni of Naples, until his fall. A tax on everything, even to the light of the sun, as the phrase was, but specially on fruits, the staff of life to the populace, had been aggravated by far worse than the common insolence of customs' officers in its collection, together with a brutal impunity which an alien despotic rule under the Duke of Arcos, the Viceroy of Spain, accorded to its myrmidons. The hour arrived, the man as well, in Masaniello, flushed with indignation to find his class squeezed dry as an orange; the nucleus of his tattered followers, who counted a hundred thousand all told, was composed of *gamins* from the port drilled by himself, having faces daubed for effect with ferocious colours; and the tenant of a miserable cabin on the market-place of the Church, who let his locks grow on a few dates, or whatever came readiest to hand, became, by an unprecedented rapidity of movement, dictator of a capitulation which swept away the whole tissue of gabelles from the groaning city. The insurgents opened the campaign by a demonstration of the ragged band under the windows of the Viceroy, thrusting out their uncovered buttocks before his eyes. But, whether, as was consonant to

the times, poison had been administered to Masaniello at a banquet where he sat the accepted guest of the Duke, or, what is also possible, he had had his head turned by the change, the patriot all at once assumed the *rôle* of tyrant, exhibiting even the frenzy of a Caligula. The chariot which he drove through the heavens, menaced, under his giddy management, every order of society, and foreshadowed a disastrous end. A startling illustration of the reigning temper, was the part played by the artists of the epoch, who, with Salvator Rosa at their head, painting for bread during night by snatches battlepieces, attacks of banditti, and wooded landscapes swept by storms, plunged, at dawn, into the melley, with their swords on the side of the rioters.

The most affecting passage of the drama took place in the Church of the Carmelites, and on the same anniversary day, the 16th of July, when it was visited by the pilgrim. The Archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Filomarino, who seems to have been at heart a democrat, had finished celebrating High Mass, when the Champion of the Mob, waving a crucifix, sprang to the pulpit. The Fisherman had doffed the attire to which he was born, a red woollen cap, and a loose tunic open at the breast and sleeves. But, of noble features, with rich fair curls to boot, and a glittering eye which bespake the flame of rude genius, the successful demagogue, who now sought to harangue the agitated rabble on the floor, appeared in the sparkling suit of silver brocade adopted by him since his elevation. The speech, a plaint mixed with apology, setting forth his services (and, to give effect to the words, he tore aside his robes showing emaciation brought on by toil and care), proved to the simplest that the beautiful soul was tainted with madness, a conviction which all else done by him alas! confirmed. At this stage a monk of the convent, dragging the delirious chief of the revolt to the ground, conveyed him to a cell, where sleep brought oblivion to his

distracted thoughts for some moments. But, at the noise of approaching steps, starting from his couch, he found himself assaulted by creatures of the government hired to slay him, and his fine head, roughly severed from the shoulders, was borne off in triumph.

A reaction setting in next day on behalf of the martyr, for the reason that the taxes, with inhuman and indecent incidents, were at once clapped on afresh, the population demanded his dishonoured corpse, and, piecing the head to the body, called out the whole city to the interment of the hero by the gates of the conventual Church where he had been assassinated. The captains of his own formation bore the bier, his sword with wand of office being placed by his side. In his honour banners were trailed, arms lowered, muffled drums beaten along the way, both sexes, in numbers not to be counted, joining in the lamentations. A surprising feature was the presence in the procession, by order of the Archbishop, of some four thousand priests, a testimony to the sanctity of the cause.

A Chapel, at Naples, Santa Maria della Pietà, the family sepulchre of the princes of San Severo, has a renown for some memorial figures, which, as much as anything, show how intricately a pagan sensuousness may work within religious sentiment. Art, here, giving itself to the perpetuation of a vanished joy, hangs, as it were, the cincture of Venus on the anchor of Christian hope.

The demise of the lovely Cecilia Gaetani, seems to have been a turning-point for her husband, Antonio, one of the princes, who, from the chains of a rapturous wedlock, grudgingly snapped by Death, flung himself into the arms of monkery.

It was by the filial hand of their son Raimondo, that, in the middle of last century, the double incident was commemorated. It startles, almost, to come on the marble

apparition of the spouse, standing brimful of life, but presented from head to foot unrobed, or, strictly speaking, in a gauze, which, like the transparencies of ancient courtesans, or a wave of lucid oil, shows every surface and curve of the body, rather than wraps it from sight. Face, of a lovely oval, small, intelligent, aristocratic, bosom, navel, all, except the loins which are shaded by her own hand with a branch of roses, is exposed to view. From the epitaph, inscribed on a slab of stone symbolically broken, it is given to be understood that the whole circle of virtues, as well as something over, elegance of mind, piety, faith, caused her, in life, far to outshine other women.

Nobody will suppose that, in the purpose of the monument, any idea existed to suggest an interest belying the sobriquet of the lady, Vergogna. Cecilia Gaetani looks unconscious as Eve before the Fall, or Godiva of Coventry on her palfry. But neither, it is sure, could a taste, christianised to the roots, have ever for a moment approached within reach of the temptation to express marital grief, by exhibiting to the common eye the charms of its object.

The other event signalised, is, the pathetic resolution of the widower not to survive his consort in a sense, but become a monk: dying with her to the world, so to say, in order to continue in her society. Its execution, as might be looked for, savours of the spirit which has perpetuated the decease of the princess. The bereft man, allegorised in his holy effort to escape from earthly passions, is beheld triumphant, after struggling in the meshes of a net with more success, fortunately, than the Laocoon in the serpent's folds. The broad, vigorous features of the self-conqueror look calmly out through the broken cords towards a genius who has come to his aid, handing a scourge for discipline; and fancy follows the ascetic into the illusions of the monastery, buried in a routine of devotion which transports him to elysian fields.

If flippant, the French criticism of the Chapel,[1] as a box of bonbons, yet indicates how sensualised even religious sentiment is among the Neapolitans, in their mortuary arrangements as well as in the festivals of the Church.

Catholicism at Naples,—such is a natural reflection,—may be said to show itself in its crudest of forms. The Spanish domination, doubtless, infused its own bigotry into the constitutional credulousness of the people. But the original Greek colonists have here left characteristic evidence of themselves, in the exuberant passion for divinising man, as well as giving a human aspect to deity. The religious feasts, in a union of gaiety and devotion, resemble nothing to be found elsewhere. Dances, to the clash of the tambourine, are a constant part of them; games, song, instrumental music also intermix with sacred ceremony; and on a holiday so attractive as that of the Madonna di Monte Vergine, near Avellino, the joyousness of votaries gives worship the character of revelry. Costumed in gala, bearing images and garlands, the very horses decked with plumes and knots of ribbons, crowds flock from the capital to the scene; and, on their return by way of Monte Somma, exhibit an hilarity which is said to recall the bacchanalian orgies. Christmas, too, as it comes round, brings into the city the conical-capped Campagnari of the mountains, who consecrate the sweet tones of their bagpipes to the praises of the Virgin.

The Toledo, the great vertebral column of Naples, which runs up from the Royal Palace to Capodimonte, could not be more fitly entered than through the rows of cabs at its foot, with their drivers boring a stranger from the coachbox by whistles, and shouts, and cracking of whips. The throng at all hours collected on it, sailors and watermen from the port as well as the inhabitants of the populous hills on either side,

[1] M. Taine's.

shows the mixed elements of a great metropolis better than the high street of any other European capital. The pavements are lined with smallwaremen, fixed at intervals like kerbstones, and by their cries catching many a purchaser. Fruit beverages and iced water, in summer, offer refreshment at every corner. The herdsmen of the suburbs, too, blowing a horn before them, drive along their shaggy goats, tinkling as they trip, with full udders. At the balconies, bulging out from almost every window, faces in clusters peer down, which, if too informal of feature to be beautiful, have at least an affectionate amiability of expression. For him, however, who cares to observe ecclesiastical forces, the clergy trooping on the thoroughfares in the cool of the evening have a special interest. The priests of Naples do not seem to have grown fewer since the establishment of the kingdom. Everywhere they are found about the town, whether as barefooted Capuchins catering for their convents, (a body almost abolished by the Government,) or seculars in full dress; and on the Toledo at sunset, so plenteous are they, the idea cannot help occurring, that, if each of them had his wife, a mature spinster would be a rare anomaly. At no point can one look about, without seeing shovel hats coming into view, or going out of it; while a group of their wearers, wherever the pavement broadens, present their oily faces sparkling with some piquant discussion, which yet does not prevent them from ogling the passers-by. In omnibus, in tramcar, they are always conspicuous, with a purpose obviously in hand. If only their influence for good corresponded with their ubiquity and wakefulness!

At the remembrance of the part which the stiletto has played in the life of Naples, the visitor, on returning after the union of the country, was surprised and charmed by the courtesy of the streets. Even where the crowd is densest, so nice is the care to avoid jostling, it is possible to pass with-

out a rub. Whatever has been accomplished by the change since tyranny bowed its head before a constitutional reign, the benefits are not only notable in all departments, whether of produce, commerce, journalism, or education; but the improved honesty of the commonalty, if it may be judged by a single experience, does credit to the revolution.

The straw of the proverb shows how the wind lies; and, in recalling his first arrival at Naples, it comes vividly back to the pilgrim, how, scarcely had he dropped into the boat which took him ashore, than a tatterdemalion, with sinister glance, skulking at the bottom, but having a sort of badge on his cap, claimed in the name of the Dogana a tax for the knapsack.

'Gently, Friend!' cried the traveller; 'leave me for the moment to look at that pretty smoking mountain,' referring to Vesuvius; 'all your rights will be respected at the Custom House.'

At mention of the Dogana, which convulsed his face like a squall fallen on a smooth sea, the fellow dropped on his knees, clasping the hands together; confessed himself to be an impostor; begged forgiveness as a poor devil for Santa Maria's sake; and, in conclusion, whispered a hope, that, besides pardon, the signor would grant him a couple of soldi. The boatman, who had harboured the rascal, could not be considered as other than partner in the plot.

On touching the pavement, the baseness of the population at that time further discovered itself, as one handkerchief after another was picked from the pocket, until, in self-defence, the stranger ceased to carry any. But all was as nothing, compared with an instance illustrating how a people may be the most rabid in superstition, and yet, in moral sensibility, stand ready callously to sacrifice another's life for the paltriest gain.

Virgil's Tomb, on the promontory of Posilipo, which had

drawn the worshipful footsteps of Boccaccio, and inspired Petrarch to plant a laurel by it, attracted the heart of the wanderer.

At the fall of a short spring day, as the moon rose, returning from the Phlegræan Fields, he had reached the entrance to the Grotto familiar to every traveller, being the continuance of the high road into the city tunnelled through the soft tufa of the hill. Footgoers, and vehicles of every sort, were still traversing the long sombre vault on the way to town, or coming from it; so that, light of spirit, the thought occurred to mount, and, under the soft rays of the lunar orb, along with the sunshine still caught in the clouds, pay homage to the urn of the fair companion of Dante.

A moment of pause ensued, when a big-boned ragamuffin, who had been prowling within the heavy shadows of the passage, ran up, and, boisterously offering himself as a cicerone, with a vile English oath probably picked up in the port, began to point the way without stopping for consent. At first the tongue and manners of the fellow made him who was addressed turn away in disgust; but, unable to better himself, the traveller consented for a fixed price to be led to the tomb.

The sepulchre coming to view on the top, standing in complete solitude, the guide abruptly drew aside, after assuring himself that there were no arms to dread; and, on a sudden, fiercely bawling for the purse of the stranger, a long blade glittered in his hand, which, with set teeth and a rush forward, he lifted to strike. But, already on guard, and above fear, a blow dealt straight on the breast of his opponent took the wind out of the assassin's courage. At the same moment, as it chanced, some gentlemen from Turin, also visiting the tomb, showed their heads dimly above the mount, advancing from the opposite side. It was enough; the baffled ruffian cast on his intended prey a glance as of

one of Milton's disappointed spirits, and, plunging below, vanished.

It was thought expedient next morning to inform the British Consulate of the affair. 'Count yourself lucky!' was the sole remark of the official spoken to, made with an ironical smile; 'such things, with worse ends, happen daily!'

Before Naples was left, the way southward to Pæstum was taken, to see its ancient temples, and, if still blooming, inhale the fragrance of its renowned beds of roses. The road, according to the authorities, was beset at the time by banditti; but, carrying nothing except what could be swung across the shoulders, the pilgrim felt himself to be a booty not worthy of a highwayman, who, in countries despotically ruled, is not always a scoundrel. The roses are no more in their former glory; and all that exists of the fanes having been gone over, Rome, the City of the Soul, as Childe Harold calls it, was sought by the wanderer. How far its poetical title was verified by him, and in what circumstances, now remains to be told.

CHAPTER II.

TIARA OUT OF STATE: OR THE VANISHED TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

The Campagna.—Rome under a Triumvirate and Constituent Assembly.—Pio Nono a Fugitive at Gaëta.—Oudinot, the French Commander, at the Gates.—Papal Temporal Sovereignty.—Leo the First and Attila.—Gregory the Great in the Lombard Troubles.—Contrast of their Actions with the ordinary Temporal Claims of the Popes.—How the Papal Power arose.—Situation of the Roman Empire at the time.—Donation of Constantine.—Forged Decretals of Isidore.—Public Spirit of the Triumvirate.—Disasters of the Cardinals.—Readiness of the Romans to defend themselves.—Barricades.—Garibaldi and his Volunteers.—Pio Nono again in Rome.—His Reading of the Protest.—End of the Temporal Power.

THE pilgrim, coming up from Naples, at length reached Rome, the goal of his wanderings, but in circumstances far from accordant with the dignity of the city. Nothing in his condition, as in ancient triumphs, justified a voice at hand to whisper in the ear: 'Remember! thou art a man!' A vetturino even was wanting, who, as he drove forward with quickening speed the last stage, might have cracked the whip over his mules to call attention. The gate of San Giovanni was approached by the traveller (his situation may provoke a smile) balancing himself against the empty butt of a watercart, with weary limbs dangling downwards. At dawn, breaking fast on figs and milk, he had set out afoot from Albano. But, beguiled by the road, which drew him off on many an excursion, the pedestrian was still

on his way as the sun was about to drop behind the Tiber, and he felt fain to save himself the remaining steps by whatever accommodation might turn up. Yet, had he been dragged along with a halter about his neck, like the Dacian captives presented on the Arch of Constantine, it would have been difficult to be insensible to the greatness of the moment. As an evening or two earlier the shining cliffs of Terracina were rounded, and cheerful salutations exchanged with families enjoying the air by the sea, the wayfarer was seized with a desire which impelled him ever faster onwards. The Pontine Marshes, fenced by their straight rows of elms, were hurried across with impatience, not from fear of their malaria. Velletri and its pretty faces had no power to detain him. Albano was coveted; for, beyond, it was known, Rome of the seven hills sat with more pretension than when Augustus first made it the capital of an empire.

At Albano, a few paces only had been taken down the famous Appian Way, as the Campagna came in sight, with the grey stones of Rome, like a pile of ashes, rising from the bosom of the wide, desolate plain, a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles off. A sow and litter, over the gate of the town just left, called up the familiar story associated with Alba Longa and the city which lay away in the dim prospect—a story grown into a sort of fact; and, as the journey was pursued, the fable took more and more an air of verisimilitude. Æneas, carrying on the shoulders his aged father from Troy, with Iulus, his little son, his heir, trotting by his side; the bark of the hero, built for him by favouring Mercury, but long the sport of celestial jealousies; his arrival on the Latian coast, and, after various fortunes, vanishing in the stream Numicia, all gleamed before the eye; for the sea itself, which bore him, now sparkling in the sunshine, did it not still palpably stretch away yonder to the left with its line of

white breakers tumbling on the beach? The foot had been earlier tempted aside to the Lake of Nemi, the oval mirror of Diana, encased in the grove of the goddess. The diversion was made for the sake of Egeria, the fair companion of Numa, the Beatrice to whom the religious lawgiver of Rome turned for sympathy. For, so goes the divine tale, consumed with sorrow when her adorer was taken from her side, the nymph was metamorphosed by the compassionate Diana into a weeping fountain; and here, as the wanderer found, the spring still pours its sweet flood where the change was accomplished. A square column is all that represents the transformed maiden, the stream, too, simply flows through a reed; but, at the moment of lapping a few of Egeria's tears, for ever sacred to Love, while the bells of noon clanged from the opposite margin of the lake, a pair of shining white butterflies shot side by side into the blue sky. Flying apart for some instants, as they hovered above water and grove, they became again confounded in a single being, when one of them dropped like a plummet, followed slowly, as in woe, by its associate. To fancy, what could these ethereal forms be, if not the shades of Numa and Egeria re-enacting the tragedy of their mortal life?

The Campagna awakens very complicated emotions as the vestiges left of themselves by the ancient Romans come in view. On the descent from Albano, amidst the olives which clothe the slope, a huge, ruinous, grass-grown tower of brick, now only a farmer's barn, is all that stands of the cenotaph raised to Pompey by his wife the noble Cornelia. Where the undulating level begins, Milo violently brought to an end his quarrel with Clodius, both being patrician pests of Rome in Cicero's day. The mounds of the Horatii and the Curiatii call back the period when the Latin tribes began to get amalgamated with the townsmen of Romulus,—

'Joined through love or fear.'

On the night previous to this journey, a tempest had broken among the hills; but as at dawn the peasants crowded down to work, driving before them asses laden with sheaves of cane for the vines, the sun shone out clear, while clouds, edged with spangles, were rolled like coils of flax along the horizon. At the moment the tombs of the patriotic rivals came in view, a flash of lightning quivered within the dark vapour still overhanging the mountain; and Jove, it seemed, was confirming from his shrine on the top, where the banded peoples yearly assembled, the league for mutual aid.

The recognisable monuments on the plain are few. But, more impressive than wholes in a sense, are its nameless fragmentary ruins scattered like wreck heaving in the wake of a storm. Seen from a distance, one block resembled an aged patriarch, wrapped in the folds of his mantle. Another had the air of a rampant lion; another, of a buffalo wallowing in a muddy pool. The same forms, as the foot advanced, often changed from a sombre to a grotesque expression, as it might be; prompted by the imagination to assume the varying guise of its fancies. Each step onwards, too, brought out the thickening sepulchres—Cæcilia Metella's among the number—which mark the ancient entrance into the city. All the while the firmament rang with the song of the lark, for only a patch of sod here and there had been disturbed by the plough. Chequered lizards basked above every sunny stone. And on the open sward grazed flocks of sheep and goats intermixed with horses and long-horned cattle, sheltering themselves from the heat beneath the arches of the shattered aqueducts, which, as they stalk on their broken course, afford a pleasant shade. As if to draw forward the foot, a wain with empty kegs, which had been filled with the simple white wines of the Alban vineyards, was now and then met on its way back. The wagoner sat dozing in

his canopied chair, soothed by the lullaby of the bells which fringed its covert.

The aspect of Rome from the Campagna, so worn with age it seems, and yet so majestic, impresses itself on the sense in a way which nothing afterwards can modify. The present traveller, as he journeyed on, appeared to himself to gather up its whole mysterious history, while, pondering, he gazed and gazed on the relics lying out before him. Relics, in sooth, they are; for, how altered soever under modern change and renovation, the colour of antiquity still dominates expression. As the distance from the city became diminished, it was sought to give distinctness to the prospect; but a haze and a confused range of cloud on the horizon confounded all in one mass. At length, to the eyes still searching with an indescribable restlessness, lo! against a lurid sky, stood out the glorious dome of St. Peter's.

At the Gate of San Giovanni, when the pedestrian, glancing up responsively to the chubby face of the keystone, walked in, his passport (for the day of such things still existed) was examined by a gentleman, so rosy and full of complaisance, as at once to show that he was serving during the heyday of a new hope. The period, indeed, it must not be forgotten, was the spring of '49 when, Pio Nono having fled to Gaëta, Rome formed itself into a Republic, under the government of a Triumvirate and a Constituent Assembly. As the stranger's country, accordingly, was noticed,—so coveted was British sympathy at such a moment,—he was warmly welcomed as in a manner a citizen. If it had been any other town, the agitations of a transitional state might have proved a disturbance to his pursuits. But tumults at Rome, unlike those anywhere else, have always had an ecclesiastical origin, and, under the papacy, the world above confuses itself with the visible world. A circumstance of the hour gave emphasis to this characteristic of the city.

Before the visitor had completed his investigations, the French, led in crusade by Oudinot, a coarse apostle of the Pope, fought under its walls for the restoration of his temporal power.

It was not necessary, indeed, to pass within, in order to become aware that the revolution had begun which has since been crowned by the entry of King Victor Emmanuel's troops at the Porta Pia. Everywhere along the road signs of the change were met. To cross from the Kingdom of Naples into the States of the Church, where the hubbub of politics shook the smallest hamlet, was like leaving a cove for sea, where the waves mount, but where all brims over with health and inspiration. Not only were the border towers fortified, and scouts about. Knots of all classes, tricked with the national cockade, were to be found on the piazzas, passionately discussing the problems of the Republic. What had a special significance, the walls of town-house and barrack were scrawled over with anathemas against the Sacred College, which betokened how the popular sentiment towards the Cardinals was one of immitigable hate. Events have long ago added confirmation.

At Mola, a lodge, so to say, to the fortified town of Gaëta, the wayfarer learned that, on the morrow, a Sunday, Pio Nono himself, who had there found a refuge under Bomba the execrable tyrant of the Neapolitan States, should preside at mass in the cathedral. Lifting his eyes to the city, which sits a morning's walk off at the foot of a bold promontory by the sea, the pilgrim longed to behold the chief of Catholic Christendom, especially in existing circumstances. Not for the present, however, had he opportunity of looking on the comely face of the old man. At an outpost, where the way to Gaëta turns off, the traveller was barred by the sentinel, who pointed to his destination inscribed on the passport, while, by how small soever a devia-

tion, the Pope's retreat stood aside from it. The foreigner, expostulating, was referred to the officer on duty. 'Why, 'tis impossible for you to pass, Signore,' was the answer; 'you are bound for Rome, and hither lies Gaëta.' The applicant gingerly set forth his position, a British pilgrim wishful to behold the Holy Father. 'What is there to see about him?' was the rejoinder in a confidential tone, with the eyebrows drawn back; 'His Sanctity looks like other men!' And the speaker grinned, with the usual shrug of his countrymen, seemingly giving to understand by the truism that other times bring other thoughts. As the solitary slowly traversed the Campagna, catching glimpses of the city—

> '. . . that by temperance, fortitude,
> And love of glory, towered above the clouds,
> Then fell, but, falling, kept the highest seat,'—

the revolutionary signs of the past few days forcibly mixed with all else in his reflections. Above all, he was impressed with the sorry case of the Papacy, from whose representative the nimbus, which had for ages involved his figure, inspiring millions with the reverence due to a god, was breaking up. In another, though kindred, sense, the chant of the labourers on the plain heard by Byron, riding with his friend Hobhouse round the walls of Rome, sounded in the ear:

> 'Roma! Roma! Roma!
> Roma non è piu come era prima!'

As to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, which was in question at this moment, it is difficult to conceive how, without a warp, a Catholic more than another should be blind to its inconsistency with the charter of the Church traced by its Divine Founder. It is not that Christianity stands apart from common interests. Religion, when real, resides in the centre of life, and continually strives to diffuse its influence through all its folds, as far as to its outermost. In social and

political crises, the priest of Christ, suspending his office or enlarging it into his duty as a man, may even play a part which blends faith and patriotism like the threads in a shot silk. At the appearance of Attila by the Mintius, when Leo the First joined the consular embassy to the Hun, a juster example of the legitimate interference of a minister of Jesus in civil affairs could scarcely be pointed out. To this day the Christian of every communion, honouring the courageous pontiff who, unscared by the characteristic glare of the barbarian, pressed in on the royal conscience, is grateful for the timeous exercise of spiritual power in such a conflict. The eye rests with pleasure on Raphael's fresco in the Vatican, which exhibits the bishop on horseback staying Attila with a gesture of remonstrance. For the sake of the occasion, the spectator pardons the introduction of St. Peter and St. Paul hovering over the scene, according to an ecclesiastical legend.

A case of the same nature, but still more apposite, is that of the Numa of the Western Church, Gregory the First, the greatest of the name as Gibbon justly says. In 590 A.D., as the early age was merging in the mediæval, Gregory, called to the bishopric of Rome by acclamation of clergy, senators, and people, reigned as a king to all intents and purposes, without thereby contracting a single stain on his ministerial garments. Leo, already spoken of, amidst his splendid services, showed frowardly budding in his temper the germs of the Papacy, which, under Innocent the Third, burst into a plethora of priestly assertion. Gregory, on the contrary, while doing the work of the State, not only recognised his office to be exceptional and burned to throw it off, but, in resisting the assumption of John of Constantinople to be universal bishop, he disclaimed for himself also the title as blasphemous. The appropriation of it, in his opinion, was the sign of Antichrist, a judgment anticipating the

extremest interpretation of St. Paul's boding words by modern foes of the papacy.

After following the traces of the Apostle to the Gentiles, nowhere in Rome does the foot linger with a more hallowed joy than within the precincts of Gregory's family residence on the Cælian Mount. It was here, now a desolate suburb which faces the ruins of the Palatine, that the glory of his times was born, and grew up. Here, on coming into possession of an ample patrimony, the future pope, a child of senatorial rank, abandoned the high station of Prætor in the city, stripped off the trappings of wealth, and, lodging himself in the convent which, along with six other monasteries, was endowed out of his own Sicilian estates, sought like a good soldier, to prepare for a post of command, should such turn up, by service in the lowest grade. Above every circumstance touching for a pilgrim from Britain, it was at the foot of the steps leading up to the gate of San Gregorio that the mission troop to Kent, which fixed the religious history of England, kneeling, received the final benediction of the Bishop waved from the top of the staircase. While yet a simple monk (such was the compassion of Gregory for the idolatrous islanders), he was himself already three days on the way for their conversion, when a riot in the city, on account of his departure, forced him back. A rainbow of heavenly graces seems to bestride the saintly man, as, entering the Slave Market, with that love of the whole world within him which had its root in the child and statesman, but was wondrously consecrated by faith, he is looked at (will he ever cease to be so?) asking about the yellow-haired Angles exposed for sale. Great in most of the best senses was Gregory, for his age and situation; and the visitor from the country so much in the bishop's thoughts, once resting in other days beneath a mulberry tree by the convent, slumbered into reflections on the life which had left

so rich a fragrance behind. The pontiff's well-worn marble chair, from a wish to get in fancy nearer to so active a heart, had been again sat in by him; he had laid himself along the saint's narrow cell, informed by Latin words that here the worker, when a-weary, was accustomed to repose himself; he kissed the slab from which a dozen beggars were daily fed. As the eyelids dropped, in despite of the shouts of a drill-sergeant at hand and the discordant din of practising trumpets, the vanished scenes of beneficence lived afresh. If the column of Trajan often drew the foot to itself, it was not solely for its beauty's sake, nor for the sake of the just Spaniard whose statue once crowned it. A perfume clings to it through the visits of Gregory, who, rising far above the intolerance of his Church, besought, in prayer, the mercy of the Saviour for the righteous pagan who had not known Him.

It is, however, as chief of the Roman community in a season of extraordinary peril, that Gregory won his laurels in the question of the temporal sovereignty. Famine had to be met; and, drawing from personal stores, he not only fed the commonalty, but kept noble families from starvation by dishes sent from his own table. In pestilence the hearts of the people had to be supported. But exactly where the danger lay to his spiritual integrity, the Bishop of Rome rose most free of secular ambition. The fierce and barbarous Lombards, after scouring the whole of Italy, were at the gates of Rome, menacing to sack it. It was Gregory, not the Emperor Maurice, nor his poltron vicegerent at Ravenna, that managed to keep them outside, until they were softened. Theodolinda, wife of the royal invader, by the skill and charm of the bishop's correspondence, was gained to the cause of Rome, and Queen, King, as well as the Long Beards under them, renouncing Arianism, became at length welded with their victims in one Christian body.

Action of this nature, on emergencies, how does it stand in contrast with a papal monarchy, bolstered up in its authority over the conscience by coarse material forces, wielding for the purpose finance, justice, police,—everything pertaining to a commonwealth, the right to declare and conduct war not excepted! To a power of this character is added the claim to depose kings and emperors, though breeding civil war by the act. Jesus, the Founder of the Church, as He drew out its charter, gave the globe for a possession. Forecasting, however, the chance of confounding with political states His Kingdom, which, in a crucial hour, He declared to be not of this world, the Saviour hemmed in His Apostles, and through them the ministry of all times, to their proper task of evangelising the nations. In His own Temptation, the Lord of Glory, when worldly dominion was offered Him, as the capitals of empires shot past in dazzling vision before the eye, spurned it from Him. Obviously it was thus ordered, because, in the economy of salvation, the magistracy of secular affairs ordinarily contains a poison for those called to serve in holy things, while, in ecclesiastical hands, owing to the habits formed by religious rule, affairs of the State are apt to be warped out of their natural orbits. It is recorded of so modern a pope as Gregory XVI., Pio Nono's predecessor and the subject of one of Wiseman's monographs, that chuckling in his rough fashion over his official exemption from mistake as he deemed, he met arguments of his financier in a money case, by repeating again and again, 'But I am Pope, and, being unable to be deceived, I must know this question better than anybody.' Even if, in the Dark Ages, when knowledge was mostly confined to ecclesiastics, their place in civic offices might be advantageous, earthly power, earthly honours were not to be theirs, in mimicry of princes. Such being the rule, how obvious was corruption in a most

virulent form, as, under favour of circumstances, the temporal government of the popes arose in the eighth century! In their persons the old supremacy of Rome came to be asserted. At their bidding, sea and land stirred with votaries armed against an iconoclast Emperor, and, waving the pontifical banner, ready to impose on Constantinople a partisan in his room.

To him who reveres above all theories and hoary institutions the aims of the Saviour, the proceeding appears at its worst, when, abusing the influence given by office under Christianity and, as in war, counting every means legitimate, a priest works for party objects the immortal forces of faith, hope, and charity, called into life by the Gospel. Stephen the Third conjured up St. Peter, alive though dead as the Apostle is made to say of himself, in order to persuade Pepin le Bref to cross the Alps a second time and deliver the papal patrimony from its traditional foe of Lombardy. Heaven, in the fraudful vision, is opened to the eyes of the monarch, disclosing the Virgin and angels stooping to join in the petition. Paradise, along with victory and wealth, is thrown into the scale of reward if the king consent. On the other hand, if the Fisherman's tomb is allowed to be captured, his representative threatens that the dart of damnation shall pierce the faithless sovereign and his subjects. Adrian I., in like manner, by imposing on the belief of Charlemagne the invention of Constantine's gift to Pope Sylvester, wrought on the Emperor so as to induce him to impart right and firmness to the temporal throne of the Pontiffs. In its defence during a very fluctuating course, the principles of Christ have been bent, reversed, withdrawn into obscurity, added to by forgeries; and as the wheel of fortune went round, the assumed Vicar of the Lord has flagrantly outdone Mahomet, creating a gloss, or, at need, a revelation, to prop himself.

At the very gate of San Giovanni, just as the way turns up into the city, stand forth the venerable Basilica and Palace of the Lateran, the cord which, by a pretentious forgery, became the cable that drew in for the Papacy the States of the Church, with all other temporal power afterwards accruing. If the genuineness of what is called the donation of Constantine, founded on his present of the Lateran, were still asserted by the Church which it concerns, the question might be brought into discussion; or, if the fraud had had small issues, it might be left in the moon where Ariosto has placed it, or in the limbo of the English Puritan poet, along with similar impositions,—

> 'Relics, beads,
> Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
> The sport of winds.'

But the curiosity of the case is, the Papacy itself, its heir in possession, does not pretend that the charter was anything else than a fabrication. Professed papal champions, not excepting the Jesuits although the last to retire from the field, have given up contending for it. One hypothesis after another has been pushed forth, to explain away the invention, or impart a pardonable colour to it. No one denies the falsehood which flames on its brow.

The story is worthy to be kept in remembrance; for this bird of night still haunts the Vatican, if it screeches nowhere else; and the present distinguished pontiff, inconsolable like his predecessor Pio Nono for the loss of the temporal crown, continues to assert the family claim to the inheritance.

As one traverses the Campagna, Mount Soracte, celebrated by the Latin poets, lifts continually in view, afar off, its broad rounded back.

To this mount Sylvester, Bishop of Rome, on occasion of a memorable visit of Constantine to the city, had retired for devotional exercises; when the emperor, afflicted with a

leprosy, according to a legend which cropped up in the next century although absolutely ignored by contemporary historians, sought him out, and, being cured and baptised, bestowed on his benefactor the palace and garden of the Lateran.

If any one thing stands illumined in the biography of Constantine, on which rays from every point fall with consentaneous effect, it is, that he received baptism on his deathbed, years later, in Nicomedia, by the hands of the Arian bishop Eusebius. But the tale of a Roman baptism might have been left to itself, had it not been made the basis of the forgery called the Donation of Constantine, extraordinary whether from the fraudulency out of which it sprang, or from its overshadowing consequences. In it the grateful Emperor is pictured making over to the Pope a gift of Rome; nay, also of Italy; nay, of the western provinces; planting all bishops under him, with authority over the eastern patriarchs. It finishes off by exhibiting the sovereign holding the stirrup to Sylvester as his equerry. The great practical object which brought the false statement into existence about the middle of the eighth century, was, to incite Pepin to cross the Alps against the Lombard foe. Pope Adrian, a quarter of a century later, with a success which enthroned the Papacy for a thousand years, introduced it into his famous letter to Charlemagne. The donation does not stand alone in knavery; it is only one stone in the tesselated floor of frauds; it is no more than the most conspicuous flower in the bouquet fabricated by the Church, and like the painted grapes of Zeuxis, which deceived birds themselves, they wore a life-likeness in the Dark Ages by which all were caught. Monks, almost the sole scholars of the time, had it in their power to shape for their houses charters or other deeds in any desirable mould, without risk of discovery, to be opportunely brought forward

at some future moment. It was easy to impose on Pepin, more competent to rule a kingdom, or lead his warlike Franks into battle, than to unmask the most flagrant imposition manipulated by the pen of a priest. Even Charlemagne, vast as were his intellect and acquirements, could doubtfully write his name. An epoch had to be awaited for, when, as the light grew and became diffused, the forger could be detected through his anachronisms, his peculiarities of barbarous style, his ludicrous travesty of history, his cloaked aims. If the cycle of clerical frauds be taken together, from the Book of the Popes to the false Decretals of Isidore, it will be forced on the conviction that never has so deadly a wound been inflicted on the Saviour by the pretended friends of His house as in their commission. It is finally worthy of notice, that, after the manner of the Papacy, which is, by the testimony of the eyes, to prop up a staggering assertion or give to falsities an air of verisimilitude, the transept of the Lateran basilica is showy with the fabulous incidents in the life of Constantine mixed up with the real ones, and that Sixtus V. brought from the Circus Maximus to the spot the finest obelisk in Rome, chiefly, it would seem to grave on its flanks the holy lie of the emperor's baptism by Sylvester.

All this tissue of fraud woven to impart an honest air to usurpation, forms the basis of two famous Bulls, elaborated by a succession of popes, which, in a few propositions, better than volumes, exhibit the Papacy in relation to the temporal power.

The Bull of Paul IV., issued in 1558, with the countersignature of the court of cardinals, announces that, in virtue of being Pontifex Maximus, and therefore the representant of God on earth, the pope reigns with absolute power over peoples and kingdoms, a judge of everybody without being subject to be judged by any one. Monarchs, princes, bishops,

as soon as they fall into heresy, or separate themselves from the Church, are for ever deprived of sovereignty, as well as condemned to death. To add to the terribleness of the penalty, whosoever yields the services of simple humanity to any who have fallen under the ban, forfeits all civil rights whether of country or property.

The next Bull is that called *In Cœna Domini.* Promulgated in its finished form under the pontificate of Urban VIII. three-quarters of a century later, it has, down to a recent period, been proclaimed afresh every Maundy Thursday, with a kindled taper violently extinguished, as symbolic of the fate of all affected by it. Protestants of every name, and all who protect them, are visited in it with excommunication and a curse, which, it is needless to say, involves every loss which man, made in God's image, can be subject to.

History, guilty as many of the popes have been in connexion with the temporal sovereignty, will probably judge most severely the behaviour of Pio Nono. By the first years of his popedom, in which he advanced beyond the expectations of all Italian reformers, the Pope gave evidence that the rights and wants of man had penetrated within his mind. But, extinguishing the sacred flame, he plotted, at the hazard of a general revolution, to unite Ultramontanism in all lands for the recovery of his wretched throne. To this end the Holy Father, wrapping himself in the fiction of infallibility, which only aggravates his crime, closed his days pretending, without imposing on anybody, to be a captive in the Vatican, all terms being refused with the Italian Government; he animated the Legitimists in France, and thereby imperilled the establishment of the country; and, worse than all, he feloniously sought by his bishops to bring to ruin the unity of the German empire. If anything could draw down the blessed shade of St. Peter to mix in civil affairs, it would

be, that, in the name of his Master, the Apostle might denounce the pilgrimages, the political fraudulency, the affected authority and other means used for bringing back a sovereignty, which bore every stain of barbarism in the hour of its destruction.

During the days of the Triumvirate, when, as said, Rome was first visited, it is not probable that general reasonings chiefly affected opinion. It might indeed be, that, even a Contadino of the Campagna, stirred to reflection by the abuses of an anomalous power, and calling somehow back to mind the scene in Gethsemane, when a spirit of military zeal in Peter led the blessed Saviour to rebuke His ignorant servant, felt a conviction that, with the awful pretension of Divine right, the government of the Papacy departed farther than common institutions from the spirit of Christ. If he could not comprehend the sublime motives of the Lord for distinguishing His Church from the kingdoms of the world and separating priest from prince, he might yet be struck with the fact that, when the rulers of Jerusalem sent soldiers to arrest Jesus, the Saviour refused for protection all swords, Peter's as well as those of the legions of angels at His beck. However it may have been, some things in the state of Rome now showed how critical was the moment for the temporal rule of the Sacred College, although a generation has had to pass away, before, by union with Italy, emancipation from it, like ripe fruit dropping of itself from the tree, fell to the Romans.

One of these, was, the constancy with which the close of sacerdotal interference in civil affairs was declared to be the sole aim of the Republic.

Pio Nono, although unfaithful to the ghost of Liberty which, contrary to the traditions of his caste, he had himself called up, was not personally, or ecclesiastically, an object of antipathy. To the pontiff at Gaëta, one deputation after

another from the Government of Rome arrived, proposing his return as priest in soothing terms. But the cardinals were deemed an incarnation of all civil and political delinquencies. People, accordingly, looked on with merriment at hats of their eminences floating in solemn procession down the Tiber; and, like the French with the state carriages of Louis Philippe, they crowded on the piazzas, along with national guardsmen appointed to give an odour of law to the proceeding, to enjoy the sight of chariots, once the wheeled toys of the ecclesiastical princes, passing away—gilding, scarlet paint, and all—in flame and smoke. The black parade steeds, which had lately graced these equipages of pomp, were now seen with a grin drawn into the cavalry, or clattering through the city ridden by bearers of despatches. The consequence of the distinction made between Pope and Curia, was, that the attachment of the faithful to His Sanctity's person, as much as still existed of it, got no violent shock; reverence for him might continue to lurk undisturbed in the recesses of the imagination, at all times its chosen abode; and, owing to the incommensurable distance, according to vulgar fancy, between the pontiff and his officers, a tempest of arrows might be aimed at the latter, without fear lest a barb should by any chance fix in the chief. Religion itself, not as a ceremony, but in its aspect of love to man, was invoked in the churches on behalf of the Republic. The walls of the city glowed with appeals to the most devout feelings. The functions of the Faith were contrasted with the damning acts of its administrators, and its words of consolation cited to accuse the men whose policy was regarded as a satire on them.

If anything furthermore could have had an influence in popularising the movement, it was the fact, that the spirit of order which marked all the proceedings of the new Government, was specially seen in care for the objects of art. The

public collections were as jealously cherished as ever. The Vatican, with guards stationed so as to survey every gallery and cabinet, was thrown open on fixed days as usual. Even during the most anxious moment of the Republic, when the French had landed at Civita Vecchia, the great repositories were still to be seen; the Torso, admired by Buonarrotti, continued to excite worship; Laocoon and his sons writhed as before to view within the coils of the snakes; Apollo yet presented to visitors the ideal of manly beauty; and the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, with all else of the kind, dazzled as ever the general eye. If this watch over art was a stroke of policy, nothing was more fitted to conciliate timidity or disaffection. But the men composing the Assembly were among the most cultivated and conservative intellects in the country, and neglect of the national treasures would have been more foreign to them than to the College of Cardinals. The reforming spirit strove simply for the division of civil and ecclesiastical powers, nor, at its height, showed aught of the Communist temper which has so constantly marred the revolutions of France.

At this juncture, which was in the closing days of April, Rome, as always, had its strangers; lingering in the city for various reasons; every one, however, being interested in the posture of affairs. The Caffè Grèco was a rendezvous to artists and politicians; but, in this caldron of speculation on the daily news, foreigners were puzzled with the simple childlike glee of the Romans under the menaces of the French, who, from Civita Vecchia, offered at the gun's mouth mediation between the pope and them. Signors and signoras were as ever taking the air on the Corso. Judging from such signs, and perhaps only too happy to draw a comfortable inference from them, the opinion of foreigners was, that there would be no fighting, nor even feint of opposition; that when the enemy should present himself, the

gates would be opened. But the evening of the 29th cast a bold light on the Roman temper.

The pilgrim having wandered into St. Peter's was standing before the lions of Canova, when a party of officers approached, and, bowing, pointed to the famous beasts. The excitement of the times could not suspend their sense for art. But, naturally enough, with a single criticism, remark passed from the marbles to the fluent events of the moment. The conclusions of the Caffè were running in the Briton's head; and, anxious to test their value, he ventured to ask how the city would act on the appearance of the French.

'Fight! ay, and to the last drop!' all echoed, ejaculating their words with a noble rage, touched with scorn; while, with flushed countenance, they confirmed the asseveration by an oath, raising the eyes.

Every Roman bosom, probably, was possessed by the same sentiment. The Spanish, the Neapolitan, the Austrian opposition, was, in each case, natural. But, as for France, a republic just born like itself, and in the same manner rid of its sovereign by flight, Rome might well stand astonished before its attitude. Could recent proclamations of Gallic fraternity be meant only to add insult to injury? But a jealousy of Austria destroyed the French conscience and heart. What embittered disappointment on the shores of the Tiber was the fact, that, ever since the departure of the Pope, the *Marseillaise* had been in Rome the popular song, *Viva la Republica Francese* the popular toast. As if to represent French baseness, by bringing out the identity of the Republics, the French hymn was continued to be played at the War Office, on the change of guards, even after Oudinot had summoned the Government to submission; nor could Garibaldi, when he led forth his legion to the fight, devise any better cry than a *Viva* to the Republic across

the Alps. The gaiety of the Roman looks had thus a counterpart in resolution to defend the city. Even the dames were ready for every event, being armed, it was understood, beneath their robes; while, with the Princess Trivalzio di Belgioioso at the head of a committee of ladies, they worked at making up bandages, and afterwards ministered to the wants of those who suffered in the conflict.

A few hours only had elapsed, when the streets became swept of all loungers. But, again, as if by a simultaneous impulse, the population, as national guards, poured itself out everywhere, full of one absorbing purpose. The clang of hammers sounded along the Corso, as doors were made sure against assault. The pavement began to be torn up for barricades. Strangers visited their Consulates in anxious companies; for, despite measures taken by the authorities, the rise of low, predatory bands was apprehended. At nightfall the wanderer crossed to San Angelo, where Avezzani, Minister of War, in a speech full of pith, harangued the troops. At a later hour, amidst the fitful glare of torches the foot moved about among the volunteers of Garibaldi, encamped in arms on the piazza and under the colonnades of St. Peter's.

Few could have then gone to bed in calmness, if they went at all, with a blaze of light at every window (for the city, in expectation of attack, was illuminated), and with the roll of the drum rising all night from the streets.

But, why linger over the story? The issue is familiar: how the French were repulsed, but returned with reinforcements; and, gaining entrance through stratagem, were followed by the Pope and his administration. Years afterwards, while the Council of the Vatican was sitting in incubation with the dogma of the Infallibility, the pilgrim was in St. Peter's on the Saint's day, the 29th of June, when the ebb in the papal triumph significantly showed itself. Pio

Nono, as he was borne on his portable throne down the nave, called a halt, and over the necks of his bearers pronounced his annual protest against spoliations of the temporal patrimony. But where were the smiles which had just been playing like Amours about his lips, as he flung a blessing on every side to his prostrate children? What had suddenly brought into that beaming face the menace of a thunder-cloud? And the rich voice, how had it changed into tones of peevishness, while the mouth twitched and quivered, no more under the control of its possessor! All of grace, of beauty, of *bonhommie*, in the pontiff's aspect, had vanished under the consciousness that he was less a monarch than once, and now almost only a priest!

Far was the onlooker from surmising, as, some days later, in the public garden at Ems, he fixed his eyes on a tall, military figure dressed in civil clothes, King William of Prussia,—who was bowing with royal simplicity to the lines of spectators which formed on his passage,—that, through him, the Romans should be so terribly avenged on the French who had forced their gates, and on the Pope who owed his entry again as a sovereign to them. But the world moves on; its gains on the whole are ever greater than its losses; and, when least expected, the vice most sanctified by time and venerable tradition is plucked up, no more to have root in human history.

CHAPTER III.

OF ST. PETER'S IN ITSELF, AND UNDER THE PRESSURE OF RELIGIOUS WANTS.

Sight of St. Peter's from the Campagna.—First visited in Absence of the Pope.—Size.—An Apotheosis of the Papacy.—Obelisk.—Façade.—Central Bronze Door.—Baldaquin.—Dome.—Expression.—Compared with Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence, Cathedral of Sienna, Minster of Freyburg.—Easter Illumination of the Dome.—Reflection.

AT first sight of St. Peter's, which was from the Campagna, with its ball glittering in the evening sunbeam, the Presbyterian of the North felt as lively an emotion, probably, as one of greater consanguinity of faith who, hailing from afar the Catholic fane, kneels and fingers his rosary in rapturous thanksgiving. Any ritual of itself was indifferent for him at the time. Even the ecclesiastical traditions of his own country sat lightly on him. He had hoped, and ever hoped, to breathe somewhere a richer element than his native air, to catch life for the spirit in treading the pavement of a church which had echoed beneath the feet of generations of worshippers; and when at length he stood within the portico, he felt in his bosom the throb which agitated Corinne as her hand was on the leathern curtain before she pushed it aside to enter.

St. Peter's, indeed, in the absence of the Pope, resembles a face with closed eyes, and the light wanting which is diffused by them over every other feature. But the epoch of these early perambulations falling within revolutionary times,

it was thus that it was first found. The Basilic was like the Temple under the captivity: the ways mourned, none came to solemn feasts, all her gates were desolate, her priests sighed. Voices in the Chapel of the Choir, as ever, muttered the daily services; yet the hoarse clamour only mocked the vast solitudes. For the moment the Fane of the Pontificate was as a shell cast up in a storm, its occupant gone, its vocation at an end. But, with every whorl and dint conformed to the shape of its vanished inmate, it told as faithfully the character of its late inhabitant as if he still occupied its chambers.

For many reasons the Pilgrim often turned to St. Peter's. But the mind felt baffled by its expression. The eye was, of course, seized and borne away by the magnitude of the structure. Nor was there rest for worship until its architectural effects ceased to control the senses. The façade, so much criticised, looks, seen from the Borgo, buoyant against the dome which there lifts its form free of foreground. The colonnades which embrace in their gracious arms the oval piazza, throwing out of rivalry all imitations whether at Naples or Petersburg, sweep round in noble harmony with the curves of the cupola. Inside it is, however, that the proportions chiefly show themselves. Besides the shrine itself, everything is gigantic, from the cherubs which cling about the basins of Holy Water, to the Fathers who bear aloft the Pulpit of the Fisherman. As the foot moves up the nave, man, indeed, feels dwindled by so mighty a walled space, inclosing nothing that is not colossal. The spirit, timid before the flowing size of all, shrinks into itself for a moment, like a snail on the ground arrested by some object which crosses the path. But, in the end, the soul, gathering up its powers, swells to the dimensions, not by an impulse imparted from the temple itself, as Childe Harold sings, but by an intrinsic energy, which no effort of art can long curb.

Beyond size and a few of the details, commentary, from Addison downwards, has seldom gone. The heart, however, ready to welcome the faintest beam of comfort, and anxious to catch as much of truth as possible, forced the explorer forward, if haply the subtle meaning wrought into the fane might fully disclose itself.

As a sanctuary, a place of worship, Minerva does not more take after her sovereign Father from whose brain she sprang, than St. Peter's reflects the image of the Papacy. Fundamentally, St. Peter's is a church: the pontificate keeps its roots fastidiously buried within the spiritual world. But Deity, dare it be said, in spite of the constant masses celebrated beneath its roof, is subordinated by it; and, as the soul breaks into adoration, it finds, if it yield to the local Genius, that, by some strange and awful machinery, the object of homage changes into the wearer of the Tiara. In this adytum, no single pontiff is shadowed to view; for, from the day when Nicholas V. laid the first block till Urban VIII. consecrated the pile, scores of popes ascended the throne, modifying one another's individualities. The Papacy it is, which is embodied. Each sovereign in the long file of sacerdotal builders was subject to a common influence, the traditionary spirit of his office: a spirit which fixed upon the stones the likeness of the popedom, not of any one pope, and secured it by an instinct as sure as that which works in the beehive. Bramante, and Raphael, and Michael Angelo, along with their coadjutors, were instruments of a bias, which transmitted itself from man to man. If the warlike Julius the Second, who, in his statue at Bologna, commanded Buonarotti to put a sword into his hand rather than a book, had got the mausoleum conformable to his magnificent ambition, the fane would have been less meretricious in its expression. But, in that case, it would have been an individual portrait, and not the face of the Papacy with its warts,

and blotches, and worldliness, mixed with traces of some more hallowed moments. With the Latin cross preferred to the Greek, abandoned, preferred again, the palatial front of Maderno chosen, and countless objects added and altered according to piety, caprice, or ostentation, it required the accumulative varieties of two centuries and a half to give St. Peter's all its terrible fidelity.

One noon it was, as the sirocco breathed its heavy languor, that the pilgrim, on his first visit, stood before the Obelisk of the Piazza. Here Goethe, eating grapes, as he himself records, once walked up and down in its shadow conversing with his friend Tischbein, and had his steps arrested, although impatient to enter the Basilic itself. The cross, surmounting the obelisk, at once drew the glance of the wanderer upwards, in accordance with the injunction at the base:

'ECCE CRVX DOMINI.'

But, in the broad glare, the eye again fell for relief on the words which followed:

'FVGITE
PARTES ADVERSÆ
VICIT LEO
DE TRIBV IVDA.'

If a bomb had exploded by the side of the reader, it could scarcely have caused a quicker recoil on his part than this inscription. In it, however, the keynote is given, which recurs throughout the whole building. The symbol of Divine Love bristles with thorns for whoever is not a member of the local Church: a symbol of wrath rather than of sacrifice and conciliation, a law anew issued in flames, not the Gospel of Grace. The name of Christ appears on the reverse, but He is presented as a conqueror, not as He who, though a King, came meekly, riding on an ass, and breaking into tears over the wayward city which doomed itself to

destruction. At this spot, if anywhere, the Olive Branch might have been expected to be frankly held out, even to opponents. But the Saviour is clothed with menace. To the alarmed fancy, enemies are scattered before His standard, or fall a prey to the lions which roar from the pedestal, from whatever side an observer approaches. The imagery of the Prophets, who lived under the Law, is, under the Gospel, abused to justify the dark, characteristic touches of the Papacy, instead of setting forth the spiritual triumph of the Lord, who 'takes captivity captive' and 'gives gifts' to offending man.

At the same time, it imparts a rare sensation to stand by this superb monument from the Nile, a sunbeam in granite, piercing the sky; and no wonder that Tasso employed his immortal verse to celebrate the trophy and the conquering symbol which crowns it; although, as if modesty were impossible for the papacy, the Cross is made to rest in the arms of the Sixtus who set it up. A calm, a sense of liberty, a spring of buoyant joy, is felt in the open area, which, rounded as it is, and showing works of sacred aim at least, is, as it were, reclaimed from space for purposes of a more hallowed freedom. The eye ignores for the occasion everything on the ground contrary to its peace. The dome, soaring away in front, if now only partially beheld, is, for the heart, the mighty concave above the world, let down to earth; the colonnades with confessors who stand over them in effigy, witnessing to victory through suffering, seem ready to welcome all; and the fountains, sending up their strong, branching jets into the air, swayed by the breeze now on one side, now on another, with patches of verdure greening the stones under their benign dews, all braces the spirit for its holier tasks.

The repose is soon dissipated, with the signs of the Papacy again importunately claiming attention, as, mounting the

flight of steps which drip in festoons from the gates, the pilgrim comes up to St. Peter's. Above the central passage, an oblong frame holds the only sculptural representation outside: the bestowal of the Keys on Peter, with his comrades grouped around. The Keys, naturally, are literal, to stamp their object into the mind; and, as the favoured Fisherman, lowlily, with a knee on the ground, holds forth the hand to grasp them, the sacred band look agitated by the importance of the act. John, from behind, as if to encourage his friend to support the tremendous weight of the Papacy, gently pats him on the shoulder, while the rest of the apostles are prompting one another to acknowledge the portentous donation. A tiaraed dragon frowns above; and over the dragon the papal insignia stand dominantly out, the sole ornament of the pediment.

To enshrine the pontificate, it is obvious, is the prime intention of all. The statues perched around—saints, sibyls, prophets, even that more awful Figure who, flanked by His Apostles, looks down from the attic, form only its support and decoration. Far from dividing interest with the Papacy, still less taking precedence of it, the Saviour and His attendants are so arranged as to concentrate homage on its arms.

As the visitor, on reaching the vestibule, bared his head to the cool air, the eyes at once dropt on the great bronze door. Such a feature, when art adorns it, has always been a favourite with religious architects. People, as they gather to service, have there the first sense of a holy community. A thought then shed into the susceptible heart may awaken recollection, and prepare it for 'stirring up all that is within to bless and magnify the Lord.' Sometimes, if no more is permitted, as in the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, the artist plants a Burning Bush above the entrance, recalling, along with the original scene, the constant truth that God is in the city as well as in the wilderness, and is

present now as formerly with His folk. In the case of St. Paul's, at London, the tympanum over the western gateway, with the Apostle of the Gentiles himself crowning its apex, exhibits his conversion, a blaze of light brighter than noon raying on the attendants, while, as the horse bearing him rears affrighted before the flash, the agent of the Sanhedrim shows in his face pious awe and readiness for service. As for the door of the Baptistery at Florence, its lessons, as already shown, rival the sermon in exposition. Generally, the door is thrown back, and the apostles, martyrs, or other saintly persons appear in the arched courses of the porch. In the cathedral sculptures of Orvieto, to produce which the best art of the period exerted itself, the effort far surpasses any ordinary result. The account of Man, from his origin to the final summons, is recorded with an earnestness which at once puts the beholder in grave arrestment.

Now, what advantage of the opportunity has been taken by the pontifical builders of St. Peter's?

The occasion, instead of being employed to touch and rouse the spirit, is, like other things, warped from Christian aims to the enforcement of the Papacy. St. Peter with St. Paul, austere command in their looks and handling their wonted weapons, are pushed into the central view; while out of the way, above, on a diminished scale, are the forms of Jesus and the Mother. Traditions of the apostles, as if the more to aggrandise the one impression, are exhibited, lower, in reliefs. To show the pagan spirit in which the immense bronze has been set up, it may be added that the metamorphoses of Jupiter figure in parts of the frame closest to the spectator.

If the back be turned on the door, a mosaic of the sinking Peter delivered by our Lord confronts the eye. At the remote extremities of the vestibule, Constantine and Charlemagne, as papal champions, are mounted, aweing the sense

by their imperial authority. Every object within sight thus co-operates to inculcate the same lesson.

But the pilgrim could not long linger in the portico. Impatiently the screen was drawn, and he passed in.

The vast expanse before him at once seized the mind; for was not the peasant who hung about the balustrades of Peter's tomb with its twinkling lights dwarfed to a pigmy? And still the vista stretched into a dim beyond. The pavement, like everything subordinate, is temperate in its tone, offering in unostentatious colours a smooth marble footing of geometrical forms, which carries forward the visitor, without drawing attention from the appeals of the Papacy.

The attraction of the interior, it needs not be said, centres in the majestic cupola, which, owing nothing to the adjacent chapels, stands alone, having nothing in common with them. As, on the threshold a small arc, a far way along the nave, is caught sight of, with light pouring from above in a soft flood, an entrant instinctively shuns delay, and steals up, till the whole mighty cone of space soars over the head:

> 'Und ein zweiter Himmel in den Himmel
> Steigt Sanct Peter's wunderbarer Dom.'

Here, if the wanderer may judge from his own experience, is the only spot within the walls where the spirit is prompted to expand and rest. But peace is speedily broken by the worship to which even it is designed, the tokens of which are apparent from the floor upwards; and he who has come for prayer, is aroused to thought.

At his feet, as he pauses, a short double flight of steps, fenced by a balustrade over which lamps shed pale fires night and day, leads down to the Chapel of the Confession, where reposes St. Peter, in the fancy of the devotee. Below, looking almost like an apparition, Pius the Sixth, restored in marble by the cunning hand of Canova, kneels before the

Apostle's tomb. To add to the dignity of the idol—for such it is in such a place—a baldachin, or grand canopy of bronze, rising ninety-five feet into the dome, with globe and cross to crown it, shields the apostolic ashes and the high altar which stands over them. The foliage of its spiral columns is spotted with the armorial bees of Urban the Eighth, while, on the bases of the same, repeated so as to give the eye no quiet, boldly protrude again the Tiara and Keys. If the hints imposed at this focus of interest be yielded to, the worshipper will offer to St. Peter, or rather to his successors, the 'gold, frankincense, and myrrh' of the heart, which he had brought for the Saviour.

From the dome above, a confirmatory voice shouteth; for, there, in letters of mosaic six feet deep, emblazoned on the golden frieze which runs round the drum, these words cry out:

'TV · ES · PETRVS · ET · SVPER · HANC · PETRAM ·
ÆDIFICABO · ECCLESIAM · MEAM · ET · TIBI ·
DABO · CLAVES · REGNI · CŒLORVM ·'[1]

Responsive thereto, like an echo from the skies, a dedication of the Basilic to the glory of St. Peter,[2] descends from the airy lantern. Over all, looking complacently down, is the Father. Lower appears the Son, escorted by the Virgin and Apostles. Still lower, filling the spandrils, are the Evangelists in medallions; and near to the ground, in spacious recesses, with treasures of relics over their heads, flutter the saints Veronica and Helena, Longinus and Andreas. From the Almighty inclusive, all come before the mind simply as witnesses to the Papacy, being implicitly forced to sanction the arrest of the soul with its infinite hopes and affections on the reigning representative of the system.

Fain to find anything wherewith to mitigate this impres-

[1] Matt. xvi. 18, 19. [2] S. Petri Gloriæ.

sion, a devout observer, as often as the sense wrought into the Dome overpowers its sublimity, will turn to other objects. But, wherever he may gaze, crowded though the fane is with monuments of so many ages, he comes on nothing to vary the significance. From over every door, from above the arches of the nave, as well as at other prominent points as if the zest could never be exhausted, the Tiara and Keys bid grim defiance. Facing the beholder, also, as he walks up and down, fancy portraits of the popes, each of them a Sanctus, with the papal arms clasped in the hands of cherubs, enforce the pontifical interest. To complete the emphasis, founders of the monastic orders, all supports of the papacy, add their advocacy from niches. If the Tribune be entered, it is St. Peter's Chair (the very chair of course in which the Apostle sat) which towers on the shoulders of the famous Bishops of Hippo, Milan, Constantinople, and Alexandria, Greeks equally with Romans claimed as bulwarks to the papal dominance. To add authenticity from above, a cloud of seraphs hover around, and the winged symbol of the Spirit blazes through radiance of coloured glass. Even Death is drawn into the common service. For scarcely can the eye settle on any quarter without finding deceased popes, as if still animated with a jealousy over the pontificate, preaching, or, as it were, issuing edicts, from their tombs.

In all moods St. Peter's was resorted to, now in sunshine, now in gloom; when the inquirer was most ready to be soothed by shows, as well as in an exacting disposition of mind. But the more its expression was comprehended, the greater was the disappointment. The sense overpowered him, that a sort of papal apotheosis had been here imitated from the deification of the Cæsars, only so much more blasphemous, as it has grasped all means of Christian faith for its object. In this cosmopolitan Church of Catholicism, art and symbol, contributed in millions of money's worth,

have been brought together during ages; and yet as the weary eye searches for something to kindle spiritual life, instead of glimpses of heavenly things and Him who came to save the lost, one intolerable image loads every stone, blocks every vista, and darkens the whole fane. Any discussion of the papal question may for the moment be waived by him who is striving only to find religious support. But, in the name of anxious souls, it is natural to ask why the professed servant of Christ has built his own visage into the temple where Christ Himself was to be expected, and, like an apostate pasha, betraying Him whose viceroy at most he pretends to be, has summoned even the Father to favour the treason! In St. Peter's, it is impossible not to think of the Apostle to whom it is dedicated, behind whose mask the Papacy enshrouds itself. The Fisherman, weak as he was in some respects, justified his office so as to stand back, nay, in a manner to become nothing, that the Saviour alone might fill the eyes of disciples. Never, never, with him, was his Lord sacrificed to himself, the Master to the slave. Nor, as individual features of the church called after him, and especially its aim, are brought to mind, can those awful foreshadowing words of Holy Writ which have gathered power since the Council of the Vatican be banished from the thoughts, respecting one who, as God, should sit in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.

To construct such an idea then, it was, said the wanderer within himself as, on leaving, he jerked open the heavy curtain at the door (flapping back, it seemed, with a noisy commination against him), that Tetzel, the financial missionary of Leo the Tenth in Germany, preached the deliverance of souls in Purgatory, which brought to the front the valiant Luther, and, with him, the Reformation! On the descent again to the Piazza, the fancy turned in contrast to the aspect of the ground eighteen centuries before, when, as the Apostles

still pursued their blessed work, the Christians of Rome were called to light up with their bodies the circus and gardens of Nero on the spot. The obelisk cast its shadow on the ground then as now; but how changed the Faith on which it looks down at present!

Far different from St. Peter's is it with other Catholic fanes, although raised under the ægis of the Papacy. The hands which built them might be forward to exalt the pontifical authority. Yet the Gospel itself was instinctively dearer to the heart than the glory of any visible chief.

Such is the Duomo of Florence. In the midst of the city sits the fair Cathedral Santa Maria del Fiore, resembling in her warm dress of coloured marbles a mother drawn to by her children. The walls within, which, kept in primitive plainness, divide in nothing the interest of the Cross suspended from the cupola, are more soothing than the richly veined stones of St. Peter's, aglow to the pride of the pontificate. Nor, if aught be granted in a sanctuary to the use of the senses, can it fail to compose the mind to stand within the choir, and meditate on the Redemption. The muser is there encircled by the chapels of the apse and transepts, with their thirty windows of storied light, flaming, in connexion with the dome, as a candelabra of heaven let down to the earth.

Even more to the purpose of illustration, is the church of Sienna. The first impulse, on once entering, was, to walk round and round, simply drinking in its impressions. But the feet were at every step arrested by the enchanted ground on which they trod. Prophets, Sibyls—the harbingers of Christ outside the Church, as the Greek Fathers taught—spread their inspiring figures before the eyes, which they chained to the pavement. Every stone speaks with awe and sweetness. Not a leaf, not the turn of a scroll, not a jot is there, thrown in to fill up; all buds with life. Mosaics of

white and red marbles on black are come upon, which, by their story, force the visitant, as it were, to take off his shoes, for that the ground is holy ground. Samson exhibits his giant strength, Judas Maccabeus his lofty patriotism. But notes of more piercing and elevated purpose mix with other historical allusions. Moses is disclosed on Mount Sinai in holy conference with Jehovah; Adam and Eve are seen under the cloud of the Fall; and, to reconcile all conflicting elements, by an emblem which lifts into hope the most desponding heart, Isaac appears at once dead and alive under the sacrificial knife of his father. The foreground of one of the Chapels is itself a whole pure and sacred lesson on the ages. Decrepitude, in the central compartment, creeps on crutches; while, around, Infantia has a stick for a horse, Pueritia plays at quoits, Juventia is on the way to school: every stage being represented. The very frames,—such is the harmony of the work,—wear the fairness of faith. If pictures of this quality had been laid in the floor of St. Peter's, the peasantry from the Campagna, who, on holidays, crowd up to win the blessing got by a kiss to the brazen Fisherman, might, in hanging over them, have had the spirit untuned for the chief theme of the basilica.

The Pulpit, a work of Nicholas Pisano, would, in contrast with the chair of St. Peter's, alone consecrate the Duomo of Sienna. The Apostles, not the popes, heart-glowing in face and action, look out from the combined columns; and, before the sculpture of the Last Judgment, its trumpets sounding, the most seared and dissipated conscience might cry out, so pregnant is all with the horrors of the worm which dieth not. The Cross, too, a simple cross, with strong rays gushing from it, fills the tympanum over the deep central porch, an abstinence in this space which teaches more than the most elaborate workmanship.

A peculiar feature the Cathedral has in common with

St. Peter's; but its very presence brings out the difference between them. Above the arches of the nave, ranged head by head in a series, are busts of the popes, apocryphal as well as otherwise, down to Alexander III. No thoughtful Romanist, probably, except from curiosity, would care to pause on those images. Specially would it be so, as he became aware that, among the number, was originally displayed the effigy of Johannes VIII., Femina de Anglia, converted, in 1600, into Pope Zacharias, at the wish of a pontiff jealous for the honour of his line. Yet, after all, the introduction of them here is comparatively innocuous. So high up, they are nothing more than onlookers, leaving the grand spaces for the proper objects of a sanctuary.

One other instance, one only, may be cited, lying beyond the bounds of Italy,—the Minster of Freyburg, on the edge of the Black Forest. At the approach, the Resurrection meets the eye, a composition of startling forms, coffins breaking up and the dead coming forth, all serious, how rude and quaint soever the execution. As the pilgrim stood within the porch, with the massive square tower over it, transformed, as it ascends, into a rich turreted octagon which flowers into a pyramidal spire of open fairy work, rustics, servants, among other folk, were dropping in one by one for matins. But, before the threshold was crossed, deposing baskets, bundles, staves, whatever they carried, to draw breath, they seated themselves on the stone benches around, which court a momentary occupation. Nothing within view withdraws the soul from its spiritual concerns to fix it on a pretender's claims to bar and unbar the way to Paradise. As the traveller passed inside on hearing some pulses of the organ announcing the beginning of service, the grave figures of the Apostles, ranged under fretted canopies down the centre, seemed put into action for him; and one, Paul, as it was judged, a holy and venerable man, bald at

the crown, preached to him, especially with the hand, on the worth of life and its responsibilities.

In Rome, at every step, is a church of some sort; all of which, with scarcely an exception, are like St. Peter's dedicated to some mortal. Once in the year, accordingly, as the patron's name's day comes round, the honours of his sanctuary are showered on him. In each case, it is only too sure that the most of the occasion will be made to cry up the glory of the protector, and confirm the attachment of votaries. But all influences of this kind, in exalting a martyr or saint, are local, temporary, insignificant, in comparison with the power continually exercised on behalf of the Papacy, through its image wrought into the fane of the Vatican.

At Easter, a sight was wont to round off the whole, a characteristic demonstration of the Church adapted to all apprehensions, the Illumination of St. Peter's.

The illumination, in itself, was, in sooth, a lovely spectacle. It was on a roof in the Ripetta, among a pleasant company gathered by the hospitable invitation of the late Mr. Macpherson, the Photographer, and his accomplished lady, that the pilgrim stood as he first gazed on the enchanting vision. From that point, the dome of St. Peter's, as well as the whole body of the Church, rose unobstructed to the sight. The sun, as it happened, went down in a sky broken only by a few flakes of cloud, which caught the setting rays on themselves, but left the vault above its ineffable tint of mild green and azure, sobering as the luminary dropped below the horizon.

On such a background the Basilic beamed forth. It was not in a glow, however, but pricked into soft points of light, the curves of its dome and cupolas, and the courses of its façade, coming out in silver flame. A fair apparition it was, built up into heaven, yet resting on the earth. But, as if by magic, a work really of a few seconds, the sparkling body changed, bursting into orbs of fire, after a new arrangement;

and when the eye interpreted the figure just born, lo! by the kindling of the lines to the base, a Tiara blazed against the sky! The Fane of the Pontiffs was metamorphosed into their Crown!

A sign to all, it thus remained, beheld from the Alban and Sabine hills across the Campagna. But it was doomed to go out, light by light, one fiery knob after another, until, as day dawned, a day to come in a higher sense, the whole had passed away, and was not; yea, it was sought, but could not be found.

On turning away from St. Peter's, again and again has the wanderer looked back, as a recollection of those who had knelt within its precincts came upon him, and he thought of the many simple hearts among them, who doubtless grew in the Faith despite the obscuration of its object. The remnants of Masaccio's frescoes at Florence, priceless for their own sake, are also often visited from the fact that Michael Angelo drew strength in his youth from these vivid creations. More powerful on behalf of St. Peter's is the circumstance that Buonarotti, besides leaving the stamp of his sublime mind upon it, mingled his devout aspirations with the dome, regarding his work as an act of worship. Still, wondrous as is the Church in a sense, never can it, for religious effect, weigh in the scales with some other churches. If the image which it embodies became extinct, it might be left without a pang to go to ruin.

CHAPTER IV.

CEREMONIES OF ST. PETER'S.

Day of Palms.—Descent of Pio Nono from the Vatican.—Palm Consecration.—The Pontiff borne through St. Peter's.—Adoration of the Pope.—Shades of the Dynasty in his wake.—Papal Infallibility Dogma.—Anthem during Palm Distribution.—The Passion dramatically rendered.—Giotto's Fresco of the Triumphal Entry.—The Drama of Oberammergau.—Baptism at the Lateran.—The *Miserere*.—Papal Benediction.—Chiesa della Pace.

THE Fane of the Popes, as appears, mocks the necessities of the heart. But the Pontifex Maximus himself, its lord and living counterpart, beheld on some high holiday as voice, expression, vestments, every motion, every accompaniment work their charm, might, it was fancied, raise the spirit into a sphere with a banquet spread to feast all wants. At the time, however, when the consolations of faith were first sought at Rome, the Pope, it has been said, was a fugitive at Gaëta. To complete experience, the City, later, was resorted to for the ceremonies of Holy Week, when, once more officiating within the pontifical sanctuary, Pio Nono glowed in wonted splendour. These pompous rites have been since again and again witnessed. But the ceremonies, as an ecclesiastical show, through the peevish privacy maintained for a long period by the Papacy, are now under obscuration, and have almost become an affair of the past.

All was astir in Rome, as the Day of Palms broke through a cloudless sky on St. Peter's. At the Bridge of San Angelo

the papal dragoons began to keep guard; for, there, converged the motley thousands who thronged to the most beautiful ceremony of the season. Most trudged on foot like the pilgrim himself; but many were the hacks and carriages, with festal faces looking out of them; while, among ecclesiastics of every order, monks, priests, monsignores, and what not, the Cardinal princes, ensconced once more in scarlet chariots with a batch of lacqueys clustering like bees behind, rolled along to a grave, muffled sound, taking everywhere precedence. The figures of St. Peter and his companion Paul are first among the files of 'sentimental dancers,' as M. Taine calls them, which crown the parapets of the Bridge. But as the eye scanned the legends on the apostolic pedestals, which proffer pardon to the meek and threaten the proud with retribution, the reflection arose of itself, how easy it is to carry a haughty stomach under a mild show! The tricolor of France, planted above the pavilion at the gate of the Castle,—the massive rotunda of Hadrian,—coiled lazily round the flag-staff, now and then unwinding a fold to the morning breeze.

At the beginning, and even on towards midday, the mighty Basilic was thronged only in spaces bordering on the High Altar. A few infirm and decrepit people, such as sat by the Pool of Bethesda, had got themselves laid within the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament; for, by a door opening into it, His Sanctity was to enter. Others knelt in the same spot devoutly counting their beads. Some others again, loitering about, gaping, stopped here and there by the medallion or tomb of a pontiff. But the Pope and his train, with the sound of arms shouldering, and the hum of expectancy which rose among such as had taken fixed places, were needed to give signs of the day's importance.

At length, Pio Nono, borne on his portable throne, descended from the Vatican. As he did so, and, like a gust of

wind which suddenly drops on some area where leaves, and straws, and diverse odd things are found together, set in motion macers, vergers, and all degrees of dignities on the floor, the old man was carried by close at hand: a fine old man, indeed, to look upon, round of feature, mild and smiling in aspect, and evidently fond of diffusing his blessing. In such processions, witnessed at intervals of years, often occurred opportunity to observe this Chief of Catholicism. The Pontiff, in comparison with most celibates, had, as all who have seen him acknowledge, the air of a veritable papa. An expression, assuredly, very agreeable; but one far from suggesting any attributes above those of sublunary mortals. On his throne within the Tribune, a great way off, even though the observer stood beneath the Dome, (for every member of St. Peter's is capacious,) the diminished head of the Father, rimmed with the white tiara, was watched, as he consecrated the palms and gave his hand to be kissed by the prostrate receivers of them: a sad copy, the pilgrim felt, of the Divine original.

At first sight, however, of the rosy pontifical countenance, which, like the sea, carried no traces of the storms that had broken upon it, the Protestant, it must be confessed, experienced a touch of awe, as before a thing come out of the hoary past, and bringing with it a hereditary claim similar to none other. The appearance of Pio struck on the sense in the manner of an ancient coin, which, although it may have been burnished by modern hands, bears marks of a remote origin. For a moment, accordingly, giving way to the spell, the spectator, as the procession swept by, found his stiff, erect neck bend in respect, which might have slid into homage, if the pastoral simplicity of the pontiff had represented papal pretensions. But, alas for the permanence of a sentiment which has no intrinsic basis! The stranger involuntarily straightened him-

self, almost in the act of inclining the head; for, behind the enthroned priest, glimpses were caught of the darkling host of his predecessors, face beyond face, with every variety of expression stamping the ghostly line. From a cause which was no illusion, the bland visage, looking out under the glittering mitre with its towers of authority temporal and spiritual, was confounded with the physiognomies in the background; and, like the ambitious Fiend in 'Paradise Lost,' as he is described on the top of Mount Niphates, the present pontiff changed into the image of a whole dynasty, in which the features of the worse members blurred those of the better. The eye, indeed, as in fancy bygone times were revived, glanced with interest on the shadowy band in proportion as it stood near the Apostles. The figures of the primitive age, it is true, advance less into the light, and a brazen policy has filled up blanks by fictitious portraits. But the bishops of the first three centuries are known to have borne the brunt of trial, the honour of a mitre in Rome, as with Cornelius and his successor Lucinus in the Decian persecution, being then commonly the harbinger of martyrdom. Leo the Great, rendering illustrious the fifth century, showed, in the present vision, his bold Etruscan spirit exerted on behalf of Christian civilisation. As far on as the sixth, Gregory the First, also Great, redeemed the pontifical crowd for a large space behind and before him, being conspicuous by his Missions, and the zealous renunciation for himself (a rare merit in the popes) of a claim to universal obedience. But Borgia was caught among the number, dark with baleful crimes, which blotted the pathway of the column for a long distance. Yet more portentous (if the paradox be admitted, as it must on some occasions, that conscientious men have done more harm than the vicious) loomed the terrible forms of Hildebrand, laying, in the famous fabulous Decretals, the

piles above which the papacy, as the world has since had it, was raised; Innocent the Third, inaugurating the Inquisition; and Boniface the Eighth, shaking realms, until William de Nogaret smote him with his gauntlet.

At this point, though the description of the ceremony be interrupted for a few moments, it may be asked concerning the pontiff (who in all such scenes is the real hero), On what grounds rest his pretensions, especially to infallibility? If indeed the Popedom had not stood so long, and did not still sway the passions of millions, the demand it makes could only raise a smile. For, as the Archangel declares in the poem, foreshadowing to Adam the dogma of the Vatican,—

> 'On earth,
> Who against faith and conscience can be heard
> Infallible?'

Such a claim could not come into discussion, any more than the assumptions of John of Leyden, the affected representative of Moses in the sixteenth century, or Mahomet, the issuer of the Korân. As it is, an active organised power, the foe of modern civilisation, whatever its services in former ages, and tasking statesmen to prevent it from dragging Europe back into barbarism, the Papacy cannot be pushed to the door with the contempt it merits. Some effort may fitly be made to look into the case.

At the election of a pope, even as described by Cardinal Wiseman drawing from his remembrance of the Conclave which ended in the choice of Leo XII., the arrangements can leave a mind in no doubt of the human character of the proceeding. The pains taken to seclude the College of Cardinals at these crises, are justified, it is admitted by all; but what does the fact point to, if not to the sense that the electors, like the vulgarest politicians who flock to the poll, are open to corruption? Such, indeed, is the

proneness of these princes of the Church, as most of all recognised by themselves, to become the movers or the tools of intrigue, that their food, passed in through a lattice, is, by order of the Curia, broken up, in case the dishes should contain surreptitious communications. The conclave just referred to, was guarded by Prince Chigi and his officers. Yet, according to Stendhal,[1] the ambassadors of Austria and Russia, in spite of the search, managed to transmit messages within roasted chickens and fruit, as well as to get daily information back from the cells of the voters. Probably no election to a post of simple mundane power has exhibited more stratagem, or turned in the event on such trivial chances, as this one of a pope. One candidate for the vacant throne followed another, a Cavalchini, a Somaglia, a Severoli. Just, however, as in each instance the cup was at the lips, the rivalry of courts possessing a veto, a piece of political news, or something still more secular, dashed it to the ground; and when at last the Cardinal Deacon, stepping out on the balcony of the Quirinal overlooking Monte Cavallo, proclaimed the new pope, the world found that, from sheer sympathy with a disappointed man, Severoli, the ballot, under his direction, had fallen to the poor invalid Della Genga!

For all unsophisticated minds, however, of great as well as of small compass, the awful extremes of character which have possessed the See of St. Peter will remain as a bar of adamant against any demand from it to be held infallible. Deity, in its decrees, is like itself, the 'same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' without 'variableness or shadow of turning,' although always advancing the development of its plan of love; but what contradictory edicts have issued from the Papacy, its pretended plenipotentiary!

[1] Consul of France in Rome at the time.

How has one pope condemned and anathematised another! An occupant of the Chair of Rome has more than once provided by poison or the dagger for the possession of his seat. Knowing of it all, Adrian VI., the pious and learned ascetic, renounced for himself beforehand the monstrous fiction of Pio Nono, and fixed in print the opinion behind which devout Catholics may shield themselves, that many popes had been heretics, and erred both in their decisions and decretals. One inconsistency in papal action suffices to break the charm. But the rod of enchantment itself snaps into a thousand pieces, as questionable passions are found more operative, often, within this transcendent sphere than in common life.

Of instances of vacillation, the case of Pope Vigilius, in the middle of the sixth century, offers one of the shiftiest to be found in ecclesiastical history, even among the most crazed practical exaggerators of private judgment. The question of the orthodoxy of the theologians Theodore, Theodoret, and Ibas, having risen to disturb the Church, its infallible Head championed them, not at all dreaming how often he must change face before being at peace with himself and others. A twelvemonth had scarce elapsed, when he wheeled about, and fulminated against those under his protection. But, scared by the attitude of the western bishops, the unhappy Jove withdrew his bolts, which, in turn, exposed him to be cut off from Communion by the trenchant knife of the Fifth General Council. At this point, in order to be taken again to the bosom from which he had been expelled, he confessed his error, protesting that the Devil had misled him, but that now the Spirit of God was shining within his bewildered senses.

Honorius I., who began his reign in the first quarter of the seventh century, stands out so notoriously an acknowledged heretic, outlawed by the whole Church East and West of his

time, that the upholders of infallibility from Bellarmin and Baronius downwards have been brought to their wit's end in order to reconcile the fact of his dogmatic pravity with their pet hypothesis.

The day of St. Peter, the 29th of June, had come round in the calendar, while the Council on the Infallibility was sitting, when, within his church, a slight circumstance cast some light on the state of mind receptive of this latest dogma.

The white pontifical tiara and mantle, according to usage, had, in honour of the Apostle, been planted that day on his famous bronze, the object of so much fatuous worship to the multitude, the popes themselves foremost in this species of devotion. It was impossible not to feel a certain oddity about the thing, as the small, rugged, black visage gloomed from within the jewelled cap, and the thin limbs hung embraced by the flowing garment. A remark to this effect being overheard by an Irish officer of the Zouaves posted in front of the speaker, the guardsman, looking over his shoulder, nodded assent with a smile.

Discussion in a whisper followed on the subject of the Council, which revolved on the difficulty of imagining how infallibility could lodge in fallibility, when an English gentleman among the crowd, probably a convert, at least with the anxious restiveness of one, apologising, explained that the infallibility reposed in the office, not in the person. At the same moment, however, a group of high dignitaries issuing from the Council by a side door, the volunteer expounder of the creed was beckoned off to join them.

Thus by a mere play of words, as in such a question it must be deemed, a frail, foolish, petted old man, at best blameless in his manners, who, as he was again borne past an instant afterwards, carried no authentic sign that the Divine oracles abode in his lips, became lifted up into a

Divine order; and the advocate of the Papacy, who had just left, was seen to drop on his knees with folded hands, revering him as the shrine of God.

To the pilgrim who looked on, it had always been evident, that, in this controversy, if it admits of being called one, a choice must be made between the Saviour and the Vicar. The dogma of the Council, obviously, is the key of another faith. In proportion as the mind even simply aims to transfer itself within the image of the papal infallibility, so as to take up its sense, all, for it, suffers a change. The face of the Redeemer gets suffused with obscurity; His voice has no more its familiar tones; His Words, such as reach the ear, rise through the hubbub of conflicting pontifical decrees like messages broken in their passage by the cries of the street. What a blossoming of sacerdotal vanity as Boniface protests that the Holy Father carries all rights in his bosom! In the attempt of wretched mortals to swell themselves out to the dimensions of Deity, to bear heaven on human shoulders, can any one wonder at the wail of Nicolas V., the friend of Angelica, in condolence with himself as the most unfortunate, the most miserable of men in his office, or at the outburst of Adrian IV., the Englishman Breakspeare, lamenting over his state, with thorns, as he said, besetting his Chair on all sides! But the abyss into which the system plunges men, reveals its depth in the confessions of popes like Innocent X., who ignorant altogether of theology, as he owned, was puffed up to the point of announcing that he felt in himself the tangible presence of the Holy Spirit, whatever the expression means, and had been vouchsafed from on High so ample an endowment of insight as to comprehend all Scripture without an effort. The deterioration of character which elevation to the popedom often produces, was recognised with sad distinctness by Marcellus II.

To the phrase that the Infallibility is official, the answer

is plain, that as to the Saviour Himself, on His appearance, although prophecy was fulfilled in Him, and supernatural tokens of every kind consecrated His claims, the evidence of His authority, nevertheless, grows essentially out of what He was, and what He did: in a word, it dwells in His personality. The work of Salvation, even in His case, could not otherwise have been accomplished; and had He not lived, acted, and suffered in a manner which showed Him one with the Father, no logic could sustain His sovereignty over the heart of disciples. To what He was, He constantly appealed, refusing followers on any other basis than the recognition, in Him, of the Divine Image.

The Papacy, even in its most moderate assertions of itself, stands on a cloudy foundation; it is a castle in the air. Whether St. Peter was ever at Rome, or no,—a question in some respects of small interest,—remains uncertain. But a structure resting on the affirmative would need a proof of the fact beyond any historical doubt. If the Apostle, however, was a visitant, how many links of argument must yet be forged, before the succession to a triple crown could be demonstrated! But when a claim of infallibility is set up for the popes, and made the ground of authority over the whole world, the subject has entered a phase where Credulity itself might stand appalled. The rod of Moses lifted against the gods of Egypt, seems wanted on the present occasion. Nor, with the attempt to establish a similar demon worship, would it be wrong to invoke the plagues, if the dogma had not been spawned at too late an age to give it a chance of propagation.

With the Office belonging to the Ceremony of Palms in hand, the pilgrim followed its course, aiming to realise whatever was meant in it.

During the distribution, a singular species of anthem broke from the choir. It was one of the most expressive moments

of the pageant, which brought the listener to lie submissively under its power. The words were those of the Evangelists, which record the touching fact of the Hebrew disciples, as they spread garments and branches for the Lord, crying out, Hosanna to the Son of David! The hymn, accordingly, was composed of shouts idealised, if so it may be described, the main impulses ever returning and going forth again, wave mounting into wave, curve flowing into curve, without break or pause, yet without progress, which diffused an air of unworldliness over the occasion.

As the Passion, however, was reached, when the absorbing tragedy of Christ's last sorrow, given in the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh chapters of Matthew, brought out the resources of the singers, all the pomp of the hierarchy faded before the pathos of the theme. In coming to the performance, one needs to have pondered the words with care, striving to place within the mind the whole event, and relate oneself as a sinner to the hope involved in it. In such a mood, the theatrical character of the scene gets softened, or merged in the solemnity of the topic, while the narrative portions of the story are given by one deacon as a sort of chorus, the words of Christ by another, and a third represents the people and priests who intervene in the course of the drama. If, from ignorance of the subject, the eye is tempted to rest on those who serve in the pantomime, their conventional aspects may cause a chill which scarcely any measure of internal warmth will suffice to resist. In the present case, amidst the buzz and commotion on the outskirts, the soul rushed into the ears, as Jesus personated in the Agony of the Garden breathed out His own very utterances in low, enthralling tones, or, again, a different voice swelled with the remonstrances of Pilate. At this stage, the choir, in strong, fierce notes, rendering the call of the people for the crucifixion, only too faithfully suggested the cruelty of

the general heart where sin reigns, his own, the pilgrim knew, as well as others.

Few, very few, indeed, and those chiefly among the feminine occupants of the platform, were following the ceremony. Still fewer had any marked air of devotion. The priests themselves in the crowd whispered in knots, or were shifting about from spot to spot like the commonalty; but, except in a rare case, not so much as feigning worship. One of them, noticing the attitude of attention on the part of the stranger, entered into easy conversation with him; very agreeably endeavouring to recover the place in the Office, once accidentally lost, although giving so little heed to it as to be unable to do so. The Bussolanti, or papal bearers, who wore long faces in parading the pontiff up and down, sportively nudged one another during the service. Even close to the altar, slipping behind the Sedia Gestatoria, these plushed gentry buried their faces in trivial jest within some crimson curtains. It had been looked forward to, it may be added, to find used on the occasion green sweeping fronds of the palm, preserved as they came cut from the groves of San Remo. But no compensating feature relieved the formal display. Nature herself was compelled to wear a livery. The yellow wands borne in the procession, plaited by the nuns of St. Antonio Abatte, had the look of flax on a distaff, or, in the case of the smaller ones, resembled ears of maize; nor, along the Mediterranean, or on the tropical shores of India, is a living bough to be found like these twisted things. A basket of olive twigs, happily, left as they grew on the tree, was distributed by a kindly canon to the miscellaneous mob outside the official circle. It seemed a melancholy travesty of the original event, when grave old civilians and haughty generals stalked up and down with their wisps in the hand, looking, be it reverently said, more like children at play, than disciples setting forth the triumph of the Saviour.

It is difficult to imagine a subject more susceptible than the March into Jerusalem; of whatever interest may belong to the class of sacred representations. But a mimic procession like the present, wherein the moral stamp differs in so many vital characters from the incident of the Evangelists, ought to fail of its object. A man, in substance a puppet, carried in a gilded chair by lacqueys across the stage, personated the Saviour who came astride on an ass, the glory at once of humility and a regalness that was Divine. A mute host of ecclesiastical princes and military chiefs acted the part of the simple, but revived, multitude who sang Hosannas. An artificial staff was in the hand, instead of the fresh branch just torn from the tree with religious enthusiasm. Such a drama, in which the spirit of the event was violated far more than its costume, could not convey the lesson of the original. It could not, the commentator ventures to say, do as much for the soul, in touching, subduing, controlling, and swaying it devotionally, as the barest sincere reading of the Gospel, in the rudest dialect, in the least picturesque translation, in a barn the cost of whose construction might not suffice to pay for a single quartering of the pope's arms on the marble piers of St. Peter's.

As, in Padua, Giotto's fresco of the same subject was later stood before, the superiority in religious truth of the faded wall over the pageant rushed upon the mind. The face of the Saviour bears traces of the traditional portrait. The bright nimbus which distinguishes the Apostles and their Master, fitting as it is to be there if anywhere, had never been beheld upon them. But, through these stained fragments, the spirit was at once transported to the scene of Olivet. It is the Lord, the Lord Himself, who is present, radiant in His lowly seat on the ass's foal. The companions of His journey have the earnestness of witnesses, who may one day be called to martyrdom. The people, crowding out

from the Gate, pull their coarse tunics over the head with an overmastering joy, and drop them on the Redeemer's path. What invests the representation with a charm which, by contrast, makes the show of St. Peter's wear an aspect of ignoble mockery, nature forms the frame. Here, what the Roman ceremony cannot impart, a feeling of reality is awakened by the rocks and winding track. The beast consecrated by Him who rode on it adds to the impression, having all the instincts of its kind patent in its gait. The lad who glances on the passing Prophet from the grove where he is breaking off boughs to His honour, completes the theme.

The drama of Ammergau arranged for a mountain peasantry, and performed, sometimes, with umbrellas held over the heads to keep off the rain, comes, in effect, infinitely nearer to the original than all accomplished by the resources of the Vatican. The pontiff in his embroidery obliterates the Saviour, or represents Him but by opposition. Nay, the acting in St. Peter's suggests a life below stairs, and, by exaggeration of manners chiefly, reminds a spectator of the Master and His household.

According to custom in Passion Week, besides the Feet Washing and the grave Ceremony of the Entombment, an infant,—Jewish if it be to be got,—receives in the Baptistery of the Lateran the initial Sacrament by the hand of the Cardinal Vicar. The font is an urn of basalt, reputed to have been the gift of Constantine, which is half-full of water for the occasion, and, once witnessed, had red and white roses, sprigs of lilac, and odorous herbs strewn round its rim. A bevy of radiant faces, young and old, in expectation, gleamed over the balustrade, when a door flanked by the Pope's guards being thrown open a procession of ecclesiastics chanting as they came on, the Vicar in their wake, wound in and formed about the Vase in concentric circles. Oils being

joined to the water, with various words of consecration, an orphan, of Roman parentage, no Jew, was baptized.

The performance had a cheerful, innocent air about it. What yielded harmless mirth to the audience, was the garrulity of the Sponsor, a facetious old crone, who responded with her Credos, shooting them out in a voluble, demonstrative voice, before the question had got fairly beyond the sacerdotal mouth, as well as flooding the ear with some superfluous proofs of her faith. A titter arose among the company, and ran throughout all ranks, until even the Cardinal Vicar, in spite of efforts to ward off the contagion, was smitten by it.

A modern Zacchæus, a short, impressionable man, up in years, mounted the back of the pilgrim to witness the crowning act, which forced him who bore the unusual burden to call attention to the fact that he was not of wood. 'Per Bacco!' was the reply of the offender, dropping down on the instant with a profusion of apologies, yet embellishing his Christian breeding with a pagan oath, 'were I only in the front, or taller!'

As the rite ended, the onlooker, gathering a tuft from the floor, passed out with the crowd, reflecting on the sublime significance of the institutions of the Saviour under every form of administration, but led to contrast them with what Churches in His Name, for reasons of their own, have capriciously added.

All the Holy Week at Rome is filled with special solemnities. But the *Miserere* apart, (which may now for a few moments occupy attention,) the proceedings are sufficiently exemplified in the work of any one principal day. The service, under every form, is essentially spectacular. A monotony of manner lies within the variety of shows. The Pope, when he is officiating, appears and reappears throughout, the observed of all observers. If, amidst the pomp of

function, to see him once, or occasionally, has an interest, yet the feeling of Goethe in the Chapel of the Quirinal, when he saw the pontiff of his time moving before the altar like a common priest, as he says,[1] is apt to seize other beholders. In the same temper as the German Poet, one wishes the Chief of the Church to open his mouth in a way worthy of the assumed post; but, finding him only going back and forwards, may, satiated, leave with the words of Jesus in mind: 'Venio iterum crucifigi!'

At the door of the Sistine Chapel, in which the *Miserere* was celebrated, a body of the Papal Swiss formed a semi-circle to regulate entrance. But, as the dense and excited mass pressed on the militant barrier, the obstacle only aggravated the confusion. Some slipped in here; some pushed in there. An opening made for a moment by one became the point of a common rush; while the officer in command, a testy old man, blindly dashed about, and the sturdy subalterns, serrying their ranks, bent out the back against those adjacent to them without any respect of sex or person. The bearing of the ladies was novel; for it was they always who broke the line, digging a path with the head armed with the long, formidable bodkin. Every nation was represented; nor, in the tumult, did one people appear braver than the others.

The Chapel having been long before service filled to suffocation, the Pope, crowned with the yellow mitre, made his solemn entry. As he did so, he fell prostrate on the pavement, flanked by his cardinals who did the same, all miserable mortals among other miserable mortals; and the power of anthropolatry was shaken by the act as well as by the tone of the occasion, which abases man in the dust, and makes it impossible to associate with any specimen of him,

[1] 'Italienische Reise: Rom.'

whatever part he may play, aught except humiliation touched with hope. But, personally, His Holiness scarcely came forward in the solemnity. The peculiarity of the *Miserere*, as may be known, turns on the penitential music clothing the Fifty-first Psalm with all the resources of the papal choir. The visitor, accordingly, hopes, as the words of the Jewish King drop in song which probably surpasses the effects of the royal lyre, that, in the new circumstances, the inspired syllables may set loose some tangled thought, or unlock a cell of the heart.

Some preliminary psalms were hurried through as evidently not what the crowd had been brought together for. But, at the offset of the *Miserere*, properly so called, the audience was suddenly transfigured. All stood erect and motionless, as if room had grown around them. Eyes ceased to wander for relief, even the frescoes of Michael Angelo no longer offering a temptation ; and the breath became almost suspended, as the strange and powerful notes seized the ear. The melody, however, returned into itself too often long to sustain attention, unless prompted by the sacred words, nay, more, by a heart touched with a sense of the Evil of Sin. The piece started with an overwhelming swell of harmonious but fitful sounds, as if the musical bells said to be hung on the trees of the Mahometan Paradise had been shaken by a gust of wind, and chord brought into play after chord with growing charm ; while, as the force of the breeze abated, string followed string to silence, until the notes died away with the ebbing air. If the music of the spheres be ever audible, it might have been fancied that it was rendering the complex emotions of the Psalm ; for the composition ran into loops, one cutting another. Discords at the crossings, relatively, numerous, served to give pungency to the strain, like bitter herbs in the Paschal Sacrifice.

The *Miserere*, it may be unnecessary to say, is so called

from the opening word of the Fifty-first Psalm in the Vulgate: a psalm which has no parallel as the confession of a contrite spirit. Love animates the woe which spreads itself over the whole effusion, swaying the heart with a pathos which pierces a conventional frame itself, and fires it with a glow, if even only momentary. In the choral embodiment of the Hebrew Sovereign's expressions, somewhat of the effect of the Maddalena in the Sciarra Palace was produced, a species of luscious sorrow, yet imparting elevation to the mind. The Woman of Bethany in the picture sits directing her eyes upwards, a vision of holy penitence; her locks, whose fairness still remains, hang without a thought over her bosom; and whilst on one hand rests the pensive head, the other clasps a skull, a cross symbolising the source of the change. In the *Miserere*, as sung, every alternate verse only is rendered. The fine fancy of De Stael may be the best apology for the practice, namely, that the other verses,—which are roughly given in octaves,—serve as the voices of hard natures mixing with sensitive. In any case, monotony is avoided, and the ear, after each break, returns with alacrity to its higher office. The entreaty of the suppliant not to be 'cast away' nor to have the 'Holy Spirit taken from him,' as well as other phrases of vital import, are inconspicuous, being only chanted. As a compensation, the expressions, '*Tibi soli peccavi*,'[1] and yet more, '*Redde mihi lætitiam salutaris tuæ*,'[2] —words translated into harmony,—yield the very utmost to consciousness purified and lifted above itself. In the act of listening the soul rises before God, and confession changes into prayer, prayer into hope, a foretaste of heavenly bliss when sin shall be remembered and owned, but owned where its power is dead. Sentences thus glorified ravish the worshipper after the sense no longer lends its ministry. These

[1] Ps. li. 4. [2] *Ibid.*, ver. 12.

cries of the heart, freed from the accompaniments of frailty though retaining the record of them, still linger to afford strength in moments of weakness.

At the close, as the central light of the candelabra gets hidden away, a noise represents, according to the Missal, the confusion of Nature at the death of its Lord. But, on this occasion, the sound so resembled applause, that a Prince of England who was present turned to the military attendant by his side, with some words of inquiry, his oval face at the answer relaxing into a broad, genial smile.

At noon, on the following day, as the bells swung to and fro, a crowd spreading down from the gates as far as the Obelisk awaited Pio Nono, who was about to figure in the most popular of the ceremonies which remained of Holy Week, the bestowal of the Blessing *pro Urbi et Orbi.* In the window of Benediction suddenly shone His Sanctity, borne forward by the porters, while the notorious colossal fans,—the *flabellæ* or fans of State composed of ostrich plumes inlaid with eyes of the peacock's train,—flanked the Father, giving him the quaint air imparted by frills in the court of Elizabeth. The Pope rose; the fans receded so as to bring the body into relief; hands were beheld passing from side to side; and with rotund mouth, from which issued a voice ringing all around, the Blessing, at the invocation of the Trinity, preceded by St. Peter and St. Paul along with the Virgin, was rolled forth. Indulgences, engrossed on slips of parchment, were thrown from the balcony, wavering in obedience to the common law of gravitation. As the ground was neared by them, people on every side strove to grasp them, possibly regarded by the successful as better than a prize in the Lotto. The Pope, without turning or shifting in any way, glided silently into the recess behind. The throng of prostrate forms started to their feet, filling the Piazza with voluble comments. Bells again clashed. The guns of San

Angelo, finally, strained their throats to announce to the City that the Blessing of Blessings had been pronounced.

As the foot turns from the Papal ceremonies, the spirit, sad perhaps, indignant possibly, ready almost for vital reasons in spite of a strange attraction to wish all in the poet's words—

'The baseless fabric of a vision,'—

certainly willing to behold the magician's 'rod'

'buried fifty fathoms deep,'—

Is there, it may be asked, no better religious resource in Rome, no home for the soul, save the sepulchre of Faith, which might be closed for ever without loss?

To say nothing of the other Basilicas,—which, however, resemble in their ways too much the Temple of the Papacy,—the parish churches, in various cases, have a profound interest, at times from the character of the service, and often from the martyrs commemorated by them.

One instance, if only one, may be noticed, as a balance to the story of pontifical ceremonies.

Snow, even hail, had fallen in the morning,—it was a Palm Sunday, the eleventh of March,—and a dull, drizzly afternoon had set in, when, sombre himself, the pilgrim took his way from the Corso, scarcely caring in what direction. The stream of walkers brought him to the Piazza Navona, but, still moody, he crossed it, continuing the path until he found the Chiesa della Pace in front of him. A poor woman with a babe in her arms, hastening up the steps, pushed aside the curtain, which let him know that worship of some kind was going forward. It was a change, a relief, for the straggler to follow.

The church is a favourite for the sake of Raphael's Sibyls, and, while a pretty semicircular portico receives the visitor,

a short nave ushers him at once under a bright octagonal dome. All around is indented with chapels, the high altar itself being enshrined within one of them. Paintings of sweet scenes, as the Presentation and the Visit of Mary to Elizabeth, soothe the eye. Columns of precious marbles, warmed with gilded bases and capitals, complete the impression of peace which the name of the church imports. The church rose as a thankoffering, when Christendom felt itself secure against the fiery inundation of the Turks after the capture of Constantinople.

At the moment of entry, darkness brooded within, tempered only by the soft crimson rays of the small lamps glimmering in the circle of chapels. As the eye accustomed itself to the gloom, however, the outline of a crowd of worshippers, all in devotion on their knees, came out; but what at once absorbed attention was a robed figure seated on a stage at the right side of the altar, who just then rose, and, after the audience had got composed, began an harangue, which affected the stranger as much as any appeal ever heard by him.

The worth of the Sacrifice was the subject; but expounded through so moving a portrait of the Saviour, features and colouring all biblical, with nothing, no prior servile exaction whatever, to disguise the grace shining in it, that the whole auditory was rivetted; sighs, even sobs and tears, agitated many hearts; and the foreigner was constrained to observe how infinite is Christ Himself above all the devices of sacerdotalism for a sinner's conversion and solace. At the close the preacher was followed into the sacristy.

The manner of the performance, except for the weight and solemnity of its message, might have been stigmatised as theatral. But the contents justified every rhetorical stroke, as the orator drew out, in the phrases of the evangelists, the descent of Christ into the world, His words, His patience,

His sufferings; above all, the Divine and exquisite compassion with which He seeks out the lost until He has found them. The first sentence itself, by the sweetness of the voice, loosened the heart from its bonds. No experience, however, could have foretold what was to follow: how, dropped from the preacher's lips, the simplest facts about the Saviour, obviously dwelt on beforehand by him until they lived in himself, seemed transacted over again in the moment; how analysis, application, and appeal, all in a breath, were presented with the clearness of the dryest argument, but so steeped in emotion that no despairing prodigal could shut himself out from the comfort; and how, bowed down by his own picturing as well as sympathy with the audience, the orator, in tears, fell on his knees as one with others, to entreat for pardon and acceptance.

Prodigious was the impression of the last simple act; and, invited for the exercise of the Stations on Good Friday evening, the worshipper from the North returned to get a further benefit.

On Good Friday, it was a surprise to find the ordinary Mater Dei at the high altar blocked away; and against a dark curtain, in relief, lit up from concealed sources, came out the Saviour on the cross, with the group of disciples at the feet. The Lord was depicted in neutral colours, verily dead but unexaggerated; while the Thieves at His side contrasted with Him by their distorted forms and expression. The Magdalene on her knees before the Cross reached up to Him who hung on it; the Mother sat bound together in grief; and the other women showed sorrow hallowed and subdued by the greatness of the occasion. Completing the scene, a trio of Pharisees scowled in shadow behind; and some Roman legionaries were busied voting away the seamless vest.

The Offices of the Stations, as a priest with deacon and

acolyte bearing a cross circled round the church, were each sustained by a hymn. So sweet were the words, rendered by the organ and a single tenor in a voice penetrated with feeling, though without art, that it was impossible to keep the bosom from heaving in sighs of joy and adoration. But what gave character and permanent worth to the service, was the speech of the preacher, who, interposing at the chief moments of the Stations, followed the offices with a few glowing pathetic sentences, in harmony with the evangelic address of Palm Sunday.

The Commendatore, a Canon of St. Peter's,—for such were the title and rank of the speaker,—is the most extraordinary instance of popular adaptation that remains in the writer's mind. To be popular in the richest meaning of the word, not only must the matter be appreciable by the general sense, but the manner spring from the soil, accordant with the tastes of race. It was this perfect correspondence between the work to be done and the doing of it, which marked off from ordinary preachers the orator of Della Pace. Often conversed with since, everything in him has raised the impression of how much Christian power may be installed in St. Peter's, even though associated with a system which oftener shrouds the truth than illustrates it.

CHAPTER V.

THE MASS, WITH ITS FANCIFUL SACRIFICE.

Procession from the Sacristy.—Sprinkling with Holy Water.—Prelude.—The Gloria.—The Credo.—At this Point a Change in the Office.—The Eucharist.—Adoration of the Host in St. Peter's.—Discussion of the General Subject.—Communion.—Agnus Dei.

ST. PETER'S, notwithstanding its pomp of ceremony, affords less to the soul, as just shown, than sometimes an ordinary parish church. A constant source of Romish influence, however, is the Mass, the core of the system; and often though it has been alluded to, it calls for examination. Sung by the Pope in his own basilica, or solemnised by an itinerant priest ministering to a handful of mountaineers; whether Low, that is, whispered by the functionary to himself, or High and Solemn, with music; its awful interest, more than anything else, binds pious votaries to Rome. In all circumstances the Office has been witnessed by the commentator; nor centring, as it does, in the Christian Sacrifice, set forth so as to arrest an anxious spirit, though confounding a real, Divine mystery with factitious accidents, is any service more worthy of scrutiny. Far from home, taking refuge in some Catholic Sanctuary as High Mass was about to begin, the pilgrim has often followed the scheme through its various phases.

Sermon being over and the preacher of the day winding down from the pulpit, worshippers are usually found on the

floor in streams; some, on the way out of church, mildly crossing themselves; others arriving. A pair of acolytes,—juveniles with candles,—sub-deacons, deacons, and, lastly, the officiating priest, meanwhile advance processionally from the sacristy. The organ, at the same time, pours forth a summons to collect thought; and, treading on one another, Amen! Amen! Amen! in responses of the Choir to the celebrant's tremulous chant, fall through the distance as echoes from angelic witnesses. A Cross, now, is sometimes borne past, and the Bishop, accompanied by a train holding lighted tapers, sweeps down the nave, besprinkling from a vase of holy water a bowing crowd. The act, of itself, has a sacred meaning, but scarcely does its fulfilment rise above a ceremony.

The organ once more sounds, giving forth a prelude of soft fluctuating notes. In the midst, bells crash; the priest waves out some words; organ, bells, priest, all carry forward the service until the moment for the *Kyrie Eleison*, a prayer for Compassion, when the congregation is ushered into the Divine Presence with the petition on the lips, *Lord! Christ! have mercy upon us!*

A voice on this occasion begins, low and uncertain at first as if feeling its way, breathing out, *Lord!* in a rising movement. Another, a stronger, follows, which repeats the same Blessed Name in descending tones. But, pressed from within, the call is urged by both in unison, swelling in a spasm of desire, along with a prayer for grace. The appeal still thickens, entreaty breaking forth after entreaty; while *Lord! Christ!* being reiterated with richer vocal modulations, the suppliants, in a tumult of devotion, seem to cast themselves at the feet of the Deliverer. The key, however, suddenly changes, like a cloud clearing off; when the petitioners, continuing to urge their request show, by the cheerfulness of their warblings that the Lord is benignly looking forth on

them. The veil which obscured the consolations of Heaven is thinning, which augurs its final banishment.

As the Gloria, the Hymn of the Nativity, arrives, the penitents, accepted, appear in the act of adoration. As it were touched with beams raying from the seraphic host of Bethlehem, they shout with glad and strong accents the same song: *Glory to God in the Highest, on Earth peace, goodwill towards man!* But, the doxology ended, and, with it, the attendance of the Angels so to say, the company, below, still in the flight of praise, although with softer voices as beseems mortals conscious of being alone in the Divine Presence, *laud, bless, adore, glorify* God. Kindling into a yet bolder strain, they roll forth the names of *God, Lord God, King Celestial, God the Father, Omnipotent,* almost as if, in a rapture of faith, they ran the risk of fulfilling the fable of her who, daring to gaze on Zeus, was consumed in the flames which blazed around. But, in the utterance of the Divine titles, the worshippers are strengthened and uplifted as much as they incur hazard. For, entering again, intertwined with the Name of the Only Begotten Son, who is adored as the Lamb offered for Sin, the epithets are fragrant with associations of love and compassion; transgressors are covered from the charge of audacity; and the Universe looks on in awe at the reconciliation between Him who has sought out His wandering children, and these prodigals themselves fearless in the Father's arms. Even then, however, ecstasy is tempered by prayer for pity, for commiseration, which, coming in at such an instant, gives an air as if the memory of its low estate had fallen on the joy of the soul. Bespeaking the grace of the Holy Ghost, the throng close with the *Amen,* repeated and repeated, until Humanity is felt to be safe only lying in lowliness before God.

After the Collects, come Epistle and Gospel for the day, during the lecture of which, in Latin,—an unknown language

for the majority,—the flock, gathering themselves up, are taught to drop silent petitions on the Word's behalf.

The pause prepares for the Credo, a confession of faith, which, drawing out all resources for its expression, now bursts forth with an emphasis in which the drum formidably exhibits its affirmative power. The congregation rises from petitioners to witnesses, who, standing before the world, saved and emboldened by grace, contend for the honour of the Trinity, the object of adoration. Martyrdom may be theirs. But, confident of a Crown, and touched with the majesty of Him whom they acknowledge, the testimony, *I believe in One God!* rushes from their lips. The sublime Divine titles, one after the other, are added: *God the Father, Omnipotent, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.* At these lofty assertions, aggrandised by the reverberations of organ and trumpet as well as drum raised to their boldest notes, false deities of all times, as scathed, seem to shrink into nonentity; the One God blazes out like the sun scattering the morning mists; and the testators, though but men, reflect the glory of Him proclaimed by their tongues.

Nevertheless, it is as the Church struggles, by her poor vocables, to set forth the person and earthly course of the Saviour, that the Choir, penetrated with the complex grandeur of the theme, calls to its aid all the mixed moods of the orchestra. The Creed glows with accumulated power, when He who is familiar as Christ is pronounced to be *Sole Lord;* while the melody of the confession, as it clothes the article that Jesus is the *Only Begotten of the Father, Born before all Ages*, aware that the appeal is primarily to Faith, contents itself with a strain, which, running like a wreath of beams around the mystery, brings it to view enough to show its consonance with all known of Him. *God of God* is joined to His description; *Light of Light* follows; and yet the

Church in her holy toil to express the inexpressible, to suggest what cannot be defined, moreover exclaims, against all Arian conceptions, *Very God of Very God, Begotten not Made, Consubstantial with the Father.* In this effort, she owns, by the number of phrases, that only single rays are beheld by her in the wheel of glory; but, along with the avowal, she affirms the identity of dignity belonging to Father and Son. At such moments Music deposes its noblest tribute as an offering to worship. It mediates between faith and comprehension, by lifting the soul above its ordinary states, and, through harmonies which breathe beliefs when they cannot be articulated, supplements the falterings of speech.

If the manifest Divinity of the Lord swells the bosom with a supernatural courage, the Valley of Humiliation where Christ walked is next proclaimed, with a sense stamped on the words that, although the love of the Father hung on the Saviour's path blessing it ever more and more to its close, the passage was downward,—shame, contumely, suffering cumbering it at every step. For man's sake and his salvation, the report is, Christ descended from heaven; was incarnate of the Holy Ghost in Mary; and, most touching of all, became, to the same wondrous end, Himself a man! Crucifixion and entombment were His lot. But here, in His direst abasement, the shades which enveloped Him were pierced; He rose on the third day; and amidst a blare of trumpets, sat at the Father's Right Hand. To judge the Quick and the Dead, it is added, He will return in bliss, initiating a reign never to fail. Faith in the Spirit, in the Catholic Church, in Baptism, in Immortality, shuts up the Creed; and, in the palpitating heart, all that beautifies the Christian Life is felt to have expanded its wings, like the butterfly springing into the air on a summer's day.

The Office, in its general course, hitherto, has borne a

conformity to the Gospel. Nay, allowance being made for the ceremonious accompaniments, the disciple of every Church, whether Eastern or Reformed, even a Presbyterian himself, finds a reflection of his own devotions. But, what must not be lost sight of, the grand *Credo*, holy and impressive above language to utter, is a product of the Greek Church in the fourth century; it is, fundamentally, the Nicæan Creed, elaborated by the First Œcumenical Council incorporated by the Latin Church into its symbols, and, at the Reformation, claimed by Protesters as a part of the common inheritance. An air of antiquity breathes through this preliminary stage of the service, which imparts a sense of coming from apostolic times, and draws the heart to itself in despite of all in the Romish system opposed to the primitive tradition.

But, if the eye now drop on the altar, the sacerdotal operations at it, by the close, silent, mystic character of them, indicate that the Mass has entered on a new phase, as far removed from life as the pagan rites of Eleusinia. If understood what is going forward, it is found that, professing to call down into the materials of the Eucharist the Lord the Saviour in His whole Divine and human Nature, a phantasm is substituted for a memorial. In the Middle Ages, as the Office was taking shape, although the Council of Trent first fixed its authority, the deacon in attendance, turning to the congregation after the *Credo*, shouted out, 'Saintly things are for the saints; let the profane depart!' And, forthwith, Catechumens, with Jews and others not of the membership, were obliged to go out. The celebrant, amidst the fumes of incense, at present bows, kneels, kisses, advances, inaudibly pronouncing over paten and chalice the Words of Institution, when, lo! wafer and wine have gotten transubstantiated; Jesus has taken their place, illusive appearances only remaining of them; and again, and again, and again, as often as

the Sacrament is manipulated, the Crucifixion on Calvary repeats itself, the Sacrifice is offered. Where the Choir gathers, a corresponding change of action is observable. The Organ, without accompaniment, gives issue to notes which fall soft, tinkling, far-off, as if authenticating the prodigy. At times, the transition is marked by a lugubrious vibration of the pipes, a sort of muffled thunder. On all occasions, the music more or less puts off its natural forms, and conjoined with the movements in the chancel tends to inspire the awe of a spell.

At St. Peter's, on the first opportunity of hearing Mass chanted by the Pontiff himself, the pilgrim was farthest carried within the peculiar conditions of the service. As the Host was lifted for adoration—being always set forth as very Christ, argued, demonstrated, illustrated, and therefore to receive the identical worship—the vast concourse suddenly dropped on the knees; the clash of grounded muskets and the scratch of sabres which mingled in the multifarious sounds of the pageant rendered more deep the following silence; when all eyes, with hands joined on the breast, gazed, fixedly gazed, on the wafer, as if a wizard power within it controlling their muscles irresistibly drew them to itself. 'Is it,' asked the witness at this moment in sadness and solemnity of spirit, 'by thus rivetting attention on a point dwindling in the vista, that the Sacrifice of Calvary can open to view? Can the dying Saviour be in this manner seen drooping on the Cross; yet so accomplishing the Atonement, that, with waning voice, "It is finished!" is breathed forth, and, resounding down to all ages, the glad apostolic cry is heard: Jesus, by the offering of His body "once for all," by offering "one Sacrifice" for sins, hath "perfected for ever them who are sanctified"? Never!' was the answer of the soliloquist, as he vainly tried to reach a sympathetic union with the surrounders; 'the soul is emptied,' added he,

drearily. The Lord, whose Gracious Presence is really everywhere manifested when the Sacrifice is spiritually embraced, becomes obscured under the asserted metamorphosis. A dumb impression of the Redeemer occupies the place of communion which, realised as it was with the Apostles, expands into love, joy, praise, zeal, holiness, and quickening activity, with no stumblingblock of the abused senses in the way.

The usage of speech, and the express warning of the Saviour on the religious inefficacy of His Flesh—to say nothing of the eternal jar with eye and other organs in the idea of transubstantiation—ought to have sufficed to keep free from corruption the blessed Sacrament. In any case, the fact, the speaking fact, should have availed for the purpose, that the Lord, as He instituted the ordinance and bade His disciples share in His Body, was present with them, a living, breathing Person, impossible to confound with the emblems. But all the common principles of the human mind, on which, in the long run, Revelation itself must rest in order to be adapted to man, are traversed in the Eucharist of Rome. As a breakwater against the surge of reason, sure to rise, a philosophy was forged in the 'Catechism of the Council of Trent,' which talks of accidents without substance: taste, smell, aspect, of bread and wine, but nothing of bread and wine themselves; and out of this phantasm the doctrine sprouts, that, in the contents of the Sacrament, even in the smallest measure of them, the Lord as He was born of the Virgin and is now regnant with the Father reappears, body, soul, divinity. From such an assumption it follows that, if a hundred thousand Masses, or any imaginable number of them, be going forward at the same instant, the Saviour is multiplied as many times; nay, on the fancy that He breathes entire in every division of the elements though no bigger than a dewdrop or a crumb which a sparrow might pick

up, Jesus of Nazareth comes corporeally back to the earth, numerous as lunar images on the ocean when the moon is in the sky.

From no one of these crazy consequences does the Church of Rome shrink. She even draws them out herself, contemplating with complacency her work in proportion as it diverges from anything to be found in God's world; and, strange to say, by the very brazenfacedness with which the laws both of nature and miracle are scouted, she confirms her power over her votaries!

Time only, probably, and the decay of modes of thought originating in abnormal conditions, will disperse the fogs which, in the Romish sacrament, dim the glory of the Redeemer. So much appears from the conduct of Luther, who, at the discussions of Marburg, great man, great reformer as he was, held up for all argument before his antagonists the words of institution,[1] which he had chalked on the velvet tablecloth. To no purpose was it that the same grammatical expression was shown to have designated in the Septuagint the Paschal Lamb, the prototype of the Sacrament, as had been employed to mark the Sacrament itself. In vain the figure of the Synecdoche,—a part, that is, standing for the whole,—was pointed out as involved in the expression, '*This is My Body*,' which signifies not 'body' only, but also 'blood,' 'soul,' 'divinity.' The mighty German, chafing like a bull of the arena under the thrusts of the spearmen, had but one answer, borrowed from the Papacy: 'I reject reason,' cried he, 'common sense, carnal suggestions, and proofs from mathematics!' The solace, the sublime solace, is, that howsoever controversy fluctuates, shifting in the hands of polemics with historical circumstances, the Sacrifice remains good for every believer. This, the common

[1] 'Hoc est Corpus Meum.'

base of the Sacrament in all Churches, may be adumbrated simply in the elements, or encumbered with the hypothesis of a repetition, a chimera in itself, and the handy nucleus of sacerdotal craft. But Faith, in humble and contrite souls, does not forfeit its heritage within any pale. As is constantly seen, the disciple can find his Lord, whether directly through the symbols, or shrouded in the mystic clouds of sacramental creation.

Almost the only point which awakens a human sympathy with Hildebrand, founder of the existing Papacy and its maxims, is his treatment of Berengarius of Tours, who, as the dogma of Transubstantiation was yet in embryo, sought to crush it. Pontiff following pontiff, one Council called together after another, poured out on the Canon vials of wrath: decrees, anathemas, fines, which threatened to bring his days to a violent end. Such, of a truth, was the risk he ran, that, like Galileo, he forced himself to sign a denial of his convictions while still maintaining them. But, all through the controversy, Gregory the Seventh, the last man, from temper, to make concessions, spread his broad shield over Berengarius, even after the disputant had reassumed positions given up by him.

The Sacrament, so called, (to follow out the Office of the Mass to its end,) having been prepared, offered, exposed to veneration, the Communion follows, generally taken by the celebrant only, for himself and others. But, what is sometimes to be seen, and is characteristic, a Service, for a row of kneeling communicants confessed and absolved beforehand, may be going on in one of the transepts, simultaneously with that at the High Altar. Bells clash with one another it may be; and the worshippers before the chancel bow and cross themselves in response as well to the side summonses as to the central. During the administration of the Sacrament, an *Agnus Dei* given in the beautiful music of Mozart or other

componist,—an appeal to the Lamb of God for mercy and peace, in the immortal words of the Baptist, comes in, at once piercing and soothing by the reference to Him who 'taketh away the Sins of the World.' The preparation for the Eucharist, in short, with the Song of the Angels, and the passage out of it by means of the Agnus Dei, manage to surround the transubstantial process with a glory borrowed from the great common evangelism; while, through the charm of the ear, a homogeneous aspect is imparted to the mingled web, and a false dogma palmed off on millions. Disciples, thereby, like the Lady in 'Comus' when the enchanted glass was put into her hands, are tempted to confound truth, faith, and chastity with a baneful fancy.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MADONNA AND HER OFFICES.

Woodcut of the Virgin among the Mountains.—Her Place in the popular Catholic Worship.—Shrines of her in the Corso at Rome.—How the Madonna is presented in the Roman Missal.—Dogmatic Definition of the Immaculate Conception.—St. Paul on the Pedigree of the Saviour.—Fancy clothing the Mother with Imaginary Distinctions. —Patroness of Virginity.—Ministrant of Providence.—Church of Mariazell in Styria.—Loretto by Ancona.

AT the topmost of a pile of hills, up which, by many a turn, the pilgrim once climbed on the road from Bolsena northwards, was a small roofed tenement of bare walls. It had apparently been put together as a covert from flying storms, as well as a sort of caravansery, where any one who wished might prepare a meal, if he had his fare with him.

The wanderer, unfolding within it a frugal store of bread and figs, having quenched his thirst from a torrent which brawled past, cast the eyes around. Some loose stones lay on the floor, enclosing a charred faggot and ashes. But, chancing to look higher, a coloured woodcut of the Virgin at the Cross fixed his notice, a work rough enough in itself, yet expressive, with the pathetic words, borrowed from a mediæval Latin hymn, 'O quam tristis et afflicta!' The traveller was alone; the embers at his feet spoke of wayfarers like himself, who had come and gone; and, with no bias

to superstition, the picture of sacred woe touched him to the quick. The Padre of the Parish, to catch votaries for the Madonna, may have put it there; or, possibly, it owed its presence to the piety of some simple contadina, crossing to the valley for a festa, and, being softened herself, laying out a few bajochi on it, to leave it on her return for the hearts of others. Anyhow, whether or not it found its place through spontaneousness of feeling, it struck a chord in the beholder, calling up a subject illustrated by a throng of recollections,—the position given to the Virgin in the Church of Rome.

If she were reduced to the proportions held by her in Scripture, seven-eighths, at least, of the popular Catholic worship would rot off. At Rome, among the thousands of shrines planted throughout the city, the crucified Saviour, as if quite out of account, nowhere displays His form. The case being so, still more useless would be the search for God the Father, presented to veneration. From lofty stations on the streets, at corners, the soft radiance of a lamp often falling on them as the sun sets, it is the Madonna, or the Madonna and Child, who look down; and, for votaries, offering perchance their whole stock of devotion, the Babe in the arms, as much as the Mother alone, sets the fancy a-dreaming, far, far aside, how sweet soever, from the transcendent verity. The Sufferer of Calvary vanishes in the Infant, and she who fondles Him controls, along with His childish humours, the destinies in His hands. Divineness of a sort, indeed, is associated with the pair; but the sentiment is only that of a beautiful relationship, lifted into a mysterious sphere, and connected somehow with the blessedness of the Human Race.

In fact, the position assigned to Mary by the Church is a scandalous blotch on its cheek, deforming all the other features of the face; and, assimilating faith so closely to the

idolatrous systems of the old world, it may be as well, before practically illustrating the dogma, to look at its place in the Roman Missal.

Every day, at sunset, as the Vesper bells toll, a call is given to the worship of the Madonna. In the hymn for the occasion, the language swells into such extravagant epithets, that it is impossible to say what sort of being they can belong to: she is, the Star of the Sea, the Sweet Mother of God, the Door of Paradise. She is, moreover, the Distiller of Peace, who changes the name of Eve so as to destroy the original curse; she loosens the Bonds of Sinners, gives Light to the Blind; and, by a chain of attributes, guides through a sure path to Heaven, the happy abode of her Son. The Antiphon, too, glorifies her with power to succour the miserable, stand by the weak, dry up tears, etc. Still more astonishing, however, is the portrait drawn of the Madonna in the Lauretian Litany, which presents her as an object of mediation under titles such as Holy Virgin of Virgins, Mother of Divine Grace, the Creator's Mother, Potent, Clement, Faithful, Mirror of Justice, Seat of Wisdom, Source of Joy. In the petitions furthermore poured into her ear, she is extolled as the Spiritual Vase, the Vase honourable and of conspicuous devotion; whereon follow designations borrowed from all kingdoms: the Mystic Rose, the Tower of David, the Ivory Tower, the Golden House, the Bow of the Covenant; Gate of Heaven, Morning Star, Refuge of Sinners; Queen of Angels, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, Saints. The Trinity is introduced at the opening and at the close; but Man stands under the soft presidency of the Madonna, while Father, Son, and Holy Spirit give support to the office. In the Gospel appropriated to her celebration,—showing the desperate shifts resorted to in the absence of any fit reference in the Evangelists,—she is confounded with Mary of Bethany, and what

was said of the one, is declared of the other, namely, that she had 'chosen the better part'! It is noticeable, too, how, in her services, the Mother of Jesus is everywhere identified with the Bride in the Song of Solomon, the language of love in the mouth of the Church, addressed to the Bridegroom, being assumed by the Parent as a description of her own passion!

At various visits to the papal capital since his early pilgrimage, the wanderer was impressed with the strides made by this disease of worship. In the exile of Pio Nono, the pontifical fugitive, soothing the agony of those days by an anodyne extracted from the Immaculate Conception, meanwhile threatened his recalcitrant subjects with the vengeance of the Madonna. But, after his restoration, as the year of 1854 was closing, the Pope, now ripe on the theme, pronounced its dogmatic definition according to a sonorous inscription in St. Peter's, an act fulfilling, as the tablet says, the desires of the whole Catholic world. For assurance whereof, the names of the cardinals, bishops, priests, deacons, and so forth, who assisted at the proclamation, are inserted on slabs. Fronting the Propaganda, moreover, that the fact might be carried away by every missionary who issued from it, a shaft of cippolino holds on its summit the Virgin in bronze, and a relief below perpetuates the scene of the announcement. What shows the fruitfulness of the proceeding, being in Rome during 1872, as the Vatican was mourning the loss of the temporal power, and the measures doubtless were in view which, for its recovery, deluged France and other lands with pilgrimages to the Virgin, a glimpse was caught of an Invito Sacro, given out by Costantino, Cardinal Vicar of the Pope; wherein the Faithful were implored to prostrate themselves before the sacred image of the Mother, and pray her to interpose for the Roman Church, especially for the Pontifex Maximus. An altar to Santa Maria was to be specially decked on each of the thirty-one days of July, the month

designed for besieging her footstool, and her worshippers were earnestly urged to put in an appearance.

The year 1885, however, witnessed an agitation of the Vatican on behalf of the Virgin, which mounted to the pitch of frenzy. A newspaper of the city, during the course of Holy Week, inserted some scurrilous strictures on the Madonna, which could not have found a place in any respectable journal, if recoil from an idolatrous worship had not carried the writer to an opposite extreme. Forthwith, the mouthpiece of Pope Leo XIII., the Cardinal Vicar, in a *Notificazione* placarded by the door of every church, poured out a wail, the tragic tones of which seemed to break from the bowels of the carth, and with force enough to pierce through the thickest layer of prejudice. Catholics, with the promise of seven years' indulgence and other spiritual favours, were besought to repair to their churches on Good Friday evening, to compensate the Gran Donna for the sacrilegious vituperation of her name. A demonstration should be given by them, in their worship, their composure, their visible piety, that it was not fine music, or any ordinary attraction, which had brought them together, but sympathy with the grief of the defamed Lady. The windows should for her be illuminated; such was the wish, which the believing would obey as a command, of the Holy Father.

In the Gospels, to the Christian eye, the fairest aspect of Mary,—the only moment, indeed, in which she is seen occupying any place in the Church above common discipleship,—is the Salutation. As for the commendation of the Mother to John at the foot of the Cross, it implies no speciality in the Virgin's ecclesiastical position; it reveals only, what is of infinitely more interest, the overpowering tenderness of the Lord, in the hour when the terrible mystery of the Sacrifice lay on Him with the weight of a whole atmosphere. The incident in the twelfth year of the Saviour, when Mary

discovered Him among the Doctors, exhibits, as regards the present topic, simply an anxious parent, who stood far below the designs of her Son, below even the perceptions of Anna at the Presentation. Furthermore, at the Feast of Cana, it is difficult to find aught on her part save a bustling maternal ambition. Great, it is obvious, too, was the darkness still clasping her in its folds, as she sallied out with her household to arrest the Lord's ministrations at Nazareth, when the Redeemer, gathering about Him the majesty of His Kingdom, sought in those who did the will of the Father in Heaven for Mother, as well as Sisters and Brothers.

But, even when the Divine Birth was announced to the Virgin, and, in her most engaging appearance, she comes forth blessed among women—as the Angel Gabriel saluted her and Elisabeth after him,—it is patent that her distinction was, as privileged to be the channel of the Advent, not at all as exempt from the fault of her fallen race. In all following the accomplishment of the promise,—in phrases of the *Magnificat* (a Hymn which has been incorporated into every liturgy), she shines in the glory of her Child; as in the 'Notte' of Correggio, already referred to for another purpose, where the beams from the face of the Divine Babe cast a radiance on the Mother who bends over Him, and on Joseph, and on the fleece on which He lies, and on the stable itself which affords shelter to His infant frame, as well as on the angels hovering above. Whoever else, including the Council of St. Peter's, may err, she at least fails not to recognise the tie which binds her to frail, sinful mankind, identifying herself with her blotted ancestry. What besides is especially to be observed, the eternal, immutable distinction between her with others, and Him who should nestle in her bosom, comes out in her Song as a matter of course. It interweaves itself with the whole tissue; for she magnifies the Lord as a daughter of Israel, owns her own low estate with her people's,

sees mercy to her fathers, and acknowledges great things done for her by Him whose Name is Holy. As the Evangelists are closed, and it is remembered that only once is she noticed after the ascension of Christ—waiting with the disciples in prayer for the descent of the Holy Ghost—who may disturb her lot, and awaken the dead for an Assumption, and put a spangled crown on her brows, and, in sorry ascription of fanciful attributes, proclaim her Mistress of the world, and Queen of heaven?

In view of the history of this idolatry, which has flowered into the dogma of a conception without taint, it acts strangely on the mind to run the eye back on the sacred genealogies, and see what sort of blood flowed in the veins of the Virgin.

St. Paul, when he marks the difference between the natures of the Lord and traces the Saviour's humanity, passes by a single bound to David, aware that as a King round whom prophecy clustered—a pregnant type of Christ—the Son of Jesse was the proper ancestral representative of the High Priest of the World. But the Apostle shows no squeamishness, no casuistical solicitude to make the corrupter of Bathsheba and her husband's assassin, personally, better than he was, as if the stains of a predecessor could reach to Him who was 'holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, made higher than the heavens.' In the same healthy spirit, the author of the sculpture above the central porch of Rouen Cathedral seems to have worked. The Son of Jesse is his subject, allusive to the Saviour's pedigree from Man's creation, in which Adam, lying with closed eyes on the foreground, is presented supporting its roots. At the sight the reflection forces itself on the mind, what crooked branches have shot out from the bole of humanity, yet being needful foils to Christ, who, although Man, came the Image of the invisible God. The Lord whom angels adore, it is known,

counts in His forerunners of the flesh Rahab, and, later, Solomon. It could alone occur to a council of ecclesiastical zealots to declare, that the member in the line closest to Jesus must be sundered from those who went before, and clothed with a spotless nature, in order that He who came into the world by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost should stand free of reproach.

Such teaching alas! will not cease to corrupt the Church, as long as it is not owned that a single seed of truth is worth more than a whole bushel of fiction. It is a commonplace of history, since Gibbon noted it, that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was borrowed from the Korân (a singular quarry to dig it from), and condemned as a novelty by St. Bernard in the twelfth century. At the same time, the mythical aspects under which the Madonna is depicted, have operated so powerfully in creating her worship, that it may be interesting to follow fancy clothing her with imaginary distinctions.

Of these figments, the most amiable, the most beautiful, and the one which probably fills the mind of the fairest natures among her votaries, is, that which presents her as the patroness of Virginity.

As such, daughters are dedicated to her, and up to the seventh year wear her colours. To her, in any maidenly extremity, they are taught to flee. Poets and romancists, with an eye on this style of confidence, often represent their heroines seeking her protection. Attala,[1] alone in the forest with her lover, is made to call on the Virgin, La Reine des Vierges, to save her from herself and the possible consequences of her passion. In the poem of the Russian Fugitive,[2] the girl who takes refuge with her nurse from the solicitations of Peter the Great, is described as lifting her eyes to the Lady of Grace, before she closes them in sleep.

[1] Chateaubriand. [2] Wordsworth.

Rappacina's daughter,[1] a flower in human guise, so to say, whose breath was poison, overwhelmed with the accusations of her admirer as they stood by the fountain in her father's garden, murmurs the prayer, 'Holy Virgin, pity me, a heart-broken child!' So, Faust's Marguerite, after her bewildering fall, looks to the Mater Dolorosa for compassion, trimming the shrine in her room with fresh lilies. Of such cases, however, the most tender which comes up to memory, is that of Custance in the 'Man of Lawes Tale,'[2] a paragon of chaste women, who, in a series of temptations, ever lifts to the Virgin her pure eyes for aid. The sweetness of all, is, that, as she abandons home, or afterwards drifts on the sea a blameless, forlorn wife, Christ is the jewel of her heart, and the Mother prized by her as His. Accordingly, in danger to be slain for the murderous act of a caitiff wooer,—

> 'She set hire down on knees, and thus she sayde;
> Immortal God, that savedest Susanne
> Fro false blame, and thou merciful mayde,
> Mary I mene, daughter to Saint Anne
> Beforn whos child angels singen Osanne,
> If I be gilteless of this felonie
> My socour be, or elles shal I die.'

But, not to multiply instances, which lie over the whole field, the list may be closed with an incident which vividly brought to personal knowledge a similar fashion of trust in the Mother, though drawn from the life in this case.

Delightful, indeed, in retrospect, is a morning's journey from Viterbo, known for its fountains, to Montefiascone, a small cathedral town beetling on a cliff a dozen miles away on the road to Sienna. At dawn of a Sunday, the recorder had stolen forth by the northern gate, the dew still spangling the bushes, and was attempting to attune his thoughts to a hymn of thanksgiving, when, just as the sun broke above the

[1] Hawthorne. [2] Chaucer.

horizon, he heard the clink of iron shoes behind. Looking over the shoulder, he beheld, on the path, a young peasant and his wife, mounted together on an ass, which tramped at a quick walk. As the group came abreast, the pedestrian glanced aside, taking into his heart a cheerful picture of temperance and decorum, which called back the idea of an ancient Jewish couple on their way to the Temple. Being greeted, the salutation was acknowledged by them with the sweetness of Italian manners. For the sake of again hearing their voices, the traveller asked the distance to Montefiascone, and, along with the answer, was informed that they themselves were going thither to attend mass and pay family visits. But, having outstripped him some paces, they suddenly stopped, dismounted, and, by the time they were come up to, were busy in shifting what served for a saddle. To the stranger's surprise, scarcely had he passed on, when an invitation to a seat on the beast was made him, pressed with charming importunity.

The road lay over a desolate moor, with only a shrub growing here and there, and a rude cross at intervals. But rarely has ground received for him who journeyed more of the enchantment of association; and, later, near the same district, he turned aside from his course to pass once more over it. The story of the simple pair is soon told: they had been wedded a fortnight; the husband belonged to Viterbo, where their home was, and his partner to Montefiascone, whose octagonal dome, with deep shadows in the depressions, now rose in the distance, amidst the slanting shafts of early sunlight. Confidence grew apace; at one place a trysting-spot during the period of courtship was pointed out; at another, an incident which moved the whole district had occurred. But the great Christian Hope, with an occasional allusion to Churches, gave the zest to conversation.

As discourse thus wended with the way, the subject of the Virgin came up, when the Caledonian was pleased to find that, in accordance, indeed, with Romish theory, the efficacy of the Madonna was ascribed by his companions to the favour of her Son, who was, with them, the only object of worship. Mary, too, under the conception of a maiden herself, was viewed chiefly as an example to maidens. From the spirit of the conference, the associate gathered with joy the impression that, despite all the cross lights thrown into rustic minds, the Faith of the Gospel had struck root in the heart of the pair. God, Jesus, duty, prayer, immortality, and final blessedness, formed the themes of discussion; and some of the grace of the Saviour lightened the road, bringing the company to the foot of the height on the top of which stands the town, before any of them (or one at least) thought how near the journey was at an end. As the party wound up by the bridle-path which opens on the Piazza of the Duomo, and separation was at hand, the lines of Coleridge, trivial enough perhaps,—

> 'To see, to know, to love, and then to part,
> Is the sad tale of many a human heart,'—

came softly to the recollection of the stranger, the sense of which was expressed to his fellow travellers. The young spouse, casting a look upwards with moistened eyes, remarked that, if Christians parted here, they might yet meet again in Heaven!

At their request the foreigner inscribed for them his name, and took theirs for himself. He took them, dear Paolo and Giuseppine, all the wiser and better for having accompanied you! As he went on his way, the tones of the Cathedral organ murmured in the ear; and, glancing at the snowy Apennines before descending on the other side, he reflected, as he advanced, on the mystery of life, and by how many

bonds people are knit together, when apparently most severed.

If the feeling in chaste maidenly hearts which clings to the tutelage of the Virgin, may, comparatively, be consistent with piety, an inquirer into the subject needs only advance a step in the investigation to come on a system which, confounding the human and Divine, delegates the power of Father and Son to the hands of a woman. Wherever one goes in Catholic lands, churches not only exist specially dedicated to her service, but, in all, or almost all, are chapels walled with votive offerings, effusively acknowledging her assistance in every variety of trouble.

One of the most renowned is Mariazell perched among the enchanting mountain scenery of Styria, in the neighbourhood of the Erlaff See. The village which has grown about the church subsists mostly on the influx of pilgrims, who, in July and August, the great months of devotion, swell to the number of many thousands. The shrine then resembles a beehive swarming with votaries coming and going, kings, and ladies of noblest rank, the fingers busy with their rosaries, kneeling shoulder to shoulder with visitors of all other classes. At a turn of the road, after the noblest mountain approach, the church exhibits itself on the front of a hill, the first step in a girdle of peaks, a lofty tower of ancient gothic rising with flanks of the Renaissance. On its coming in view, a certain sense of excitement agitates the frame; for here is a caldron of superstition, hundreds of thousands resorting for a heal of some kind, or to render thanks for recovery from sickness, accident, or misfortune that has befallen them on the path of life.

The Altar of the Virgin, which, by its central situation in the nave, boldly claims for Mary the chief place in worship, seizes the eye on crossing the threshold. It is an ark faced by a columned screen of silver, whereon a pigmy image of

the Madonna—a doll in short—possibly allusive by its size, like Michael Angelo's Pietà in St. Peter's, to her maidenhood in maternity, lifts its mignon form, adored by angels, and pressed in on by shifting bands from all corners of Austria. Some pilgrims, from a vow of piety, have traversed barefoot many a league in order to depose their offerings. What proves the taste for which provision is made by those who cater for the shrine, a score or more costly suits of dress to deck the image are stored in the Treasury. Still more significant, and what rouses indignation, the High Altar, back in the Apse, out of sight on entry, shows by many signs the subordinate place which the Saviour of Mankind holds in the church. Substantially neglected, although a Crucifix surmounts it, the popular interest fastens on the Spouse of Joseph and the gorgeous apparel which clothes her. Direct in front, as if a second time to shut it out, is a tall pillar with the Virgin blazing in celestial rays, to whom the instinct of the worshippers devotes scores of tapers, while not one falls to the Lord. As might be expected from the attributes ascribed to Mary, she plays the part of Providence for votaries, who, as well as hanging her altar with hands, feet, breasts, and other bodily organs, models of ailing members cured by her grace as they say, have loaded the gallery above with daubs of every species of event in which she had interposed for deliverance. Wagoners are rescued by her agency from the wheels of their carts; husbands, through the same beneficent medium, receive back their wives from mortal maladies; no trial incident to humanity is unrepresented in this immense panorama of her power.

Here, in a corner of the gallery, for example, (glanced at although attention was disturbed by the jocose observations of a knot of young priests just come out of the Treasury,) a worthy man has got himself painted, saved in a fall from a pile of faggots, as he was about to load his cart with them.

The cart is before the eye, and the carter hanging in horror on one of the spikes. The formidable nail, as a tablet describes the circumstances, pierced through no end of thick clothing, but, by the grace of Mary of Zell, who is seen stretching her hands out of the clouds, grazed, and no more, the flesh. At the same spot is depicted a poor fellow who, risking to get throttled by a dog on the chain, lifts his hands to the Madonna, when she darts to his help. Below, a man, crossing a flooded river, is on his back in the foaming stream, but, thrown up on the water's edge, ascribes his rescue to the Virgin who here rays on the situation. Fires, storms, are among the number of things delivered from by her; and one Claudius, harmlessly struck by a thunderbolt which broke on the tower of his parish church, commemorates her protection.

A short journey from Ancona, Loretto, the famous House of Mary,—transported, as a bull of Leo the Tenth attests, on angels' shoulders from Nazareth,—is yet more resorted to by devotees. On occasion of a visit once paid to it, an Italian gentleman in the same carriage exclaimed, 'Loretto!' pointing to a dome and spire, which rose from the heart of a pile of building on an eminence.

In winding round afoot by long sweeps to reach the Sacra Casa, a welcome was given by a succession of beggars, the most noisy and pertinacious ever met with, even in the faded towns of Italy.

The first was a blind man led by a boy; other mendicants, with every diversity of claim, next hove in sight; while a batch of clamorous jades followed, who demanded an alms as a right due to the holy spot. Children, not to be behindhand, rushed down pell-mell on the stranger, with the cry of *Tanto fame! tanto fame!* the chubbiness and bloom of their cheeks belying their tongues. The presence of an ecclesiastical prodigy among the townsfolk did not seem to

have worked favourably on their dispositions; a shoeblack insolently shouted for boots to brush; the host of an Albergo, posted at the door, frowned on the passing stranger, as if it were an injustice not to have entered in. On this side and on the other, as the traveller strode up the long avenue to the Casa, one importunately called attention to a store of medals and rosaries; another obtruded photographs of the Virgin and her home; another pushed before the eyes yet different saintly wares: a taint of the worst degradation, the religious, clinging to the manners.

The astonishment, on arrival above, was all the greater, at the sumptuous accommodation given to the House of the Virgin. It far surpasses for its architecture and sculptural art, although infinitely below in real interest, the home of the Mother pointed out as hers in Nazareth. The superb marble baldaquin, which holds the Casa in its lap, is a composition mainly of corinthian pilasters, filled in with bold reliefs. The most characteristic of these, naturally, is the miraculous flight of the House, Mary being seated on the roof, with the Divine Babe in the arms, as a quaternion of the angelic host, bearing up the sacred burden, hasten with it through the air. Moses and David, in company with Prophets and Sibyls, all life-size and noble in expression, are planted around in niches. But, as if the imp of irony had been at work to mark the pious fraud,—a house, to wit at once on a new foundation and yet standing on the old,—satyrs, on a line with the spectator's eyes, dance, to the blowing of horns.

An innocent mind, indeed, might easily be perplexed with the question, how, after all, according to one and the same infallible Church, the home of Mary should be found on its bottom both in Asia and Europe! The Scholars of the Middle Ages taxed themselves to solve the problem, whether a material thing could be in two places at the same moment; deciding, on the whole, that—

'Was nicht doppelt ist, kann nur an Einem Ort
Auf einmal seyn.'

After all done, however, the conclusion of the famous dispute for which feature, nose or eyes, spectacles were intended[1] was often reached, namely, that much might be said on both sides! But such as have had opportunity to see the houses in question, find, as was to be expected, that the Home of Nazareth is constructed of the limestone of the village, while that of Loretto is built of the local red stone.

As the visitor, strolling off at length, turned down the slope of the hill by the town gate, the gay sounds of an accordion broke from a tavern by the wayside, at the door of which lounged a crowd of contadini in holiday costume. Within, as if the satyrs of the shrine got sight of by them in circling on their knees about it, had given the example, a dance of mortals—sylvan lovers and their mistresses from the country around—was going forward, while the rest of the company, refreshing themselves at small tables by the wall, looked merrily on, eager, it seemed, to foot it in their turn. The grace, the ingenuity of the humblest worker among the olives and vines of the fields as he caught and released his partner, and caught her again, was only equalled by his sober happiness. If the frolic movements of the peasantry had no devotion in them, at least they did not impart the sting which the imposture of the Casa, how enriched soever by art, plants in a thoughtful mind.

To finish this view of the subject, it must not be forgotten that, not only the simple fall a prey to the mad passion of mariolatry, but that some of the strongest and loftiest spirits have been beguiled into it. Loyola, on the heights of Montserrat, in his vigils held before the image of the Madonna

[1] Cowper's Poems.

preparatory to his extraordinary enterprise, might be supposed too lost under the sway of imagination to escape its ravages, the brain of the future apostle of the Papacy, captivated by the exploits of Amadis, teeming with the fantasies of knight-errantry. But how may it be explained, that Louis the Eleventh of France, one of the most crafty, as well as the basest, of princes, should have been so fascinated by the superstition as to bargain with the Virgin for her aid in his worst plots, though he failed to pay her if success did not follow? Bellarmin, the buttress of the Church of Rome in the sixteenth century, besides suffering fleas and other vermin to pasture on his body during life,—for the reason, good man! that they had no pleasures beyond this world,—bequeathed, at death, one half of his soul to Mary, assigning to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life only the other moiety. The Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, preaching in St. Mark's on the virtues of the Madonna mounted, by successive rounds, as on the Tower of Babel, in celebration of the Lady of Grace, until the rhapsodist, in an ecstasy, vanished in the clouds; all, whether created or uncreated above or beneath the world as well as on it, having been first set by him under her feet, as far as verbiage could do it. The performance reminded the hearer of the ingenuity of a monk in the Middle Ages, who filled a whole book with a hymn in hexameters to Mary, the book holding only eight words within its pages:—

Tot, tibi, sunt, virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, cœlo—

signifying that the Virgin possessed as many virtues as there are stars in heaven.[1]

Art, all know, has been drawn with astonishing effects into the service of the Madonna. In considering the different forms in which it has pleaded for the popular fiction, an

[1] Addison's *Spectator*, No. 60.

inquirer naturally first turns to that province which addresses the eye, the province of painting.

In pictorial art, the Assumption, as it is called, or apotheosis of Mary, according to which, as she rose from her grave, she became crowned by the Trinity, has been glorified by the tributes of the greatest painters. At its origin, indeed, and always preserving its natal sense among artists, this fancy about the Mother was taken as a symbol of Religion. But in the hands of ecclesiastics, who shape the opinions of the people, the conception has grown more and more positive, until it lives and breathes like the Galatea of mythology. In vain is the Coronation of the Virgin described as a type, a type only, as long as festivals exist to celebrate her, and volumes of the floweriest style swarm in her praise, and the Vatican swells with an apocalypse of her exemption from the spot common to humanity. Faith, the faith of the Gospel especially, durst not be treated as poesy, though, within limits imposed by itself, the forms of art may be employed. But, in estimating an organisation, it is what it does, and authorises, that determines its character.

Of the works which have clothed the figment of the Assumption, the holiest, if it may be so said, is the 'Coronation' by Fra Angelico in the Louvre. At the sight of it, the Virgin kneeling before the enthroned Redeemer, with the hands folded on her bosom, and the lovely face the effulgence of a meek and adoring spirit, captivates the beholder before he thinks, and raises him to the world where the Lord, in His infinite beneficence, stoops with wreaths to bestow on His good and faithful servants. Angels at either side, playing on viol, guitar, and tambourine, express the harmonies of heaven. In the appearance of familiar instruments of music wielded by seraphic hands, a sense is imparted that the states above and below differ in degree more than in kind. St Cecilia with flowers on the head, St. Agnes and St. Catherine

signalised by their respective emblems, are worshipping before the throne; while farther off are renowned saints of the Bible. All lies in radiance, the gush of a mind which only such as that of Angelico could bestow.

At a later period, Ghirlandajo, in common with some other masters, exhibits the grave of the Virgin, as she ascends from it, sprouting with roses and lilies; while the Apostles, struck with the sight, converse in astonishment at the miracle. But all presentations of the subject yield in importance to the 'Assumption' of Titian at Venice.

As a work, it combines every general element of attraction. Mary, whose face is touched with the celestial light into which she soars, softly spurning the clouds as she rises, has nothing ascetic in her air. She rather carries with her the round, rosy fulness of enjoyment. A cluster of winged children of both sexes, enchanting for innocence, float towards the new-arrived in a rhapsody of expression. Some are rivetted, admiringly; others point to her, calling attention; and others converse together with holy sympathy. The Virgin, as she gazes up on the Father, has on the countenance a mixture of expectant bliss and awe, such as befits the crisis. But, if a spectator pass beyond the management of this artistic wonder to its significance, the joy dies out of him; the great lines of faith are felt to be perplexed; and he turns away with lamentation in his heart that transcendent genius should have given permanence to a perversion. The Almighty, however regarded, is compromised by the part assigned to Him, being shown absorbed in the Virgin, as if her coming was wanted to complete the ministry of the Divine Government; while a seraph, in feminine form, flies up with the queenly crown. As for the Apostles below, the anxious, agitated adoration with which they follow the ascent of the Madonna, fosters an impression that the Church has no guardian but her who now receives apotheosis.

Extravagances, however, on this topic, exist in the domain of art, which, in comparison, give an air of soberness to all these forms. At Antwerp, as also in Venice on one of the ceilings of the Frari, the Saviour is represented poising thunderbolts, which, with a frown, He is about to launch against the globe that rounds away at His feet. At this instant Mary interposes, the watchful angel of man. Has the Church, then, fallen so low, that He who came forth from the Divine bosom to seek and save the lost, is viewed as having forgotten His mission, and now sharing the fierce spirit of the disciples who called for fire to consume the villagers of Samaria? And must the human race stand indebted to a female mediator, of whom little or nothing is known, for arresting the bolt which was ready to rush from His hands? Even the sublime Orcagna, in his 'Last Judgment' on the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa, darkening with wrath the final glance of Jesus against the miserable damned, fills in the features of Mary with compassion, as she turns away her eyes in soft sorrow from a scene coming too late for her to amend.

If Painting has done so much to transfigure Mary, Music has followed with its charm to the same purpose.

Of what has been accomplished in this sort, the 'Stabat Mater,' a Latin Hymn of Jacobus de Benedictus in the thirteenth century, set to notes by many a glorious hand, sways all hearts. Palestrina, brooding over it, first wove its tenderness into an undying strain; Pergolesi, Astorga, Bach, Haydn, and, more lately, Rossini, have subsequently done the same; nor can a time be that the theme shall lose its interest. For one thing, it is imbedded in Scripture, and brings up the Virgin at the Cross, in the most tragic moment, when the Mother was in spirit pierced through with a Sword, according to the prophetic words of old Simeon. But, what specially wins for it the sympathy of every Communion, is

its evangelic experience, ever true, ever sweet, winding, soaring, falling, suitably to the agony of the Son, whose Divine individuality remains clear under each various phase. Free from all blasphemous pretensions, though having her own special grief, the Mother, a saintly Woman but nothing more, stands mourning along with the other disciples.

Revelation, glorious as it is in itself, may have some of its circumstances shown under so artificial an aspect, that any incident of common life, seen beside it, will catch away the interest of devotees themselves. To sum up with an illustration applicable to the present subject, the pilgrim, it may be observed, once found the throng on the Corso denser than usual, and the balconies on either hand gay with white and crimson hangings. A procession was expected; and, worming a way to the Antonine Column round which it was to pass, he was soon within the spell of a great ecclesiastical show.

The chief object in the spectacle was a theatrical figure of the Madonna, tricked out with cross, beads, and other insignia, and mounted high on a stage supported by brawny shoulders. The whole apparatus had a shaky, swinging character about it. The Virgin, in order to be kept erect, had stays front and back, the management of which gave occupation to two braces of vigilant Levites. But the machine specially tested the bone and muscle of those who bore it onward—the wheelers, so to say—who staggered to and fro, with faces down which rolled floods of perspiration. A French military band formed the van, followed by priests and dignitaries of various kinds, secular and sacred, holding candles, the noses of which were assiduously tended by *gamins* and needy old folk, who caught the drippings on bits of paper picked up from the streets. In the rear trudged a few poor old women, who, with cracked voices, sang the eulogy of the image.

People seemed amused, anyhow entertained, by the display. Edified they could not be; the dull, stupid, stolid faces of the majority who took a share in the ceremony, the smiling, nodding countenances of others, the grossness of a third body, with the vacant looks of bystanders, gave no room for the most charitable supposition on this point. But just when the vulgarity of the thing, joined to its sad folly, was about to weary patience itself, a little boy, held up by his grandam to see, recognised his papa in the ranks, a young man who carried a taper. The play of feeling between father and son was charming. The small fellow kissed the hand to his parent, forthwith pushing out the arms to be taken. The sire, radiant with joy, chuckled, forgot his task, and could not appease the yearnings of his heart before he had called the attention of his comrades, the walking candlesticks around him, and received their felicitations on his promising progeny.

The crowd eagerly looked on at this family episode; nor is it improbable that the Madonna, though presented in the most flaunting style, awakened less real emotion, and gave less happiness along the entire course of the procession, than this burst of nature during a momentary eddy in the march.

As often as the Stanze of the Vatican are now sought, a visitor, who rejects the monstrosity of the Immaculate Conception, will be prone to shake the dust off his feet as he leaves the hall of entrance. The compartment on the right of passage may specially stir his scorn; for, in the painting which fills its immense expanse, with Pio Nono gazing up in a glow of saintly beatitude, the Madonna, crowned, triumphs; while a champion of her claims points to proof of the Dogma, although the very emphasis of his manner discredits the evidence. But, when the eye scans the archangel, with a sword of flame in his hand driving down

into perdition the host who cannot call a serpent a fish, a curse alas!, which only remembrance of the Redeemer's prayer on the Cross changes into forgiveness, trembles on the lip. Must the Father of All, with the Saviour who verified His love by what He did, suffered, and spoke, be practically substituted by a simple woman, and the rejecters of the blasphemy be exposed to damnation? The votaries of Diana, as they cried up her greatness at Ephesus, had some excuse in their worship; for was not her chariot in the sky, circling in its monthly course? But, in the adoration of the Virgin, faith gazes into vacancy; not a word, not a solitary word of hers, much less a deed, being recorded, which could fan the flame, or, if every means were not used to clothe a phantom with reality, keep it for a moment from extinction.

CHAPTER VII.

FRESCOES OF THE VATICAN.

Ornaments of the Great Staircase.—Decorations of the Chamber of Constantine.—Venus of the Capitol in contrast.—Also the Bacchus and Ariadne of Annibale Caracci.—Pictorial Props of the Papacy in the Regia Sala.—Michael Angelo as Sculptor.—His Sybils and Prophets in the Sistine Chapel.—The 'Last Judgment.'—General Importance of Raphael's Works.—The 'Disputa.'—'Miracle of Bolsena.'—'St. Peter in Prison.'—The 'Incendio.'—The 'Transfiguration.'—Other Sacred Artists: Perugino, Francia, Domenichino, Guido, Caravaggio, and, above all, Fra Angelico.

AS the pilgrim first stood in presence of the pictorial art of the Vatican, which, in his mood of the period, looked to be the final, consummating means of harmonising the mind, he felt like the voyagers when they reached the land of the Lotos Eaters, where day seemed a perpetual afternoon; he was fain to renounce the world, and, remembering it only as a dream, feed on what promised to fulfil all aspiration. The works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, beaming as from the tranquillity of a celestial sphere, attuned the soul to a holy joy; by their means, faith realised the spiritual life in colours of this earth; and, as he continued to gaze, a sense of completeness stole on him, which if it were given to any agency to be absolute in power over man's restless, changeful, progressive being, would have bound him to the spot for ever.

In again turning thither, on later visits, if experience acquired during the intervals favour former impressions, it

likewise brought into notice what earlier was passed by in the freshness of youthful feeling, how depravity alas! mixes with good even within precincts where a vaunted Infallibility houses itself. As a traveller, on landings of the great staircase, catches sight of winged females over the vaults blowing trumpets round the Tiara and Keys, he is apt to ask, why these heralds coarsely push their bare breasts and thighs into observation, as if their message were subordinate to the display of themselves.

But, it is in the Chamber of Constantine, so called from a fresco which exhibits the victory of the Emperor over Maxentius, that the temper adverted to in the decorations of the papal residence buds most conspicuously. The dignity of the subject which gives a name to the room might have repressed baseness of taste in its vicinity. But, as the eye looks round on the Virtues, among which popes as large as life are enthroned, it encounters forms scarcely to be expected in such a society. Even Pax and Prudentia, belonging to the more decent of the allegories, have a stroke of meretriciousness. What, however, shall be said of Innocentia, fronting Leo the Great, or of Veritas who resembles rather a beauty of the French School than a rigorous monitor of the Church? The canopied Tiara and Keys, caressed by glowing genii in the vaulted corners of the roof, have Graces specially devoted to their honour, as if heaven had no higher attractions. Some, such as Clementia, and her companion Benignitas, allure back disciples who have been unfaithful; but, as a spectator remarks the glance of those recovered to obedience, on whom the sisters are complacently seated, it is difficult for him to say what may have been the sort of argument employed to catch them.

If ever a foul taste is more revolting than usual, it is, as in this chamber, where it affects to illustrate the Faith, and obtrudes itself without any pretext of art. How different is

the case in a representation—all garments even thrown aside —when the grace of the human form as a shrine of the soul is aimed at! In the Museum of the Capitol, at the moment of examining a cinerary urn, a room on the corridor was observed to open for a group of soldiers, and, through the doorway, there broke on the view the famous Venus of the spot, displaying all the modesty of the Medici, though richer of development. The custode turned the goddess on her pedestal. But no fugitive smile of the visitors gave a sign of low feeling. A simple admiration was in eyes which, at other times, might burn with wild desire; for, on the fashioned marble, loveliness, imprinted by a heathen hand which had caught its nobler expression and refused the admixture of unworthy elements, was present to impose awe. To him, however, who has considered the Farnese Bacchus and Ariadne, the contrast may have still more vividly suggested itself, between a sacred theme treated profanely, and a riotous subject so managed that the principal persons control the effect of license in such as take part with them.

The painting of Annibale Caracci referred to, renders one of the most florid ebullitions of the Greek mind. But the expression of pity for the forlorn nymph given to Bacchus, strangely reconciles a spectator to the explosion of grossness in the attendants. The fat sot Silenus, bolstered up on his ass by fauns, while leering satyrs and bouncing bacchantes lead the way, is borne with; for, as in life, he and his companions seem like accidents of goodness, as long as the god in a biga, drawn by tigers under the guidance of a child, ennobles the scene, and the forsaken Ariadne, whose chariot is pulled by goats capering in the dominion of a smiling boy, turns half round towards her blooming deliverer, an air of cheerful gratitude on the countenance. The fable is set forth with all the fantastic circumstances of

Hellenic imagination, genii, fauns, satyrs. The artist, however, unwilling to soil himself, idealises the brutal division of his figures, and lifts his chief characters into the region of tragic pathos.

The better Popes, with the graver men among their retinue, must have always silently repudiated the ornamental abominations of the Vatican. But in some of the rooms, a class of frescoes display themselves, which, though free of all sensual motive, awaken a more fervid indignation.

The Hall notorious for such, is the Regia Sala, opening into the Sistine, and originally built by Paul the Third as an audience chamber. In it the envoys of France and Imperial Germany, after saluting the Pope, could scarcely turn without encountering warnings which would fix themselves in the memory with the smart of fire. Barbarossa kneeling before Alexander III. within the porch of St. Mark's, and Henry the Fourth absolved by Hildebrand, are among the milder admonitions. But the Massacre of St. Bartholomew stains what was once the reception-room of the Priest who now claims infallibility in doctrine and morals! Justly, as St. Bartholomew's Day came round in the present century, was public attention recalled to the flagrant facts associated for ever with it. Justly was the complicity of the Papacy with a deed which, at its mention, still makes the hair stand on end, drawn afresh into light, a stigma on the escutcheon of the dynasty that has petted and solemnly commemorated it, which ages of glozing rhetoric cannot efface.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti, one of the four or five minds the traces of whose presence in the Vatican serve to lift the soul far above unsanctified influences of any sort, affects even boyish fancy. The sound of his name, together with allusions to him in one tone whenever spoken of, easily leads youth to ally him with superhuman force. In Sculpture, indeed, his walk of art by preference, almost nothing came finished from

his chisel. What, it is continually asked, means so many blocks which the mighty hand of the Florentine strove to shape, but which yield features only glimmering through the marble, like faces in a blinding storm? In the Grotto of the Boboli Gardens are preserved as too precious to be thrown away figures in this rough state, the knowledge of whose condition might move in his grave Julius the Second for whose mausoleum they were designed, and stir the martial pontiff to lift again his staff. The Brutus even, and the awful Shades peopling the Chapel of San Lorenzo, to which poets have devoted some of their finest verses, are wanting in the strokes necessary to complete their very outline. At the International Exhibition of Vienna was a statue of Buonarotti chiselling the old faun's mask in the School of the Medici. The work, faithful to contemporary notices, exhibited the Boy concentred on the block, with the whole force of his face drawn into the flashing eyes. As a sexagenarian, according to Blaise de Vigenère an eye-witness, Michael Angelo, in impatience to deliver his conception, wielded the mallet with such an impetuosity, that the chips flew about in greater numbers than three other sculptors ordinarily produced within four times the space. The same hot temper, the same haughty disdain of delay, which seemed to inspire him with ire against the reluctant marble, led him continually to withdraw before it had yielded up the image of his mind. Sad to say, moreover,—for Buonarotti was deficient in amenity,—his vehemence bore him into a quarrel with Leonardo da Vinci, who justly punished him with the remark that he himself was famous before the other was born.

To him who, seeking religious truth, brings to sacred art its first test, to wit, a fundamental correspondence with its subject, the statuary of Michael Angelo will afford small satisfaction. The Divine Child, in the Chapel at Florence,

represents only a sucking giant. Even the Pietà in St. Peter's, chiefly notable for muscular expression, may be looked on with wonder, perhaps with admiration, but cannot at all carry the beholder into the original mystery. Criticism, both in prose and verse, has laboured in honour of the Moses of S. Pietro in Vincoli, who, turning in his chair, looks askance with a frown which seems ready to wither up his contemptible countrymen. It is impossible, indeed, as one stands before the tremendous figure, to resist the sense of power and anatomical knowledge stamped on it. But it cannot be admitted that it restores the Jewish Legislator. The mouth is coarse, the air, the attitude defiant; whereas, except in one or two capricious moments, the Lawgiver was full of pity, a mirror of the commiseration of Jehovah, and always showed himself the great and glorious caterer for the good of his people. It would need another kind of man than appears in the statue, to have grown up in all the wisdom and luxury of Pharaoh's court, yet forward to leave it; to have pleaded on Horeb for his slavish kinsfolk, offering himself as a sacrifice; and, at length, after the toil and vexation of a frightful pilgrimage, to die in age with undimmed vision. If the bold form holds attention for a time, it is yet a relief to turn to the small recumbent person of the pontiff Julius, who lies in his niche above as if now free from the vanity of ambition, and, in the light of a higher world, acknowledging the abortiveness of his energy.

But it is the Sistine Chapel, where are found the frescoes of Buonarotti, that forms the true temple of his mind. The most remarkable quality in these frescoes, the quality, indeed, which sums up their excellence, is the exalted spirit ruling in them. A spectator, in their presence, stands under the power of the fan, which is felt winnowing him from all impurities. Law, law, is here enthroned; and it appears as if its authority could no more be questioned, or forgotten.

On the ceiling, as the glance is cast some sixty feet upwards, the buoyant globe is beheld rolled into space under the hand of the Creator, and light breaking through darkness. Sun and moon are established in their orbits. Adam, with Eve springing from his side, looks forth from the clay to meet the Potter. The Serpent tempts, the fallen pair are expelled; these designs, as has been said, showing by a single, but sufficient, example the artist's sense of beauty. Primitive religious history thus marches down under his guidance.

Yet, it is not there, right overhead, that the grandest effects are produced. The attention is caught away to that host of Sibyls and Prophets seated round the chapel where the roof curves to the walls, the noblest witnesses to the early period of revelation ever embodied in art. Each figure breathes the afflatus of heaven, and suggests in something or other the presence of the Almighty at the hand of man. Whilst these frescoes exist, it will be vain attempting to prove the impossibility of supernaturalism, even if the senses stand by to put their most perplexing questions. In them Inspiration sits realised, gleaming from the fair and comely countenance of Daniel; sounding in the ravished ears of Esaias, as he catches the pulses of a Voice which speaks to him, although inaudible to all others; aweing by the bald and bearded head of Zecharias; absorbed in the grave woe of Jeremiah; restive in Jonas, who turns away in appeal; and emitting a dread electric shock from the sublime gestures of Ezekiel. The Cumæa, the Persica, the Erythræa, and other sibyls, afar off from the privilege of prophets yet bending towards the fount of oracles according to ancient views, hear some confused, distorted syllables, and rudely mutter them among the heathen.

At the wanderer's first visit to the Chapel, the roll of the republican drum was sounding through the city; and

as a simple old woman opened the door, ushering him in alone to the prophetical band, the political gravity of the hour blended with his personal feelings. Gazing on these messengers of heaven, grander than the Roman Senators of old throned in the Forum, he found the boundaries of life vanish; time seemed abolished, and the evolutions of humanity were felt to centre in God, Who works for man in adaptation to his wants, but always in harmony with His own Being. Jonas, the unfaithful, it was considered, as a look rose to him, is justly represented scared, bending before the commissioned spirits of the storm, and the whale gaping at his side! But courage became infused by Daniel, the ideal of youth, with open brow, and fair auburn locks thrown back from it, who throve on pulse without the viands and wine of the King, and was now in peace shadowing out the future, though, in the march of empire, one dynasty was beheld by him treading on the vestiges of another. A genius frowns from behind, dark, menacing; the light, however, plays about the clear face of the seer, as if, in his case, not a ray could be extinguished by any neighbouring gloom. Esaias, for his part, holding his prophetic Evangel open, turns at an angelic summons to look on modern history begun in the appearance of the Messiah. Ezekiel, expostulating with idolatry, which had reared its altars in the Sanctuary itself and emblazoned the sacred pillars with its pictorial profanities, reveals the fiery Hebrew in his blood; while Jeremiah, flanked by female mourners, droops with the sorrow which moans through the chambers of his prophecies, and, as he draws sympathy to himself, tempers the glow of hope shed by others in the bosom.

If the eye, thrown off from these grand figures by the very energy with which it is addressed, falls on the 'Last Judgment,' the same sublime impressions haunt it, but after a more mixed and doubtful manner. For, there, is Jesus,

Who covers the whole breadth of life; but, as He stands aloft with threatening hand, all traces of His love have expired in the countenance. The compassion which played over it as He visited Man, is now no more. In its room have come black, tempestuous clouds, from which the bolts of wrath flash in awful fierceness, casting gleams of horror even on the faces of the elect. Angels fly up bearing cross and spear, the proofs of man's cruelty and wickedness. Others of the celestial host, accompanied by theological doctors who open the books of assize, call the dead forth with fierce trumpet blasts; while Charon, who passes on the damned to the Inferno, is beating off from his bark the lingering ghosts just ferried over.

As these and kindred groups, conjured up with all the freedom of Buonarotti in his expression of form, fix attention, the heart may feel more than before the reality of Sin, and Justice, and Retribution to come. Even if, on withdrawing from the Chapel, the question be asked, why a frail man, needing like others pardon in order to 'stand in the Judgment,' should have given in this projection of the future scarcely any inkling of Divine Mercy, yet the conclusion insensibly dawns on the mind how good it is to be once, at least, aroused, to have the Conscience shaken from entanglements, and violated Law shown in all its natural tragic issues.

Such is the spirit which animates these frescoes. In the Stanze of the Vatican, Raphael worked; and to go from the Sistine Chapel to the theatre of his operations, is like exchanging a winter night's sky for the sweet and affable airs of a midsummer's noon, where all stirs with sympathy, and emboldens the humblest soul to claim kindred with the glory of everything.

At this point it may be noticed, that not until the whole impression of the Roman collections of art was recalled after

leaving the city, did the explanation occur why, somehow or other, the capital of the Papacy, the focus of its sentiment, should do more, intrinsically, to bar, than to substantiate, the pontifical claims. A disciple of Jesus, with his life primarily rooted in the Christ of the Gospels, resorting to the Vatican, may inspire within its halls more strength to resist the errors of the creed, than a votary can extract for fortifying himself in them. Art, there, often used to give pictorial assurance to falsehoods, is, in its chief works, strange to say, at variance with Romish dogma, even when subject and treatment most accord with its characteristics. Illustrative of the fact, the pictures of Raphael and other Christian masters have never called forth the zeal of popish partisans on one hand, or of puritans on the other; doubtless because no sect can exclusively appropriate or reject them. The territory which they occupy, is, like Elis of old, neutral ground, sacred to peace. Bigotry and bareness equally stand abashed in presence of the serene catholicity which marks these productions. Oliver Cromwell, at a crisis the most exciting, preserved the Cartoons which the unhappy Charles I. had procured for himself. Raphael, it may with confidence be said, and as much is true of Michael Angelo also, is associated with the Papacy in scarcely any informed mind. The Madonna di San Sisto, to say nothing of the Transfiguration, circulates among all hands in copy, guarded in many a collection, and seen looking down now and then from a Presbyterian parlour wall, as in the Old Manse of Hawthorne;[1] nor can either be viewed without emotion.

No consideration, indeed, can be more gratifying than that Raphael, whose mind opened with the harmony of a blowing rose, devoted himself, as his genius ceased to be imitative, to subjects of general importance. With him the commonest

[1] 'Mosses from an Old Manse.'

materials changed into something fair, and all choicest influences trooped like birds to his call. More than any man, he has vindicated in the popular mind a reality and dignity to Christian art. For an example, walk along the Loggia of the Painter in the Vatican. On the ceiling, enshrined among the fruits and flowers of the charming Giovanni d'Udina, his Bible, as it is called, is displayed leaf by leaf. The 'Sposalizio' in the Brera Gallery, Milan, if belonging to his earliest period, yet exhibits the rite free of sectarian matter. His renowned Madonnas, the 'Giardiniera' of the Louvre, the Virgin of the Tribune with the Divine Child receiving a goldfinch from the Baptist, as well as the 'Madonna della Seggiola,' and others, if all show traces of apocryphal circumstance, are holy in expression, awakening human interest. Even when they pass into the very heart of tradition, as with the 'Madonna of the Baldacchino,' at what a distance are they not found from the bespangled Queens which fill churches by thousands, and which are not less abhorrent to taste than to the Canon of Scripture!

The 'Madonna Sistina,' since it was beheld on the way into Hungary, had left a sense of something more complete than had then been met. The Infant, with the Godhead begun to shine through the childish features, at once fills the eye; while the Virgin, poised on the buoyant air, and the aged Saints Sixtus and Barbara, along with the cherub faces, are all controlled by the supreme Presence in their midst. But, although great in the union of earthly and heavenly interest so as to be unequalled by others of the kind, it is, as a record of truth, nothing compared with the Transfiguration, or with the 'Disputa' in the Camera della Segnatura of the Vatican.

The 'Disputa,' it may be known, is an ideal exhibition of the Council of Placentia, which met to adjust the doctrine of the Sacrament. Over the assembly, in the clouds, hang Apostles and Prophets, with the Saviour in the middle, the

Father above, and, underneath, the Spirit as Dove, at once witnesses and a source of guidance among the intricacies of error. The task of the assembly is gone about without direct cognisance of the celestial company; yet the countenances show a sweetness, fairness, gravity, love, and zeal, got from the fountain of heaven, and betokening the highest conditions of prosperous investigation. At the sight of this fresco, one becomes violently stirred to look upward for control; to bridle passionate prejudices; to welcome truth; to hold dearer than ever the frail and clouded spirit of man trembling before every breath; and, with St. Paul, to count Charity best of all graces, the bond of all.

If this great painting be considered, it is impossible not to observe that, despite a formal submission to tradition, it is substantially, and in its profoundest impression, accordant with Scripture. The chief figure, the first to catch the view and fix it, is Christ; for, from Him, the light spreads, and the glory of the whole piece centres in His person. The loose white drapery which hangs around the body leaves exposed the cruel wound of the spear; His uplifted hands reveal the marks of the nails; and the face, is it not the face of the Evangelists, holy, loving, compassionate, but with majesty shining through all other qualities, not destroying them, the face for poor fallen man? Clouds form His throne and footstool, and behind rays the sun, margined by a blue circle, within which cherubs look forth. At the sides of the Redeemer, but on a lower platform, the Mother and Baptist have seats; the Forerunner pointing to his Lord, and, as his message was, seeming to say, 'Behold the Lamb of God!' while, in common with John, Mary has a simple ring of light round the head, and, in her bearing, is all modesty, reserve, womanly meekness, and adoration, blest with the awful ecstasy of pardon. That she is where she is, is a concession: but her presence brings no evil with it. She sits purged

of the additions with which the fancy of the Middle Ages loved to invest her, and, as she is, condemns the wretched dogma of immaculateness, which the modern world learned in astonishment had been promulgated from St. Peter's Chair.

The Father, emerging on high with a globe in the left hand and the right held up in benediction, rests above the Son; while beneath the vapour at the Redeemer's feet, is the Dove, within a wheel of gold, hovering over the Eucharist. On either side of the winged symbol are youthful genii holding the four open Gospels, in obvious harmony with doctrinal truth. A lower bank of cloud curving from the throne of Jesus, it is, which supports the apostles, prophets, and others, among whom are David and Isaiah. The glory and sufficiency of heaven shine in the expression of all the society.

The 'Council,' indeed, is so far an accommodation to the pride of the Latin Church, as prominently to introduce four ancient chiefs: Saints Gregory, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustine. But, here, justly seated in honour by the altar, each, as he was in his own way, is represented full of noble Christian life. What learned sincerity pervades the features of the translator of the Vulgate, though ever ready, as the Dalmatian constitutionally was, to kindle into reckless flame! Ambrose is all adoration, Augustine hallowed scrutiny, Gregory the Great authority, yet authority springing from the grandeur of his mission, with the Angles and other pagans to convert. The majority of these Fathers were men of the world before they were Christians; and the faith of Jerome, Augustine, Ambrose, gathered in the furnace, with sin, luxury, and ambition exercising the conscience, possesses the highest weight. What was least to be expected, Savonarola, burned by the Papacy for his faithfulness, is in the group, and Dante, the terrible satirist of ecclesiastical corruption, heads a body of laymen, diffusing more than any other incident a compre-

hensive spirit over the composition. Faces speak of the devout exercise of reason. Books, too, the fruit of piety, above all the Bible which is evidently arbiter, have a place. A multitude on the outskirts listening, considering, discussing, exhibit the simple world among the theologians; and, as the Council is held in the open air, with the city and verdured hills around, nature, life, society, which are God's representatives also, are present, yielding wholesome tests to prevent logic, under any pretext, from running mad. Angels hang over the whole grand convocation, adoring at a distance, and, as it were, happy 'to look into these things.'

No work, probably, is capable of making the same order of impression; although the 'Last Supper' of Da Vinci, and Rubens's 'Descent from the Cross,' rise like the 'Disputa' above similar productions, and appeal to the great common Christian heart.

In other frescoes of Raphael, are found illustrations of the same freedom from partial views. The 'School of Athens,' as it is called, as well as the 'Parnassus,' which reproduce, respectively, the ancient philosophers and poets, have no trace of ecclesiasticism. The existence of them at all, in this place, was due to the temper of the reigning pope at the time of their production. Even in the 'Miracle of Bolsena,' which represents a priest at mass doubting the Real Presence, while, for his conviction, blood oozes from the sacramental wafer, the instinct of the artist has risen above convention, transfiguring persons and everything; for pope, priest, worshippers, are all presented as in earnest; and whether the dogma be accepted or not, the conviction remains that 'nothing is impossible with God,' and that, being a Spirit, He must be worshipped in 'spirit and in truth.' An example which yet more serves as commentary, is 'St. Peter in Prison,' a fine rendering of the narrative in the Acts of the Apostles. The theme, however, almost laid

a trap for Raphael to subordinate an historical event of general Christian interest to the support of pontifical aims. The face of the Apostle is a portrait of Julius II., inserted, of course, to imply the succession of the apostleship in the Papacy. But all of harshness and policy is wiped out of its lines. The sacerdotal warrior appears as the simple Fisherman of Galilee, a servant of Him who was 'meek and lowly.' Full of peace as he sleeps in the dungeon, though, next day, like St. James, to be put to the sword, he follows without haste the Angel who, having struck off his fetters, leads him forth.

If the 'Incendio' be examined, the fresco of a fire in the Borgo, which finds its place in the chamber devoted to the apotheosis of the Leos,—for Leo X. was pope when this room was covered,—the dignity of the artist will be seen curiously asserting itself. The stirring groups in the foreground have alone popular interest: the family picture, in which, like Æneas, a strong man is carrying off his father on the back, his wife close behind, his son leading the way; mothers in consternation about their children; women hurrying up with jars of water. The scrutiniser, however, will fix his eye on the pope (Pope Leo IV.) who appears in the distance, looking out at the window of Benediction, and, as the conflagration extends, arrests, by holding up the Cross, the fierce element. In this case, of course, the artist was compelled to give the pontiff a decisive part to play, according to the legend. But what faith or pleasure could Raphael have had in him, since he has set him so far off as to be diminished to insignificance, and needs attention in order to discern his very presence?

The same chamber bears other traces of the Master. Nevertheless it is just here, where he was less prominent, and inferior artists worked out the decorations, that the Papacy most figures; and in the 'Crowning of Charlemagne,'

which yields plentiful stuffing of white mitres, the pope, like a camellia on its stem, rises into distinction above the show of prelates who close him in.

At the name of Sanzio d'Urbino,—of Raphael,—who, besides drawing his own portrait, owned the face given by Perugino to the youthful sleeper in the 'Resurrezione' of the Vatican, comes up a small, delicate form. The hair is long, yet arranged, flowing over the shoulders, and a touch of clear sadness is in the eyes, as of one who has brought with him into the world the capacity of another sphere, and conscious that the scope and elevation of his mind foreshadowed an early departure. The 'Transfiguration,' last of his works, is, all being weighed, the divinest; nor can it be beheld without emotion personal to the worker, rising as it did at the head of his bier, as he lay in state within the Pantheon. Pope, cardinals, pupils, the whole town gazed on his remains in tears, the purest probably ever shed in the city on a public occasion. The earnestness, the profound earnestness of the treatment in the picture, so difficult in art, is, in the present case, the stamp of its genius. The youthful St. John, one of the three apostles in the upper scene, is not a likeness; yet, rich in gracious qualities, it may be supposed to suggest what Raphael would have been in the same position. The gloss of the golden hair, which reveals its softness; one hand shading the face from the radiance cast by the Saviour, but so that its fulness may none the less stream through; the opposite outstretched hand, expressive of ecstasy, while the body bends back, for the Apostle is overpowered, yet would still linger within the Redeemer's glory: all shows the attitude of the author's soul, about to quit its bright ethereal frame.

One, however, who has drawn consolation from art, cannot omit to bring into view a class of workers, who, as artists, may not wear the halo which surrounds the names of

Raphael and Michael Angelo; but in some of the instances, more penetrated perhaps by the Christian life, they have infused into their productions a spirit which will keep them from oblivion to the end of time.

Perugino is one of these. But the reproaches of avarice and unbelief, both charges irrefutable, yet, better understood, probably resolving themselves into forms which would modify opinion, haunt his fame with their dreary shadows. It is impossible, however, to cast a glance on the ceiling of the Stanza spared by his great pupil, Raphael, or stand before the 'Assumption' of Perugino at Bologna, without finding the problem insoluble, how paintings like these could be produced in the absence of faith. But Francesco Francia, and Fra Bartolommeo the friend of Savonarola,—not a fleck staining their robes,—shine with saintly lustre in the sphere of religious art, and, along with Perugino, are seen entwined in affection round Raphael, receiving and imparting glory. What hallowed rapture is in the face, and even in the hands crossed on the breast, with knees which incline forward as if instinct with worship, belonging to the 'Virgin' of Francia at Munich, as she looks down on her Divine Son, a babe pillowed on roses, Himself the Rose of Sharon! The Brera holds an 'Annunciation' of the same, which, in its ravishing purity, whether of the features of Angel and Maiden, or of the distant sky and acacia that fall between, at once illustrates and verifies the event. Domenichino has his unrivalled 'St. Jerome' of the Vatican. The fiery Hermit in old age, worn by conflicts with himself and others, receives the Communion with the awful faith and devoutness of one who, standing on the border of the other world, feels its breath coming in on the remnants of his mortal state. Guido, in the 'Crucifixion of St. Peter' within the same precincts, asserts a dignity which enhances the idealism of his conceptions. Caravaggio, in the

'Entombment,' shows himself to belong to the Masters, the perfect death of Christ and the truth of the Mother giving rise to waves of sympathy which long agitate a beholder after he has passed on.

But, before the Vatican is left, come forth, thou saintly Fra Angelico, who didst sweetly tremble in the presence of Authority, finding God always behind it; who didst never begin a work without supplication for the Spirit to guide thy hand on the canvas; who wept at the foot of the cross which thou thyself hadst brought to sight; and wast, in truth, a pious, loving, unselfish, lowly man, if also a monk, a Dominican!

Angelico, truly, had his consecration to art from above. All, or almost all, his heads, whether male or female, are associated, indeed, with monastic life; and it is easy to discover in them the common grain of the originals. Yet, such was the charity of the Artist, who saw nothing worse in others than was lodged in his own fair soul, that the spectator, standing before his work, feels as if the occupants of Abraham's bosom had assumed their spiritual bodies, and come down among men.

The Chapel painted by him, at the appointment of Nicolas V., was, by an accident (for service had just been performed), redolent of incense as the pilgrim once entered, an homage, it seemed, to the monk who, with the love of her of the box of spikenard, had poured out his genius on the walls. Might the saintly Fra have been himself the Stephen whom he here leads through his course to the stoning, he would certainly have suffered with the radiant face bestowed on the martyr. At the cells of San Marco in Florence, fitted for his conventual brothers, it is touching to find Angelico, in order to express the grief of St. Thomas, St. John, and Mary the sister of Lazarus at the Cross, covering their faces with their hands, the measure of sorrow being given by the pressure

of the fingers on the eyes! The temper of the Dominican is yet more pathetically seen in one of his Crucifixions, wherein not only is the converted Thief represented sweet, calm, adoring, but the poor reviler on the other side, if evidently miserable, is not put beyond hope. The soldiers, in a fresco of the Garden of Gethsemane, who are about to lay hands on the Saviour, might be taken for amiable, compassionate men, indisposed for the task. Judge and executioner in 'San Lorenzo' of the Vatican,—so unable was the Fra to decipher, or rest in, wickedness,—look like God's angels, mysteriously accomplishing His will, and, even in the moment of crime, beings for whom the heart must yearn.

The ashes of Angelico lie in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva at Rome, overshadowed by vast sepulchral piles of cardinals, teeming with allegorical figures. But, as the pilgrim, drawn to his tomb by veneration for the fervid soul who once owned the dust within it, sought his way in the recess where it is, the surrounding monuments, with all their voices, had, in comparison, nothing to say to him. A form in thin relief on the wall, standing, and clothed in the habit of a Dominican, if void of all ornament, showed in the face the sincerity and devoutness practised by the saintly monk. The visitor, asking of Sovereign Grace the same fidelity to his mission as animated Angelico, fixed his eyes for a few moments on the effigy, and passed away.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROME, UNDER THE POPES, IN CONNEXION SPECIALLY WITH ITS ANCIENT REMAINS.

The Capitol and Equestrian Statue of Marcus Aurelius.—Modern Romans resembling the Population of the Empire.—Rome, the City of Priests.—A Cardinal at his Carriage Door.—Naples, Florence, Rome discriminated.—Appropriation of Roman Monuments for the Papal Support.—An Illustrative Discourse.—Recoil from Ecclesiasticism to Antiquity.—Hall of Imperial Busts on the Capitol.—Pagan Statuary. — The Cloaca Maxima. — Arch of Titus.—Pantheon.—Colosseum.

THE Capitol, by the time of Marcus Aurelius, had been long shorn of its splendour. Yet the equestrian bronze of the monarch, which now crowns it, is the fit monument for so illustrious a spot. The patriots of the Republic reappeared in the Emperor, when all else had changed; and, under the trappings of despotic power, the fire, the disinterestedness, the simplicity of a Cincinnatus, are felt to shine in his attitude. The forms posted round the imperial commander, although among them are the Dioscuri standing by their horses with the tranquillity of gods, are, morally, of no significance in comparison.

At the same time, what scarcely was to be expected, the race which Aurelius ruled continues to be found in the narrow, winding, intricate thoroughfares of the neighbourhood. Of the plebs at casements hung with clouts to dry, or issuing into the crowded lanes, scores, in another

age, might have given birth to men as good as any of old. A daring temperament animates the features of both sexes, who plant their feet firmly on the ground. What is visible seems to cover a reserved force, which only requires an occasion to demonstrate its presence.

The Romans, indeed, on the average, as if no alien blood had ever been poured into their veins, are still a large, broad-faced folk. In general aspect they resemble the ancient legionaries as seen on the column of Trajan, but smoothed and made plump, often to obesity, by a milder civilisation. Yet while the bulk of the people show some trace of their ancestry, a face is at all times coming into view, so boldly chiselled, that it seems like the living type from which the sculptures were taken. Many a mother, especially in the Trastevere, where claimants of pure origin dwell isolated in the pride of descent, turns up, who might have brought the Gracchi into the world, and has probably furnished sons capable of following Garibaldi on the field. The matron, as Priestess, in the Capitoline Museum, how frequently is she to be beheld among the dames driving along the Corso: round, soft, full, with a dimple in the chin, and an air of distinction imprinted on the whole person! The population of Rome, however, grave though a native of it always looks in presence of a Venetian or a Neapolitan, contrasts with the sombre mien of the city itself. The mountaineers of the Abruzzi and their families, who offer violets on the Pincian or sprawl for hire as models on the Scala di Spagna, are, of course, not to be reckoned; any more than those special kinds of beauty, Asiatic and Greek, traceable to the times of the Empire, when the loveliest forms were attracted from the shores of Ionia. But outside the Porta del Popolo and other gates on a holiday, prior to the Italian occupation as well as since, the foot might wander as it pleased, it came on a lively southern people.

When the Carnival, under the Papacy, threw loose the inhabitants, they were like canaries let out from the cage for an hour; and the mad frolic of the season was then a measure of the weight which commonly hung about their spirits.

For him who visited Rome chiefly on religious grounds, a sad, heavy, even terrible presence, after the papal recovery, cast its shadow on the path, consistent with a peculiar fascination. Rome, in a word, was found to be, as no other city, the city of priests, who enacted a tremendous ecclesiastical pantomime, with the whole area for a stage. The spectators spread off everywhere. The inhabitants themselves were under bondage to the sacerdotal troop, who kept them down by awful penalties, spiritual as well as temporal. Over all this corporation made itself felt; and, affecting to identify itself with the common interest, it strangely held most aloof when the relation pretended to be the closest.

If a priest of the Papacy, whatever be his national prejudices, takes his cue from Rome, it is yet in the city of the popes that the spirit of the institution most perfectly displays itself. It is the same, whether embodied in the dapper student of the Propaganda, the frowsy Capuchin, the haughty Dominican, the gentlemanly metropolitan confessor, or in any higher grade of the caste, up to the supreme pontiff himself.

The wanderer once chanced to be standing by the Arch of Constantine, as a closed carriage of state drew up.

Who might it be that, with the aid of a lacquey on either side, descended, back foremost, presenting a small, thin, aged form, and, turning slowly round, took the stranger in with a glance which might be singled out from all the looks ever cast by ordinary men?

It was a Prince of the Church, a Cardinal Bishop, who, from his years, had possibly dropped his vote into the urn at the

election of more than one pope. Every movement spoke of a man who had mixed in the best society, nay, might have sat at table with emperors. But the eye was enough to brand him as a member of the priesthood, wondrously governed in its expression by that appalling churchmanship, which, for the sake of a system, can root out nature, alter some elements and force others, bind the strongest passions, and pour the whole being into a single channel. The same ocular aspect, how different soever the order and various the maturity of its formation, haunts the streets at every foot, is observed on the watch in the sylvan grounds of the Borghese, and discloses itself in Caffès and other public resorts. It is impossible, indeed, to enter into conversation with priests (and none are readier or more affable than they, even showing a woman's delicacy of manner), without finding in the ranks all varieties of gift and accomplishment, as well as, often, pious sincerity. But, subordinated as the class is to a pontiff, now declared infallible, it resembles the figures on an ancient Greek pediment, with a single central personage erect, and the rest forced to bend, stoop, fall, or even lie prostrate, according to the exigencies of their part.

The sojourner in Rome, however, received another impression, which comes back and back on him, ever affecting the mind with subtle evidences of calculation. It was derived from the pontifical tinge given to everything.

The hue perfectly steeps St. Peter's, as already recognised in the discussion of that temple; but, on all, the Priest has prominently put his mark. Wherever the eye turned, it was filled with his image and superscription; so that the City was like a palace built through many generations, on the whole furniture of which the relative in possession,—although others there were, absent, having a family interest in it,—had affixed his seal: parchments being claimed, cabinets of curiosities, sculptures, ruins, even memorials of folly and

vice without regard to their import. The same spirit of appropriation has been propagated to every Catholic country. But, as far as modern political changes have left things as they were, it is here that its action stands out on the very face, absorbing other traits into itself or casting them into the shade.

Naples, sunny Naples, in consonance with her Greek origin, is more a child of the senses.

Florence, a city of the Middle Ages, has a warm air of worship, but broadly different from the trivial fanaticism of the south. All about her being homogeneous, put together by Christian hands, makes a uniform impression. But, in the Romish capital, if the Church wears a look of moderation in any comparative estimate, the restraint which it there imposes on itself, is, in fact, the means by which it has always striven to lay its spell on the mind. A sense of religious temperance springs up, not only from the stateliness of the ceremonies, with the accordant etiquette of a court which keeps back from the altar on occasions when the chief Pontiff functions all not dressed in frock coat and white cravat; but from the anomalous mixture of objects adopted by it, objects ancient and recent, of pagan origin as well as Christian, things fabulous not less than historical. In short, every period, since the Mamertine Prison had its enduring vaults laid deep in the vicinity of the Forum on to the day when Carlo Maderno fixed the last statue on the façade of St. Peter's, and downwards, contributes to this effect.

The Colosseum, towering on his path as the pilgrim first passed within the city, was found converted into a Calvary, with a cross in the middle of the arena, offering a hundred days of indulgence for a single kiss. But, acknowledging the transformation of the amphitheatre as natural, he was struck, on examination, with the number of the popes who had hurried to affix their names on their shares of what

had been done for its preservation. If the history of the Flavian ruin be searched, the wearers of the Tiara, it will be seen, were not always so zealous in holding it up, or they were ready to turn it to the basest uses. One proposed to change into shops the arcades of this brilliant Christian trophy. Another actually made stores out of its cells. Another, worst of all, authorised his patrician nephews to build palaces of its stones, winning for his nepotism a curse from the Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Empire. At length, the instinct of the Papacy, in the person of Clement X., finding out its true end, it became an oratory, and indirectly served to prop the pontificate. The Forum, it need not be said, has its own ineffable interest, constantly growing with every square foot of excavation. But, now, the more the bases of columns once lost in the accumulation of soil are laid bare, it is odd, if also pleasant, to observe how Christian churches, within the famous space, have throned themselves in the skeletons of pagan temples, calling to mind the honeycomb within the ribs of Samson's lion, or, although the fancy may be of questionable taste, the tipsy Stephen ensconced above the prostrate carcase of Caliban. St. Lorenzo in Miranda is encamped within the cella and portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina. Adjoining it, the ancient church of Cosma and Damiano has got the circular fane of Remus turned into a vestibule, with porphyry columns saved from the ruin for door jambs. To complete a view of the practice, besides the round church of St. Toto, thought to have been a temple of Vesta,—and, so as not to be behind-hand with it, effecting cures like it one day in the week,—it may be only added how, with the church of Santa Francesca Romana on the Via Sacra, the Convent leans against the huge remains of the Temple of Venus, or, rather, is embraced by them. The Mamertine Prison, moreover, now a chapel, welcomes a visitor by a

small curious marble relief over a low doorway, representing Peter and his Keys, with his companion Paul holding a drawn sword, who peer through a grating; while, within, on dropping down the staircase, a dint of the Fisherman's features,— nose, chin, eyebrows, — crushed against the wall by the gaoler, is pointed out. If all had been consecrated to the honour of that Faith which is the common basis of Christendom, the fitness of the argument might have touched even a sceptic. But these vestiges of early dominion, whether by the ambitious title of Pontifex Maximus and the papal insignia appearing on them in their converted form, or otherwise, have been warped to the support of a local figment, and, as they stand, are scarcely else than webs of the Romish spider to catch simpletons for its acknowledgment.

Other ancient monuments of every various kind have been exposed to the same fate,—led in triumph to a system, like captives of old dragged at the wheels of a victor. Obelisks, conveyed from Egypt, the land of Mystery, before popes existed in embryo even, have got tipped with crosses, and are made to look like papal spoil, although their hieroglyphics, for aught known, may be silently protesting against the suggestion. The columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, purged from all impiety as the legend on their pedestals makes them say, are devoted to St. Peter and St. Paul, with the effigies of the Apostles given the places of the fallen Emperors. The Pantheon, with the exquisite bronze ceiling of its portico melted in the pot by Urban the Eighth to compose the baldaquin of St. Peter's, retains only its name to remind the spectator of its original destination, while its floor is trodden by priests ministering at altars of the conquerors. Objects, like public fountains, which, being in piazzas mostly, are circled by crowds come for fresh air in the summer evenings, could not be without the mark; and, accordingly, they bear either the papal keys, or some

other sign of the sort, to keep in mind the presiding genius. What shows the license granted to itself by the Papacy in this appropriation, as if abortions of the heathen could be sanctified by papal use, the central door of St. Peter's, opening against the High Altar, has on its borders the mythological abominations of Leda and Ganymede, as well as other similar devices, mixed with busts of Emperors, obviously once forming the fringe of some ancient Roman gate.

At Orvieto, on the high road from Rome northward, the pilgrim, entering the Cathedral on one occasion, found a Canon from Todi haranguing some youths in ecclesiastical livery, who were training for the priesthood. A few old folk sat on the bases of adjacent pillars, but beyond a cord which fenced off the aspirants to the tonsure; and, taking a place among the exoterics, the stranger gave his best heed to the spectacle. Spectacle, really, it was, appealing as much to the eye as to the ear, and to the material organs equally with the spiritual. But, as an oration, the performance had far higher qualities than those which affect only the senses.

The discourse, in sooth, was a characteristic instance of Roman preaching. The speaker pronounced it with fulness of sound, in which the *r* (an example of Dante's *bocca romana*) was roughed with a mutter which broke like thunder in the surrounding chapels. As the Canon advanced in the address, warming to his work, he hid away in the sleeves of his mantle his impassioned countenance for a moment, and again burst on the juveniles, as if the archangel Michael had been commissioned to exhort a band of seraphs. In this whirlwind of action, the orator pictured among other historical commonplaces the victory of the Cross at the Milvian Bridge, resembling, in so doing, the Apostles at Pentecost, when they pushed forth in serried array free, powerful notices of facts connected with Jerusalem. The listener, considering the influence of such allusions, could not but be sensible of the

advantage of preaching on a soil where Christianity won so many of its early conquests, and could receive illustration from localities familiar from childhood; and he adverted, with envy, to the force of reference which can thus be made to the past, with its saints, its persecutions, its hosts of martyrs.

In Rome, the whole ground stirs with these reminiscences. Arches of Triumph marking decisive epochs in the history of the Church, the substructions of the Palatine, the shattered galleries of the Amphitheatre, every mound, every stone of the city lifts up a voice in the ear of the Christian, whatever be his special confession, as he broods among its monuments, the living confounded with the dead, the present woven into the frame of the past. As one place of worship was visited after another, and a way groped for by the entrant like the Florentine among the shades of the Inferno, a strange tremour sometimes fluttered at the heart. But always, as with the Italian seer, in moments of perplexity, words of assurance rose in the spectral darkness. Like him, too, the explorer returned from the gloomy circles, bringing back increased peace. Rome is a palimpsest, on which the Pontiff has copied his homily, which is what first chains the eye, and, where fancy or conscience has got ensnared, may ever retain it. But, beneath, lie the traces of an imperishable revelation, still legible to him who, glancing through the incumbent fable, penetrates to the Divine message. The message, happily, whatever be its language, whether speaking by a bust, or a fresco, or the inscriptions of a catacomb, is one which no sect can exclusively claim, no mind can consider without passionate interest. With the real and pious observer, the most vivid of all impressions in Rome will be emphatically this,—that, as regards art or antiquities, while everything has been grasped for the support of a single despotic hierarchy, there is little worth having which is not the common heritage of Christendom.

At times, in the metropolis of the Pope, even during ceremonies which might be expected to raise the spirit, a visitor finds the wings droop, and, alas for the confession! is fain to look behind Ecclesiastical Rome to Pagan for relief. Coming every now and then, in the very heart of the modern city, on the remains of an Empire, the theatre and traditions of which alone made possible the Papacy—its crowned Ghost sitting on its grave, as Hobbes for once rightly says, —the wanderer was often led to speculate on their lessons, and try, by them, the circle of opinion within which the Church attempts to hold the mind. The dynasty absorbed in the blood, dating from Romulus, goes at least twice as far back for its beginning; and if the attraction of Rome for travellers, its power to inspire a mysterious yet enthralling awe, be analysed, it will be found to have its source rather in that wondrous line which expired in giving birth to the Papacy, than in this child of its decrepitude. Rome is like the museum of an extinct world, holding on its floors the gigantic skeletons of mammoth and flying lizard, as well as other forms of ancient life, but exhibiting nothing which has not survived in a modern species.

'Why do I stand so long over against this effigy?' once exclaimed the pilgrim within himself, as he looked on the face of Marcus Aurelius in the Capitoline collection, and became aware that his thoughts and sympathy had been lifted far away from the ecclesiastical city of the hour. 'How is it,' he added, glancing excitedly round the hall of the imperial busts, 'that, among the Emperors, I breathe more freely than was done a day ago in a church, over the altar of which are inscribed the words, *Sacred to the name of Jesus?*' The soliloquist had not forgotten that the Stoic ruler caused followers of Christ to be persecuted. In the features of the philosopher, however, what a fair, open expression beams, shining with truth, the sentiment of

justice, and natural piety! Nor does Aurelius stand alone in the class to which he belongs. If his predecessor Antoninus Pius, has, in his face, as he had in his life, less of the speculatist, the fine rounded forehead of equal development crowning the other traits, while it imparts to the countenance an air of greater simplicity, gives assurance that the generaliser of the laws of his Empire was no simpleton. The effect is of a man just and religious, not from policy but conviction, whose theology, so to say, had its spring in the heart rather than in the head. The brow is without a wrinkle; it is, indeed, unusually smooth; and, free of anxiety, free of solicitude, he looks to welcome the thoughts which bubble out of his righteous being. Nerva, too short-lived for so virtuous a prince, wears, in his aspect, a fine severity blended with mundane wisdom. Vespasian exhibits a broad, honest sense. The Emperors, generally, in a word, professed to be what they were; and if the mention of Caligula, or Nero, suffices to prove what madness sometimes raged in the blood of the Cæsars, yet the world has never seen men, in their situations, of greater dignity than Trajan, or more accomplished than Hadrian. But, whatever were the vices and crimes which marred so many whose shoulders the purple covered, it is easier to tolerate the Emperors, victims of circumstances in so much, than men who have turned the sweetest and most blessed Name known into a byword, and, like a community of vermin, thriven on the moral losses of others.

In the same saloon Agrippina the Good, its cynosure, seated composedly in the midst, resembles a modern British lady, not through any external badge, but from the breeding evident in every line. The countenance looks calmly out beneath a fair-proportioned brain, with the hair braided round the head, the ears small, the nose of Roman mould, the eyes turned up, trembling with the memory of a lost image, alone of the day capable of filling a great woman's heart, and the

terrible sense of having given birth to a son who seemed the monstrous spawn of hell rather than to be of earth: for Germanicus, her spouse, the noblest Roman of the time, lay dead, murdered; Caligula, her demon-offspring, lived. How simply one sandalled foot lies over the other, a trait which, along with the droop of the left hand by the seat's back and the folds even of the tunic, speaks of the same polished soul that gleams in the face, although the tear and wear of her lot have left their sad traces!

If Adrian the Sixth, a mirror of all virtues according to a contemporary portrait, comes to mind on passing through the Capitoline Museum, the contrast, on going out, between this pope, who pointed with scorn to the most affecting of all dramatic sculptures, the Laocoon, as an idol, and Clement the Twelfth, whose small, pinched, but refined bust presides over the collection, will scarcely fail to strike a visitor. Clement founded the Museum; and, as the inscription says, it was in order to give room to ancient monuments for the *Bonarum Artium Incrementum*,—the growth of the Fine Arts. Of all problems, the most difficult, probably, to solve, is, how far risks may be run to have the arts as handmaids to piety. The question, however, is still more perplexing, when it regards a body of works, the product of paganism, containing among them, not only illustrations of a false mythology, but subjects gross and offensive to a plain moral rule. Any embarrassment does not seem to have been felt by Pope Clement.

Below the benefactor's effigy in the court, a sublime case of personification, in Ocean's recumbent statue (formerly called Marforio, for on it the respondent of the witty Pasquin was wont to post his answers), gives no pretext for captiousness. The mystery of the sea broods in the slumberous face, and its majesty clothes the colossal form, which looks capable of at once wakening up into a storm. At the same

time, close by, in niches, on either side, as if papal stewards, a couple of shaggy satyrs stand on hoofy extremities, with a basket of grapes on each horned head. What tries Christian digestion, directly opposite is a Silenus, or whatever one pleases to take him for, a fat, paunchy old fellow, on one knee, with a huge skin of wine on his shoulder; but, heavy though the burden is, so happy, so blessed, is he in it, he hastens to rise and bear it home. A companion for him is not far off, a withered hag, squatted on the ground, tipsy, ready to put to her mouth a brimming jug, which she grasps hard as if afraid to have it snatched away. The bones and veins of the neck, from age, all start out. But she shouts into the air, with the jollity and abandonment of a youthful bacchante.

As the wanderer, one day, was sunning himself on the broken piles of the Ponte Rotto, allowing the eye vaguely to explore the slopes of Mount Aventine beyond, a sense of the importance of antiquity stole on him with unusual force. The Cloaca Maxima, opening just below into the Tiber, was then draining, as it had begun to do as far back as a hundred and fifty years from the foundation of Rome, the valley between the Capitol and the Palatine. Still its arch, with its three concentric courses of uncemented masonry, looked as it looked to the subjects of Tarquinius Priscus, giving the mind a shock as a time was realised long before St. Paul, in chains, was brought to Rome. A block of granite, indeed, speaks with an older voice. But whatever the hand of man has appropriated and formed to his uses, comes home to all bosoms, though his work does not transport the fancy as far into the past. In the case of the Cloaca, a common sewer, yet for that reason closely connected with municipal progress, the firm curve, rising above the yellow flood, caught attention before the name was thought of. But, as it came to mind that it must be the mouth of the great kingly drain,

an additional impulse was felt to let ancient Rome mingle its influence with the present.

The Arch of Constantine, already noticed along with the Emperor, ponderously commemorates the overthrow of Maxentius and the settlement of the Church. If this monument, however, has its own grave importance, belonging, nevertheless, rather to Christian than heathen history, the explorer specially loved to stand by the Arch of Titus, which the Senate and People of Rome erected to keep in mind the conquest of Jerusalem; and, beneath its vault, while some mendicant hanging about was sure to come up for a bajocho, muse on that early dispensation of miracle which merged in a dispensation still more miraculous. So close was the event with all its mighty significance brought by the memorial, that he who looked on the sculptured reliefs of its piers, imperfect though their condition be, could not do so without emotion. On one side is seen the strong onward tread of the victors, crowned with bay, and triumph in their expression, as they carry the famous seven-branched Candelabra and other sacred vessels of the Jew on their broad shoulders, unconsciously taking out of the way, with the frightful force of blind law, what had accomplished its object. On the opposite side, again, the Emperor appears proudly pre-eminent in his car, a Victory behind holding a wreath over his brows, while in front march the lictors with their fasces. At the time of scanning the arch on one of several occasions, it was forcibly remembered how the new phase of religion, by the Gospel, had already begun for the declaimers of the Forum, as the monument to the conclusion of its period of Law was raised; and how that Faith was soon to root itself in the power and resources of the Empire, proving always its might, if also the tendency of man to blend it with his cruel ambition.

Of the many architectural remains at Rome worthy of

attention, two are so resplendent above others in interest, that they have been reserved for the conclusion of this survey.

One is, the Pantheon, familiar by name to everybody: the temple, as the name denotes, in which were congregated, under the presidence of Jupiter Capitolinus, the shrines of all the national deities made captive with their worshippers by the Roman Eagles. Agrippa, it was, the most solid man of the empire in the time of Augustus, who took it into his head to rear it. Since its origin, shut up for ages, it became hemmed off from the foot of man by the crowd of habitations built against it. But, at last, in the beginning of the seventh century, it was rescued from neglect by Boniface the Fourth, and, with permission of the Emperor Phocas, dedicated as a church to the Virgin Mary and all the Saints. At present, though service is celebrated, it is virtually a depositary for the illustrious dead. Its form is known to all: a vast dome-crowned rotunda, lit from a circular aperture above and the stray beams entering from the lofty doorway. The approach is under a portico of corinthian columns, which have won the admiration of all critics; but many have been the positive injuries suffered by the fane, which would have disfigured the beauty of most other noble edifices. Its marble casings have been pilfered to embellish forgotten mansions; the gilt bronze tiles of the cupola, which inspired a line to Virgil, were torn off by the Emperor Constans the Second; and, as already said, the baldaquin of St. Peter's owes its metal to the ceiling of the portico. The grandeur of the Pantheon, however, is intrinsic, and will survive as long as the bricks stand together which give it shape; preserving its native dignity like a discrowned monarch, who, chancing to be exposed to all forms of ill fortune, yet, in every situation, darts the same princely glance which electrified the courtiers while still on the throne.

As the portico is entered, it is not how little, but how great the visitor is made by the stateliness of the columns. From the obelisk in the piazza, the pillars have an air of smallness coming out against the capacious dome behind; but this apparent diminutiveness is an excellence, for it is symmetrical with their place in the building. Approach, however, walk under them, the chest heaves and breathes with an exciting expanse of volume. The columns, so grand in their impression, strangely seem like colossal attendants, who, standing back at the passage of a guest, give him a sense of distinction as in a nobleman's palace.

The interior arrests the foot at the very gates; for the great cupola at once breaks on the eye, and, before an advance can be made, an exclamation on its beauty instinctively escapes from the heart. The opening in the roof was, at the moment of entrance on one occasion, filled with the remnants of dark, angry clouds which had just broken, wetting the flags below it; but a ray, piercing through, had been caught on one of the soffets, and it was felt how nature and the old Roman rotunda agreed together.

At sunfall, once, sitting down, wearied, on one of the kerbs fencing round the fountain of the piazza, fancy insensibly restored the assembly of the gods forced to keep the peace in the rotunda. The whole place was buzzing with the crowds which swept past; but nothing broke the revery, until a priest, strutting along with a sombre portliness, fixed the eye, which, again, fixed thought on his order. At the same moment it was observed that ecclesiastics of every kind were in view, coming in and vanishing. Companies, too, of youths in a livery of black and purple, under the supervision of an usher, crossed, giving by the frequency of the sight in both directions the impression of a theatre, as the same band passes and repasses on the stage.

A couple of young gentlemen, jurists it seemed, airing

themselves, took a seat beside the observer, when they were asked by him, Who, exactly, composed all these processions?

'Embryos of priests,' was the answer of one of them. The other added with a bitter sneer, 'And the future enemies of progress!'

To comprehend such a society of deities as that of the Pantheon, it must not be forgotten that, when the Romans subdued a people, they did not destroy their worship, but brought the god of the country captive, and placed his image in the common receptacle. At the time of the Blessed Saviour's appearance, giving origin to modern history, the world was in amity throughout the Roman Empire, an empire which extended east and west from the Euphrates to the Grampian Mountains, and from the frontier of the Rhine and Danube, on the north, southwards to the sandy Sahara of Africa. As a citizen of Rome, accordingly, stole into the Pantheon, the first and sovereign object which might attract notice, would be the figure of Jupiter Capitolinus, with the same or a similar sublime head like his in the Vatican, posed in front. Greece, doubtless, had its gods of surpassing grace among the number. Apollo, who rode in the chariot of the Sun, Diana of the Moon, Venus the lovely Cyprian who was born of the foam of the sea, and a host of minor deities. Moloch of Carthage, and the Egyptian Osiris and Isis, with a hundred others, too, were enrolled in friendship together, acknowledging that their forces had expired, and that the world was ready for a new revelation.

As for the other memorable monument, the Flavian Amphitheatre, the Colosseum,—probably the most impressive of ruins,—feelings awakened as it was first looked on have come back again and again with ever greater sway.

The effect was not accidental, the attraction remains; and, to test its power, the pilgrim, after the lapse of years, loitering in the arena at evening twilight, the owlet hooting, the

bat abroad on its noiseless wing, the grass and wild flora among the benches waving in the pulses of the breeze, took his way in the direction of the Lateran, and stood once more in awe where his step had been formerly arrested. It was again as it had been before, when, like the poet from across the Atlantic,[1]—

> 'At length,—at length,—after so many days
> Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
> (Thirst for the springs of lore that in it lay,)
> He knelt, an altered and an humble man,
> Amid its shadows; and so drank, within
> His very soul, its grandeur, gloom, and glory.'

One visit specially lingers in the mind. The moon, just rounding to her spousal fulness, was high up, and remnants of cloud, rolled together from the day's rain, floated in the lunar light, when, leaving the throngs which choked the narrow pavement of the Corso, the Forum was struck into by way of the pillar of Trajan. As the Arch of Severus and the portico of the Tabularium beyond, surrounded by the massive columns of the temples of Saturn and Vespasian, rose to view, while the foundations of the temple of Concord where the Senators gathered up their dignity were known to sleep among the black depths below, the wanderer could not but ponder on the past, lost in the ages represented in that span of ground immortalised by the Kings, the Republic, and the Empire.

On passing under the Arch of Titus, which occupies the crest of the road going from the Forum to the Colosseum, wild guffaws burst on the ear, and soon the stroller found himself among a band of young Romans, who seemed to have expressly come as a foil to the sentiment of the spot. A carriage drove leisurely down on the road also to visit the amphitheatre. At its appearance, the gay, rollicking party,

[1] Edgar Poe.

acting an assault of brigands, sprang to the horses' heads which they affected to lay hold off, tossed their short cloaks about, howled, and made as if going to rush on the pair within; then caught themselves up, and wheeled off with shouts of laughter in which interjections of broken English after a comical fashion, a Yes! All right! Good evening! set the echoes of Mount Palatine astir with the mocking syllables.

At the same instant the Colosseum stood forth, blocking the whole sky in front with its enormous bulk. In vain the mind, expanding itself on the curve round and soaring upwards, strove to exhaust its sublimity. At the entrance where a French sentinel was then posted, was a file of equipages. So far from being sacred to solitude, accordingly, as had been inconsiderately hoped for, swarms of visitors, chiefly British, and their cousins of the United States (for when are such absent where anything exists with the interest of history?) were already in possession. Every now and then the torch of a company, clambering among the arches above, flashed through some gap, startling the shadows, when shapes of hats and bonnets flickered in sight, or a face looked out, as often with the delicate features of woman as those of the male sex. The next moment, the same spectral forms, reversed, were seen withdrawing arm in arm. Others who had finished the circuit, thoughtfully leant against some fallen pillar in the arena, or sat together in conversation on the steps of the Cross, as yet still in the centre. A softer feeling will not be absent, even in such a place, mixing with sterner sensations; and, as it now happened, a gentleman was overheard whispering to the lady by his side a snatch of song, once popular, about 'Oft in the stilly night!'

The Colosseum, as all know, has the shape of an ellipse, which, by giving to the eye a greater axis in one direction than in the other, takes off the constraint of a circle. In its

structure, moreover, what fills the imagination, and at the same time arouses it, is the fact of the tiers sloping up behind one another, so as to catch the view away with them ever farther and higher. This effect the Colosseum has in common with other ancient amphitheatres, as those of Capua and Verona ; but its grandeur of size and its associations lift it out of all comparison. A city, and such a city as Rome, was accommodated in it, a hundred thousand spectators thronging its benches and the wooden storeys towering over them. To those who approached during the glory of the Empire, when greedy spoilers had not yet ravished its ornaments, the surface of the prodigious orb glittered with a crust of marble; its arches, in rows rising to the summit, were peopled with the statues of heroes and demigods ; and its gaping vomitories opened for the mixed crowd an easy passage to their places as well as exit from them. All that the tributes of a hundred vassal nations could supply, equally adorned, and added to the comforts of, the interior. Precious stones, laid in mosaic, enriched the boundaries which separated the various orders ; and, while a canopy, drawn on occasion across the spacious area, shielded from the sunbeams, fountains of cool water, tempered by the odours of aromatic shrubs, preserved from languor the most effeminate spirits.

But the fascination of the Amphitheatre, with the Romans, lay not in its harmless luxury. Blood, the blood of their fellows, more even than that of bird and beast, witnessed rushing from a thousand gashes, raised the excitement to intoxication, to frenzy. The sight produced a madness while it lasted, but the effect did not end at the moment. With more than the awful magnetism of a mäelstrom, or the throw of dice for a votary of the gaming-table, it conquered the firmest will, as St. Augustine so pathetically describes in the case of a Christian youth known to him. The sport, which gave a special significance to it as a sign of the civi-

lisation of Rome, was not confined to the mob. Consuls and senators, emperors themselves, sat enthroned as presidents, even, as with Commodus, descending into the arena against ineffectively armed opponents, and, boasting in the title and *rôle* of Hercules, bringing down in hundreds the racing, flying ostrich and the panther on the spring. Dames of noblest descent, forgetful of their womanhood, were drawn in to share the cruel insanity. To crown the barbarism of the orgies, it was a vestal virgin who, raising or lowering the thumb, according to the capricious beat of the pulse, decided the fate of the fallen.

As the pilgrim entered by one of the sombre porticoes which pierce the shell, and the arena, in the gushing moonshine, opened on him all at once, the vision of a vanished day came up, as probably has happened to every serious visitor of these precincts. In the present case, the Gladiator was himself, and the time was the day of dedication, before the sights of the amphitheatre had grown familiar. Yet it was not lion or panther from the cells below which, in fancy made him shrink, though, affamished, the ravenous brute bounded, or crouched for the spring. Nor was it, what was more to be shunned, the art of a human antagonist, whose sense that he must either kill, or be killed, would nerve his arm. But it was, what hung above, a city of faces peering down from those buzzing heights; all complex passions strained to the utmost one moment, and the next heaving convulsively like waves when the winds have blown off. Christians, as the scene shifted from an ordinary festival to a festival of the martyrs, were beheld brought forth for sport to this terrible congregation. Ignatius had here banqueted the lions, let loose on him in the time of Trajan. Feminine slaves, tossed on the horns of bulls, had calmly met their fate in the hope of a glorious immortality. But, centuries ago, such assemblies ceased, and, with them, the sport itself, a

monk of Egypt, by giving himself up an offering to his zeal against its horrors, leading to its abolition; and, now, pursuers of knowledge from all lands, the stripling and the fair mingled with graver personages, were spread among the ruins.

As the dreamer retired step by step, and was already casting a last glance from the outside, he was startled by obstreperous mirth, and became aware that Young Rome, which had been met by the Arch of Titus, had penetrated within. The noise seasonably reminded him, as it may have done others, that there is a present not less than a past—a fact of wide significance and application, though a truism—lest the spirit should grow fantastic by giving itself over to the spell of antiquity, instead of living also for modern wants.

CHAPTER IX.

ADIEU TO ROME, WITH REFLECTIONS AMONG THE APENNINES.

Departure by the Porta Angelica.—Anxious State of Rome at the time.—Meditation on the Idea aimed at in the Papal Capital.—Sought to be realised by subtle accommodations.—Church of the Domine, Quo Vadis.—Scala Santa.—Santissimo Bambino.—Relation of the Papal Idea to the Aims of Christ and His Apostles.—Modes of Attraction in Churches.—A Festa at Messina.

ON his wanderings, the pilgrim, like others doubtless, has often felt the difficulty of breaking away from spots signalised by great or hallowed events. Rome, in such, with whatever deductions, has no superior, except of course Jerusalem, which, as the scene of the Divine Passion, is involved with the triumphs and consolations of all Christendom.

But the period of his first sojourn in the City of the Seven Hills, falling as it did when its Republic had to meet a foe at the gates, made separation from it easier. The interval between the retreat of Oudinot, the French commander, and his return with reinforcements, was improved for leaving a town unpropitious to peaceful objects. At eventide he passed out by the Porta Angelica with the face northwards, doubtful whether the risk was greatest within the walls or beyond them. If the Consulates were well informed, a traveller was at that time exposed to the attacks of brigands prowling in the Campagna, all the more likely to waylay him that the city could not afford even a semblance of protection.

As the pilgrim withdrew, he did so in haste; for, like the Israelites of the Exodus, those who proposed to leave had to hold themselves ready girt and march on a moment's notice; nor was he longer inclined to give heed to anything unconnected with his exit. But when the Porta Angelica was left behind, the eye spontaneously turned to the Dome of St. Peter's,—the World's Cathedral, says Hawthorne with poetic exaggeration; and as the fane rose aloft in the evening air, it was for once accepted as a type of the common Christianity. At the side, on the left, was Monte Mario with its dark yews; the path lay by the road which runs below it; and while night began to settle over the wild landscape, the fugitive pursued his course, glad to be gone, although, as a solitary pedestrian, far from assured how it might fare with him.

Days had flown, varied only by the inquiries of anxious curiosity concerning Rome all along the road, when the wanderer, now climbing the lower elevations of the Apennines, found his impressions of the City come away free of accidental circumstances. All took shape in his mind under the stimulus of the mountain air; and dropping subordinate questions, he asked and asked himself, What might be the worth of the idea aimed at in the papal capital?—an idea which goes back for its origin into the obscurity and confusion of the Middle Ages. No chord in his breast sounded in unison with the eulogium pronounced over the Holy Chair by the amiable and seraphic Lacordaire. The Dominican, as he wrote,[1] seems to have looked on the metropolis through a golden haze, which, for him, touched pollution itself with glory. As little, however, was the traveller prepared to coincide with Boccaccio's Jew of Paris, in whose case the corruption of the Hierarchy, from pope downwards, convinced him of the truth of Christianity, as no religion, if not of God (he

[1] 'Lettre sur le Saint Siége.' 1833.

whimsically reasoned), could subsist in such a soil. If on sight of the city, the pilgrim might have adopted with Luther the ancient pilgrim-hymn, exclaiming, 'I salute Thee, O holy Rome, venerable for the blood and tombs of the Martyrs,' he equally felt himself in sympathy with the reforming zeal of the Augustinian Monk. But willing for the moment to wave all controversy on points difficult to verify; and supposing (a very large supposition!) priests, monks, nuns, with all other ecclesiastics—the Pontiff included—to have reached the poor maximum of human excellence; was the Form of Faith exhibited by them, he asked, the highest Christian product, or, by a fatal bias, had it gone ever more and more in a false direction?

To express all in a sentence, as the subject was pondered on the journey, the Papacy, so far as it was protested against by the insurgent Romans, seemed to have been aiming to turn the City into a Church. Had nothing besides been striven for than a general Christianisation, what might have been the joy in Heaven over the pious work! But the purpose obviously was, to put all human affairs into ecclesiastical hands, and make laymen slaves of Sacerdotalism, rather than Sons of God.

The streets themselves of Rome, in this effort, had been ecclesiasticised,—baptised with the names of Jesus, the Holy Ghost, Mary, as well as Saints such as Ignatius, Lorenzo, and others of both sexes in the Calendar. Everywhere, too, along the ways, shrines planted at conspicuous points gave them a religious aspect. The thoroughfares, accordingly, might be regarded as nave and aisles of a Cathedral, in which Devotion, as it pleased, could make an offering. If a procession, large or small, came along bearing the Viaticum, the same reverence was imposed on bystanders as in a Sanctuary; hats, at the passage of the Host, had to be doffed, and knees bent on the hard pavement. Vergers held essen-

tially the same office as *gens d'armes;* Cardinals became Ministers of State; Priests and Deacons farmed taxes; and the Police was directed by a Monsignore or other dignitary, who punished ecclesiastical as civil offences, and thrust him specially into the stocks who criticised a dogma, or showed want of respect for the sacraments. The Sistine Chapel and St. Peter's when the Pope officiated, were regarded (and still are) as Reception Rooms of His Sanctity, and the Swiss in attendance, blazing in their yellow and red pompons, vigorously, sometimes brutally, enforced the dress-coat. The World, in short, was compelled to conform to the Church, so that, as far as practicable, nothing should remain except ecclesiastical life.

If even such a state of things be the ideal of Christianity, the attempt to realise it has been always at a terrible cost. Man, as man, has been counted no more than a hovel in a clearance when, under a despotism, a royal palace has had to be built, or a monument set up to the glorification of the dynasty. Many, moreover, have been the baits thrown out for cajoling people into the tone of the place. The reference now is not to pompous ceremonies, nor to art employed in the service of the Church. It is to subtle accommodations of fable or doubtful story, which form a blind sensation of religion. Every sort of battery has been used for electrifying superstitious ignorance, in order to vivify impressions of papal authority, or add evidence of absorbing favour with Heaven. Such efforts are here spoken of as belonging to the past. But all still exists as it was, as far as can comport with the political changes which have turned Rome into the capital of Italy.

Of the accommodations alluded to, one, in the Church of Domine, Quo Vadis on the Old Appian Way, floats before the eye. The spot is here enshrined where Jesus is said to have turned back Peter, at the time a runaway from cruci-

fixion, and left for worship the traces of His feet. The block which preserves the Divine footprints is in custody apart. But a tablet of marble, a good deal worn, presents an intaglio with this invitation :

'ADORIAMO ✠ IL LOCO.'

To stimulate credulity, a fresco exhibits the fleeing Apostle and the Lord who stops him, while the Saviour in stucco offers a bronze foot to osculants. In a similar taste St. Peter's profile, as elsewhere noticed, stamps the wall of the Mamertine Prison. Of course, by miraculous proofs of the senses, the hypothesis that the Apostle was in Rome is meant to be authenticated, and inferentially certitude is added to the apostolic origin of the Papacy.

Of a similar species of means, an example of still more influence is the famous Scala Santa. Luther, on his visit to Rome, as he himself reports, was making his way up in a fever of devotion, when the words which had before thundered within him ('the Just shall live by Faith'), turned him from his purpose. Pio Nono, on the other hand, performing the same act with a profuse pietism, which, in his case, was as the Vine about the Thyrsus, left a witness of his presence in the adornment of the shrine.

The Scala Santa, or holy staircase, it is proclaimed, is of marble steps which belonged to the House of Pilate. Supernaturally transported to Rome, the relics were imbedded in the Palace of the Lateran, since destroyed by fire. Up these very steps saved from the flames, asserts the legend, the Saviour mounted to the Roman Tribunal; clots of blood—drippings from His wounded Body—offered to the eyes, still stain them; and an ample Indulgence tempts and rewards him who climbs to the top on his knees, the only acceptable manner in which the ascent can be made.

At the portico as the pilgrim approached, while a Frate hastened forward blandly begging for the Shrine, a crowd of votaries swarmed, pushing in and out. By a lateral staircase the landing was soon reached, when a shudder seized the visitor as he thought by what metamorphosis of ideas an operation like that performing on the Scala Santa could grow under the shadow of Him who preached the Sermon of the Mount! The steps were beheld covered with devotees slowly crawling up,—persons of various conditions, though mostly of the poor and middle classes. Some, as they lifted the knee, balanced themselves with difficulty; others instinctively evading the task slipped in the foot for support, but, sensible of the fault, at once corrected it; all moved awkwardly. The aspirants had mostly composed countenances, yet with no light in them; the expression resembled that of the blind who have eyes rolling in vacancy. A certain air of expectation often touched for an instant the features, when the effort to mount left the mind free to consider the bonus; yet how could the prospect of such a gift inspire or elevate religious feeling, or aid in that crucifixion of Sin for which alone the Redeemer stood before Pilate! At the dabs of sanguineous matter which, addressing a morbid appetite, were made to gloom through apertures fenced with glass and an iron grating, the strugglers stopped, and sought as well as they could to imprint a kiss! The kiss varied in character; being little more than a feint in certain instances; being formal in others; while in the case of some who had brought with them piety and credulity together, the pressure of palpitating lips showed the gush of feeling which swayed the sense. If aught, indeed, qualified the scene, it was the circumstance that the Saviour Himself occupied the chief place in the memorial drama. The disposition, however, formed by the performance, must, for the majority, have wholly pointed away from the sacred Life and Commandments.

Over the Altar above, as if to complete the travesty, stand these characters in large:

'NON + EST + IN + TOTO + SANCTIOR + ORBE + LOCVS.'

A yet more seductive instrument of superstition, associated also with the Saviour, is, the Santissimo Bambino of Ara Cœli—a doll of the Child Jesus. Round it, probably, a greater share of warm popular devotion has circled than has fallen to any similar bauble.

The Bambino, the most eminent Physician of Rome as it is rated (holding a diploma for miraculous powers, it is believed), first drew the notice of the wanderer, as one day at the foot of the steps leading up from the Forum to the Capitol, an excited crowd was met rushing about to kiss the sacred babe of wood, or on tiptoe catch at least a glimpse of it. The Fetish—for such it was—was getting borne to its domicile after a professional visit, and a fever of desire to adore it was kindled all along the way. The Doctor drives in its own coach; and on its passage receives the reverent salutations of cardinal and peasant. The Republic of 1849 made a present for its use of the showy State chariot of the fugitive Pope, in room of its own dingy one. But, on the pontifical restoration under the French, when the gift was reclaimed by His Sanctity, the Bambino had to accommodate itself again in the old discarded vehicle.

As the Church of Ara Cœli was once visited with the object of beholding the Bambino at hand, the Custode of the Shrine, a Franciscan of good-natured mien, forthwith proceeded to display it. The Frate behaved towards it as a fond but ceremonious nurse treats a child of Royalty; and royal it is made to be with a crown on the head, rings glittering on the fingers, and gems of every stone inlaid into its gold-embroidered swaddling robe. Preserving all the forms of reverence, the adoring servitor knelt to it, whispered

prayers with joined hands, and then smilingly kissed its fingers and feet. The image, it was gravely explained, was carved from an olive of Gethsemane, but could not get painted by the pious artist until, falling into a trance, lo! through the ghostly interposition of St. Luke, the colours bloomed on lips, cheeks, and eyes. Daily, it was added, no sooner is man, woman, or child sick unto death, than the Bambino is sent for. The face of this infantine idol is in expression not above an ordinary baby's. It is fresh of complexion, having the regular features and smirk of the family of religious dolls, such favourites of a doating devotion.

If now the practices described be forgiven, is it, after all, the Christian Ideal to merge the World in the Church, and make of its populations Saints, not in the Apostolic, but in the fictitious ecclesiastical sense?

Rome, it is true, in lust of dominion, refuses nothing, no nothing; and, like all antiquity, all art, all impulses whatsoever, a place is found for the world also in the general system. But it is allowed to exist only under a law foreign to itself, a condition robbing it of spontaneity, and cribbing its great, broad, majestic development which renders it a mirror to reflect God. Humbled as an independent Witness, Nature is lost to life in wholesome reactive power. Like to the shorn boxwood bushes of Versailles, it suggests, under the Papacy, simply the despotism which has forced a false expression on it. Creation, masked by the Church, addresses man as a histrionic Harper on the stage, who, when his part requires it, affects to strike the instrument in his hand, while the orchestra it is that performs.

As in Bologna the wanderer stood one day before the St. Cecilia of Raphael, he was awakened to thought on observing the former musical possessions of the Saint lie despised at her feet. A clarionet is in pieces; the strings of a violin are snapped; a kettledrum has a rent; tambourine

and cymbals are rolled together in confusion; while the pipe which the maiden holds is reversed, as if still in her hand only by chance or forgetfulness, with loosened tubes about to drop on the ground! If her arrested senses, as she turns towards a seraphic choir above, marked simply the charm of the spiritual world, the lesson would be salutary. But why should this earth and its affluence of gifts which, consecrated, serve as a balance to the mind, and afford motive for the constant homage of thankfulness, be flouted by the disciple? Life, the life illustrative of God, is wide as existence. The displays of it, all over, have as real a part in completing man, as the Mystery of Faith in the middle. Rome, where Raphael worked, probably forced him in particular moments to distort the indifference of the soul to mundane joy on breaking with the sin of it. In any case, in the present portrait, are traces of the false traditionary spirit which breathes in the city, heaping opprobrium on nature instead of sanctifying it. Were St. Paul, who stands by, to fall into speech as he gazes on the shattered viol and other pieces, the Apostle might startle the rhapsodist by asking if, rather than destroy what has its proper roots in man, it would not be better to 'use as not abusing' it. Rubens, treating the same subject, presents a fat portly dame, luxuriously housed, sitting at a chamber organ, with smiling genii bearing roses around her. No noble enjoyment seems wanting to her. Yet a radiance is in her upward glance, obviously showing its source to be in faith, and bringing her all in all closer than the other to that pattern of religion which harmoniously marries Heaven and Earth without confounding them.

A traveller in Italy is continually coming on some monastery which recalls a famous saintly name. When Mount Casino on the edge of the Abruzzi before crossing the Neapolitan frontier appeared in view, the pilgrim wound up

to its top by the zigzag path as old as the time of Benedict himself, the Saint of all in the Calendar who most attracts a scholar. St. Francis of Assisi, also, drew the wanderer to the shrine which his exploits have made celebrated among the hills of Umbria. But these and others can here only have an allusion to themselves, although for several reasons deserving a copious memorial.

If brought to mind how theory and practice in the Church of Rome have stereotyped asceticism, twisting nature for its object into every fantastic form, nothing will surprise more than the worldly elements constantly found in its arrangements. A system working with the force of instinct prevails, which aims to meet all religious wants through the senses. Sanctuaries are estimated accordingly, not by their eminence in the solemnity of worship and preaching, all outwardly—art included—being put in subordination, and room given to rise to the Father of Spirits. In one, distinction is gained by its treasures of jewellery; it is founded in another on the possession of a local tutelary saint working miracles. Some relic, again, exhibited on feasts with special ceremony, forms it may be the charm. A primadonna from the neighbouring opera-house, how notoriously frail soever, is occasionally engaged in cathedrals to give vocal splendour to the Mass and attract audiences which could not otherwise be brought together. He that enters church, if hoping to draw near to God, must often either be constitutionally insensible to external impressions, or bring with him a rare power of reflective piety, so as to control the seductions which court attention. If every picture—and how great is the number!—stamped with foul, or gross, features, or obtruding on the sight a fanatical member of the beatified, were replaced by an apostle, the imposition of images would yet often be such as to exhaust an average store of devotion before the worshipper could

penetrate to the invisible world. A habit, indeed, of stopping short with the senses, even were every appeal just, might still be formed, until no desire should exist which sought satisfaction beyond the walls.

Among illustrative instances, an extraordinary example of worldly taste and what it leads to, was met with at Messina, a notice of which may bring these reflections to a close.

A festa had begun as the pilgrim, strolling through the city—a city where, if a signora appear on the balcony, such often is her fairness, the crimson blossoms which shoot around her seem to spring from herself,—came on the Cathedral, the scene of the celebration.

The long nave was vacant, reserved, manifestly, as a promenade for beauty, which, as the Mass went forward, walked up in sweeping robes. But the aisles swarmed ; and the bases of the old granite columns, along with the altar steps, were occupied by every age for a more commanding view. The chancel, of course, closed the walk ; and as the dames who came up knelt down, they adjusted their dress with careful coquetry, as well as cast glances round on the path gone over to see who were following them. Scarcely, however, was the operation of crossing themselves and repeating the introductory words of their devotions finished, when they joined, as at a musical Café, in a whispering gossip with acquaintances earlier on the ground. Conversation seemed to receive a cheerful fillip from the Service.

At the same time beggars circulated. Some of them, in pursuit of their vocation, pressed up close to the officiating priest, and just avoided treading on his skirts. A paralytic in ragged blouse, shaking a formidable staff before him, even tottered into the midst, and forced an alms by gesticulation as well as by demands, the mutterings of the mendicant mingling with the hum of the Mass. *Gamins* jested in

corners; but as soon as a stranger came in sight, dropping their sport and catching up the tones of abject want, they thronged to him like flies to honey. If ignored, the band resumed play until a fresh face attracted them. Was anything specially odd or tricksome in their frolics, venerable seniors on their knees, simultaneously looking up from their breviaries, would exchange smiles, as if the manœuvre gave a flavour to worship.

Meanwhile, opposite the observer, a confessor of experience was shriving a female penitent. At times the good man, puzzled, scratched his head, and spanned with thumb and little finger the woodwork of the confessional, as a mechanical device apparently for assisting him to make up his mind. But human nature is human nature. At the same moment with the main occupation, the Padre watched all going forward. Specially, however, did he keep one eye for the foreigner, whose thoughts he was evidently trying to divine. The singular impression made by the mixture of everything, was enhanced on scanning the façade. The portal is fringed with a border of elaborate sculpture, which contains urchins among vines and contending in games of school, while monkeys join them in the fun. What profound religious benefit lies enwrapped within these fancies, must be left to any one who holds the clue to them.

STAGE THE FIFTH.

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CHAPTER I.

VENICE AND THE VENETIANS.

Primacy of Rome among the Cities of the West.—Sense of Relief on entering Venice.—Cathedral of St. Mark.—All its Features fix Hope on the Cross.—Requiem.—St. Mark's Day.—Union of Styles in the Architecture of St. Mark's.—Central Porch with its Sculptures.—Vestibule.—Summer Evening on the Piazza.—Palace of the Doges.—Its Halls and their Religious Expression.—Burial of the Doges.—Physical Beauty of the Venetians.—Their Vivacity.—The Gondola.—Uses of it for Business and Pleasure.—A Bridal Festa on the Grand Canal.—Carnival of Venice.—Regatta.—Queen Marguerita's Arrival.

ROME, of the old seven hills by the Tiber, bloated though her visage is with crimes, will, among the cities of the West, for obvious reasons, ever hold the primacy in historic interest. One thing, she had the start of all; her first and most palmy era—the period of the Kings and the Republic—was closed before most other towns of Europe had a name; and, in the Middle Ages, by a special fate of circumstance, she drew from the fallen Empire the means of her civilising mission. To her, consequently, lands grown up under her tutelage, turn with filial gratitude as the source of their institutions; a homage which will continue to be rendered by them even when they have cut the leading strings, and her ecclesiastical rod has become for them a simple relic. But

the air of her streets, charged with a despotic Church system in its most rigorous form, often made the pilgrim droop ; and, pursuing his way across the Apennines homewards, how did he feel all cheerful, as if the sun had broken through a heavy cloud, while he passed within the gates of town after town, Sienna, Florence, Bologna, although each, religiously, owned the Eternal City as Mother.

Of all places on his track, however, Venice it was which afforded the keenest sense of contrast. How deep soever a taint had lain in the terrorism of her oligarchy, when the lion opened its jaws with anonymous denunciations into the awful chamber of the Ten, yet the Queen of the Adriatic caught the whole heart of the wanderer. He could not weary of finding himself on the Piazza of St. Mark, as the breeze came sweeping round from the port, and the dazzling apparition of the Duomo, the Cathedral, hung before him. By any portico under the arcades, as he wished, he could at once lose himself in the delicious ramifications which have here their common trunk, or, in a different humour, slipping into a gondola, get himself swiftly floated to church or palace. From the summit of the Campanile, the mighty belfry about which the storms which blow over Venice have swirled for centuries, it was enchanting to regard as with a bird's eye the city anchored on the lagunes, woven by its canals into a web like that of the geometrical spider, with the Basilic as nucleus. Standing, alone, on this towering observatory, reached by so easy a path upwards that Napoleon mounted it on horseback, he often gazed on the shifting tide, now disclosing, now flowing over, the rank marshy weeds below,—the history of the fugitives from Attila, the barbaric Hun, swelling the mind with a tumult of thoughts. However occupied, it was felt by him that another atmosphere was breathed than at Rome under the Pontiffs. The Faith of the papal capital might impregnate it ; but, in the robust marine life of the Vene-

tians, and in the bold temper of the State which often defied the Papacy, the city always held, comparatively at least, corrective elements.

Within the Cathedral, as the foot moves up its rich tesselated pavement, which, owing to the sea having more than once flooded the basement, undulates like the sea itself, all that is characteristic of this healthy existence breaks on the view. At every step in this loveliest ecclesiastical creation in the world, is found some precious offering made from the spoils of the Republic, taken in its military and commercial expeditions. But the gifts had not been poured out in honour of pope or any civil prince; nor does the evangelist patron saint, St. Mark, whose body, brought from Alexandria in the ninth century, had this glorious sanctuary reared for its lodgment, appear other than ministrant to his Divine Lord. To the High Priest of Man alone, unlike St. Peter's which is an apotheosis of the Popes, the eye of frailty is here everywhere directed. The pillars of jasper which flank the nave show at every alternate angle of their capitals a Lamb,—memento of the Sacrifice of Calvary. As the altar is looked to, the Redeemer in plain suffering form, with the Apostles in attendance, at once fills the sight, planted on the screen of the choir, lilies and other holy emblems intensifying the sense. The apse, glowing behind in gold of mosaic, again exhibits the Saviour of Sinners, dispensing from the chair of Mercy His blessing to the penitent; and, throned on a rainbow amidst stars, He glances down from the adjoining cupola. If the view be turned back on the great portal, Jesus, in colossal size, is seen over it, adored by the Mother and the Baptist. The Son of God, in short, flames before the visitant as he enters and leaves. All parts of the fane contribute to fix Hope on the Cross. Should then, divinely led, some worn man of the world, or poor prodigal, touch the threshold beating his breast for he feels himself unworthy,

what cheer, as at length he lifts the eyes, is present to draw him forward! The temple, what it is, what it contains, might make any remnant of false confidence still within the soul to fade into nonentity. But the floor, rare though it is in marbles of price, yet bears the traces of sinful feet that have for generations traversed it from gate to altar; and, as a glance is flung around, the stricken heart is at once soothed by intimations in all directions of the Man of Sorrows, who came not to destroy life but to save it.

To feel, indeed, the impression of the Church fully, it must be sought during service; although a degeneracy from the faith which produced it, has infused a discordance between its expression and much that now goes on within.

A requiem, once, in great, in unusual pomp, as it was entered, was in course of performance for a millionaire named Soldoni, who had left a bequest for the purpose. The theme befitted the occasion: Death triumphant, but triumphed over in turn. Besides the Office in its essential features, what sighs were breathed from the mourning orchestra, dropping like flowers strewn above the corse! The King of Terrors had fixed his dart in one of the successful of the world, and all visible of the defunct had been long committed to the dust. But, in the heart of the service, life blossomed with confidence. An army of the Ransomed, ransomed from the power of the grave, was heard by the inner sense marching with outspread banners to immortality; and from the instruments, as well as every voice, the inexpressible was expressed, each phase in its turn. The trumpet sounded the resurrection. The violin, supported by flute and hautboy along with the multitudinous harmonies of the organ, opened the bliss of heaven, ravishing the spirit with a fulfilment richer than fancy forms. All the while, however, alas that it could be so! the assembly on the outskirts showed the common human stain, as if to remind an observer that he stood on

earth ; for, here, was a fair Venetian yielding to soft cajolery, the words whispered in her ear read in the mirror of her responsive glances ; there, a priest, forgetting himself, cast many a wanton look around ; and everywhere was some one or other, who gave evidence that no temple, whatever it may be, can fix the soul in which Divine influences are not sought, for help, for sanctification. None the less, dome and wall spoke with an eloquent significance. The Saviour was beheld victorious in the very hour of the Sacrifice ; and the mosaics of prophet, king, and legislator, which cluster about Him, justified themselves.

A day yearly, the day of St. Mark's commemoration, exhibits ceremonial in its most florid form. The Cardinal Patriarch then functions, and the Piazza swarms with all classes in holiday garb, who go in and out according to taste. On one such occasion, the Marchioness of Lorne, with others of the royal family, chanced to be present, and, at her side, her Highland husband, who looked down reflectively from the balcony which accommodated the company, the complexion of his face pale, though the hot blood of two ducal martyrs pulsed in his veins. To an eye in circumstances to appreciate it, the contrast was striking between are presentative of Presbytery, of a clan so famous in its annals, and the chief functionary in the pageant, the Cardinal Patriarch. Yet strange, and almost incongruous, as the conjunction seemed, it was possible to imagine that points of the service touched a kindred chord in both.

The voices and orchestra, on a scale which left nothing to wish for, faced each other from opposite galleries. At times they worked singly, at times in union, but, by their varying effect, they ever gave musical light and shade to the Christian verities which, in accord with the sense of the sanctuary, shone through the crust of fable. The most picturesque moment, was, when the dense crowd which hung about the

doorway of the chancel to catch a closer glimpse of the ceremonies, had to open a path for a procession of the cathedral personality, circling with the Litany of the Saints on their tongues. At the march past, it was the lot of the describer to have his modesty alarmed by hearing his Christian name shouted forth at hand, with a Sanctus appended to it, and the petition, *Ora pro nobis!* The heretic shrank behind at the invocation, like a scared fay taking refuge in a convol-

came not suddenly, awfully, a tall, bulky, lugubrious form of

To feel, ind- outh which disclosed the tusks of an ogre,

by, bellowing the familiar designation. What gave force to the incident, the chorister, as his jaws pounded out the summons, happened to dart a chilling glance on him who owned the nomenclature of the Saint, as if he appealed to the judgment-day against him. It is fatal, however, for religious purposes when spectators are too near the actors, who arrange their faces and gestures to a part. In the present instance, as the procession moved its long length, the Patriarch himself, though his rank more or less entitled him to preserve a natural bearing, betrayed by his manner the lessons of a master of ceremonies.

Sunday, with its ordinary service, was most often chosen to visit the Cathedral, when, whatever the difference of forms, it was pleasant to worship with people who came for the purpose. The gondoliers and bargemen from the quay then turned in among the throng of all classes, showing their brown, weather-beaten features, with bare feet and trousers tucked up, just as they had left the water, and on them a short blue blouse, or coat of coarse canvas.

A Sermon, delivered to a large audience, was once waited for, curious as a commentary on society from the papal point of view. The preacher was a stout, bulldoggish-looking man, who might have excelled as a prizefighter, and now bore with him into the pulpit all the gladiatorship of the

arena. As he mounted to his post, looking out from it on the audience which stretched away below, the observer, noticing the self-confidence, the triumph that beamed from his countenance, with an air more of passion than piety in it, asked himself, as on similar occasions, what can such a braggadocio have wherewith to feed the crowd, who, turning every eye on him, seemed to hunger for the bread of life?

A long commendatory notice of the 'multitudes' who believed at first, with sneers at modern indifference, formed the introduction; but the facts were so partial in the statement, that some hearers yawned; others of the auditory vaguely looked up to the ceiling; and others as a refuge contemplated some scriptural mosaic on the distant walls. The declaimer, however, to recover attention, now dealt a succession of blows at the liberalism of the day, referring to a recent display of it, which drew all eyes again in his direction for a moment. At length, the train being laid, the discourse perorated with a continuous burst of volcanic fire and ashes, which was so managed against Radicals, 'Old Catholics,' Protestants of every denomination, as to engulph them all indistinguishably. Reformers of all sorts were condemned in a heap as without Christian faith, even without God, a chaos in creation; while the sheep of his own fold were painted in glowing colours by the clerical artist, forming one body, said he, as Truth is one!

Evangelic as the furnishing of St. Mark's is, within, it is outside, however, that the character of it shows itself with its highest charms. Every style meets in it: Byzantine, Arabian, Gothic; but, standing where it does, its oriental feature of dome added to dome, its ornamentation which breathes of the profuse East, most gives rise to thought, and the spirit is affected with a sense of Catholicism in expression, which passes far beyond the bounds of the papal sway. East and West, bosom to bosom, are in it beheld twined in one faith.

If any church, accordingly, be a fit symbol of the Kingdom of Heaven, it is not St. Peter's, it is the Cathedral of Venice.

At first sight of it, it is true, the general effect is too witching for reflection. If a point away be assumed, where its five porches and their tympana glittering with mosaics can be seen against the pale cupolas above, St. Mark's looks ethereal as bubbles of crystal through which pours the coloured light. So fair, indeed, is the structure in its entirety; so airy; so belonging rather to the sky than to the ground; that almost a sense arises it might vanish with any wild storm enveloping it from the mountains. Yet it still poses solid on its base, as the day, centuries ago, when it received the last stone. Every block stands firm; every ornament has been carved for its post, and is adjusted to it; nay, the most exposed figures—St. Mark's, for instance, poised in isolation on the pinnacle over the central gate—have a grace of gesture, the source of which is felt interlinked with their perfect equilibrium. But the individual traits, so goodly in themselves, disclose an expression, which casts a rich glow on the aims of the builders, and on the influences, distant as well as at hand, which moulded the temple.

The great porch, soaring through the very heart of the façade, is, as it ought to be, the principal feature, and draws the sister porches, and the concourse of belfry shrines, and the domes, into ties of a gracious family unity. The eye reposes in it with irresistible joy, scanning the luxurious sculptures of its successive arches, which reach to the topmost pinnacle. Yet emotion changes into questioning, as it is observed, what is so extraordinary in such a place, that the bronze trophies of Dandolo, which ministered to Nero's vanity, and to the glory of Constantine's city,—

> 'The four steeds Divine
> That strike the ground, resounding with their feet,
> And from their nostrils snort ethereal flame,'—

are found prancing in the very midst of sacred things, jutting out their broad gilded breasts with pride as if still they had the imperial chariot behind them. What may be their precise business here? it is natural to ask. An offering to the Saviour, doubtless, they originally were, of what was considered best in civil pomp, but unconsciously implying by their place a protest against the divorce of common and spiritual ways, and the emasculate worship which professes to honour God by defaming temporal prosperity. At the same time, how do these gifts of earthly triumph stand free from any sting of evil, hallowed as they are by the motives which have fixed them in their sphere! Nearer to the eye in the most visible and honourable of places, filling the whole wide area within the courses of the porch, the Redeemer, in brilliant mosaic, all justice, all attraction, presides at the Resurrection, the dead on both hands starting from beneath the gravestones. St. Mark, for his part, mounted on the dizzy perch which commands the whole scene, preaches from the open Evangel of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, while saintly confessors, amidst sprouting fronds of the palm, look up with docile and adoring heed.

The state of the human race, and the globe its home, form the themes chiselled round the porch itself. Man is first beheld in his fallen condition. From opposite bases of the inmost arch, the sexes, degraded, look over on each other; while the eagle with talons fixed in a hare, the fox beguiling a silly bird, the lion bringing down an antelope, and similar images, are entwined in wreaths of vine and pomegranate. On another surface man is astride the horse; he gardens; he draws the bow, and otherwise masters the earth and its creatures. Artisans are found higher up: smiths, coopers, carpenters, shipbuilders. Fruits, with birds nestling and sporting among the leaves, a Divine meaning in all, are wrought out with a truth which proves how great was the

worth possessed by them in the eyes of the artist. Life, common life, just as it is made up in the daily lot, has been dedicated reverently as well as with joy. What of it appears on the face of the Sanctuary is set forth as one in sacredness with everything else.

The Vestibule (for every part of this Church turns to a rich account) forms a magnificent walk, where a passer-by, taking refuge from a shower or the glare of the sun, may gather profit for his soul as well as other benefit. Here, not less than within, the pavement, though generations have trodden it, yet glitters with its exquisite tracery in precious stones; and cupola succeeds cupola, along the whole path, embellished with mosaics which, while now possibly awakening a smile at their naïvety, teach lessons, chiefly from the Old Testament, with a pathetic truth that helps the dart not to miss its object. Creation, presented in circles, fills a whole vault in a style, which may not equal the art of the Shield of Achilles, but shows as much invention, and at least shakes the mind by the vividness of its forms. Noah's story, besides his part in the Deluge and the Sacrifice, is told on its terrible side from the moment when he sips his wine to intoxication, until he is borne by his sons to the grave. The Babylonian Tower, struck by the fiat of Jehovah, falls to the eye; Jacob comes in sight, along with the great and tender incidents in which his favourite son Joseph is the hero; David, Solomon, the line of Prophets, crowd one after another, when, at length, as the loiterer reaches the other end, he finds facing him, what all was meant to lead up to, the Saviour on the knees of the Mother served by Saints John and Mark. Nowhere else is the population of a town invited to a gratuitous banquet on so splendid a scale.

Such is the Church of the Doge, Senate, and People of Venice, where they met to kneel in common; and still it remains, as it then was, in its glory, a witness to the height

at which the Republic stood in its great times. Here councils, festivals, reconciliations of potentates, sought their crowning consecration. To it prosperous navigators and warriors, on their return, leaving their galleys by the neighbouring mole of the Piazzetta, hastened, like the Magi, in fulfilment of vows of piety, to render the choicest of their stores.

At the central porch, a square slab of red marble, over which streams the daily crowd, arrests the promenader; for it commemorates the spot where Barbarossa, in the fierce mediæval struggle between prince and priest for dominance, was, in 1177, reconciled with Alexander III., the Roman Pontiff. To the fancy the scene has a passionate interest: the bold, faith-keeping, heroic King of Italy, the crusader Frederick, heir to the empire of Charlemagne, at the summons of fortune casting off his purple robe, and there prostrating himself before his clerical adversary. The eagle it was, after fierce conflict with the snake which it had striven to bear off to its aerie, foiled, baffled, compelled at length to do it homage.

Fiction, dipping its brush in Venetian traditions, seems to have mixed itself up with fact, in decking out this impressive incident. The Pope, in popular story, (which a painting on the walls of the Ducal Palace, if it did not originate it, embodies,) sat enthroned in his pontifical vestments, with the pride of spiritual office lowering on his brow; the cardinals of his party in their scarlet apparel stood around, a frill, so to say, adding distinction to their chief; when, as the frustrated Emperor, just freed from excommunication, kissed the papal shoe, the foot which had borne the priest a fugitive about Europe for so many years was pressed on the neck of the conquered prince, while the words of David about treading on the lion and the dragon were audibly appropriated to himself by Alexander. A growl rose from the bowed Bar-

barossa, unfortunate but haughty as ever: 'To St. Peter, he muttered, 'not to you, I stoop!' Situation, however, gave the advantage to his opponent; who, weighing yet more heavily on the collar of the victim, exclaimed: 'The submission is to *me* as well!'

Venice never shone in more dazzling hues than at this moment, called to be the mediator between rival Emperor and Pope, holding of both as befitted the age, but a slave to neither. The infant liberties of Lombardy, threatened with strangling by Barbarossa, were espoused by the Venetians equally with Alexander, the Pope hoping thereby to obtain the uncontested possession of his Chair. The relations of the Republic of the lagunes, on the other hand, as well to East as West, to Constantinople not less than to Rome, fitted it alone for the noble task of arbiter between the contending parties. Its Doge Ziai, equal to his high function in the crisis, hovered as a beneficent angel around both, managing to control all excesses, until the angry waves of passion subsided into peace. One reward keeps in memory his brave services on this occasion: the Ring of Gold with which the grateful Alexander (for Popes had then seas as well as kingdoms in their pockets to give away) authorised him to wed Venice to the Adriatic. The fanciful pageant of the espousals can never be forgotten as long as the name of the Republic survives; although it vanished in the reign of the patriot Manin, its last Doge, like much else, when Napoleon forced the city under his yoke, to groan until, with the happiest auspices, the shackles were struck off for ever.

Before passing from the porch of St. Mark's, another name in association with it must be mentioned, if nothing more, the most brilliant in the annals of the Doges; which the French Traveller Valery, repeating it to himself as he walked within the Church, would have fain shouted out to have had it echoed by the vaults. One, one only, corresponds to

this description, a name often invoked in the troubles of the commonwealth, Dandolo, old blind Dandolo. An octogenarian, yet exhibiting the fire and perseverance of first manhood, the Captain of his people, fastening the Cross above the ducal Crown, led forth the Venetian galleys beneath his gonfalon to one triumph after another, until the walls of Constantinople itself gave way before his battering rams.

At eve, under a summer's sky, when the heat of noon has subsided into a balmy warmth, the whole Piazza of St. Mark's buzzes with the groups which circle round the Military Band, to listen to snatches of Verdi and other favourites of the hour. The Caffès—Florian and the rest—so famous in the domestic and political annals of the city, with flower-girls deposing their gifts on every table, push forward into the square, chairs in hundreds occupied by their gossiping clients. Doves from the eaves around, tumbling over one another in eagerness, because sacred from harm, descend in flocks on the paths of juvenile benefactors. All is gaiety, all mirth. But it is a yet richer pleasure to witness what goes on before the porches of St. Mark's, where all gather to whom age, want, or infirmity of any kind may have still left the disposition for amusement, without suffering them to take an active part in it. Every niche between the pillars of alabaster, serpentine, and porphyry (as if nothing were too good for Mercy's service) is occupied by some invalided functionary, patriarchal gondolier, or vagrant, whose eyes, as they turn to the animated panorama, gleam with the happiness felt in natural sights. Along the marble steps, young wives, as their husbands go to and fro on the piazza, coming up from time to time for a moment, are seated fondling their babies, and now and then making them scream with excitement by a stalk of candied figs, dates, or chestnuts from the glittering basket of the caramulli vendor. All eyes, however, old and young, simultaneously sparkle with the *debût* of some small beauty, just

begun to revel in the enjoyment of her feet, who, holding by her mother's finger ends, pirouettes on the flags with a born grace. As much good, with as little harm, belongs to the doings, as is possible perhaps in such circumstances; and the simple scene, often looked at by him who seeks to restore it, will for ever remain in the memory.

If the Cathedral exhibits Christianity welcoming terrestrial interests, the Palace of the Doge, casting its bizarre image on the glassy sea which once brought its treasures to the feet of its master, shows the Commonwealth owning Revelation as the source of a higher existence. A reciprocal tie bound Church and State; and the Venetians, as they looked on one and on the other, saw a whole life from two sides, the religious and the secular, each within its own sphere, yet coadjutors.

At the head of the Giants' Stairs, as the main entry is called, where the Doges, after being escorted through the loveliest of gates into the court, had their jewelled crowns, resembling French caps of Liberty, placed on them at their proclamation, Mars and Neptune rear their colossal forms. Of course, by their presence, they suggest the policy of the State, namely, the peaceful pursuits of Commerce and a navy necessary for defence of them. The eye, as the steps are ascended, is caught by the commanding mien of the Giants; nor, although they typify only civil life, teaching no obvious lesson of piety, can they fail to mix in one's reflections when passing through the pictured halls within, where sat senators as Kings, and ambassadors from east and west were happy to present themselves. A flight of stairs has still to be mounted before the magnificent suite of chambers is reached; and fortunate is he who has the chance to take the Scala d'Oro in ascent, of old free to the nobles only whose names were inscribed in the Golden Book; for the walls are filled in with tracery enclosing many a quaint device; and, in the second

division, amidst the same fantastic work with a change of subjects, a Female, as the emblem of Benevolence, stands out large as life in marble, sweetly caring for a couple of small children, another opposite holding a cornucopia of fruit. The sight, so attractive, forces the hurrying visitor to pause and breathe a moment before it.

All the apartments, in their decorations, have traces of devotion. At the vestibule itself, St. Mark, with the open Gospel, attends the Doge Priuli, receiving from Venice the glave of Justice and a Sword. But the posture which the Christian Hope was given is most conspicuous in the Hall of the Grand Council, where, over the throne of the Doge, the Bliss of Paradise, by Tintoretto, expands on the largest surface ever covered by art in oil. An objection to this painting, is, that it seems to bring only a promiscuous crowd of figures on the canvas; an effect which results from the groups of the blessed, at the first glance, being confused with the angels who fill up the background. But, regarded with care, so as to throw the celestial host into perspective, the composition assumes order; and its power over any assembly forming the sovereignty of the State, as did the aristocratical body who here met, must have grown rather than diminished with familiarity. Such a vision, coming in on the common world, and fixing on the future the thoughts of councillors who decreed the destinies of the city, may be taken to represent the acknowledged place which Faith should have in the hearts of rulers.

On the ceiling, which sublimely stretches its vast canopy into the distance, the Apotheosis of Venice, by the magic hand of Paolo Veronese, draws notice, enclosed in an oval frame of gorgeous gilded scroll work. The City, as Queen, is beheld in the clouds, crowned by a Glory, who descends with the wreath to the hosannah of trumpets; while the loveliest women, blended with nobles, are looking up from

a balcony on the spectacle. All around the room are pictorially emblazoned the great patriotic incidents on land and sea wrought into the history of the Republic: the story of the contest with Barbarossa; the crusade against Constantinople under Dandolo; the victory over the Genoese at Chioggia; visits of kings, and other festal events. To complete the dignity of the chamber, a frieze of the portraits of Doges, with the crime of Faliero, not the face, in his compartment, runs along the upper borders of the walls. The year of '48, the year of revolutions, saw a new element added to the associations of this room, worthy of earlier times. Presided over by Manin, the Star of Modern Venice, anticipating the union of the province with Italy, the Chamber of Deputies here met.

In the Hall of the Ten, what admonished these formidable Rulers, as they chanced to lift their eyes? What broke in on their covert councils?

The visit of the Magi faced them in taking their places; but the principal figure, bareheaded and in ermine, meaning to represent the doges, pointed for them the moral; while the whole together, which extends from side to side of the apartment, exhibits the commerce of a wide and thriving state brought to the cradle of the Saviour. Jove thunders from above against the Vices reserved for the judgment of the Council; Mercury confers with Peace; and Juno showers on the city coronals and wealth. If, in all, the ambition of Venice reveals itself, yet the humility of obedience to the Lord shines through the homage paid to Him. In the saloon of the Senate, the religious purpose is displayed with yet greater solemnity. Over the throne, in the company of Saints and Doctors as witnesses, is the Saviour descending from the Cross, a Doge on his knees at either side with clasped hands. Opposite to this scene the Redeemer appears in glory, again worshipped by heads of the State instructed

out of the Holy Scriptures. What at first seems to speak of civic vanity, the centre of the roof glows with a brilliant composition of Tintoretto, Venice, Queen of the Seas. But the pious effect, by the city's greatness being expressed in the Redeemer's presence, is really enhanced. In yet another room, the Doge Antonio Grimani, after victory, kneels, with uncovered head, in his armour and robes of office, before the symbol of the Saviour's suffering. As the foot treads these sumptuous chambers, if Venice and her sublunary pursuits are seen holding prominent places, Faith everywhere comes in with its benign memorials to temper the spirit of the world

At the decease of a Doge, ornate as was his palace, he had to leave it as much as the gondolier, who, perhaps, had nowhere to house himself except the slight skiff which he pushed about the lagunes for his daily sustenance. But the chief of the Republic was entombed with its utmost pomp. At his exaltation to the ducal throne, the Piazza, in all the festivity of which it was capable, became the theatre on which he showed himself to the people. On his descent from it, when his eyes closed to this world, a procession carried him in his robes on the bier, round the same place, when the State barge, with the whole town poured out to accompany it, slowly took its way to the Church of San Giovanni-e-Paolo, the Pantheon of Venice, as some call it, others its Westminster Abbey.

Following the funeral flotilla, look in for a few moments where so many of the most illustrious Doges, after putting off their great cares, repose in their final sleep.

San Giovanni-e-Paolo, externally, is only a huge pile of brick ; but, shaped into a form essentially gothic, after the light Italian manner of the style, imposes by an aspect of beauty blent with the sublime element of magnitude. No marble casing, not a single slab, interferes with its severe air, which so fits it to be a receptacle of heroes.

'What a noble way of dealing with the high dead!' is the exclamation which breaks over the lips, as a visitor casts his eyes round on the majestic tombs which clothe the walls. For example, pause before the mausoleum first on the right of entry. Simply, yet with a grand look, a very image of power, the victorious prince, the Doge Pietro Mocenigo, stands on his own sarcophagus, supported on the shoulders of the stern warriors whom he led to conquest. The inscription names Cyprus, Syria, Asia among the scenes of his achievements, and, as if by a speaking sculpture to show the sense of all, Hercules is beheld clubbing the Hydra, and David, the Son of Jesse, rending jaw from jaw of the lion. To represent the hope which remains for the worn soldier, an entombment of the Saviour, in relief, is seen above. All, however, in the contents of this sepulchral Church of the Doges bespeaks the same great spirit, without a trace of vanity or childishness, even if some of the later monuments, in taste, give signs of a decaying commonwealth.

Of the Venetian race, to which the eye may now finally turn, it is difficult to exaggerate the physical beauty. Beauty, indeed, belongs so lavishly to it, that it springs almost like the common grass; and, in daily life, the faces of Titian and Veronese adorning the Ducal Palace come often to view. As one takes his course through the Merceria, the breath is suspended by sight of the loveliness which trips down the steps bridging a canal, juts out the head from a window while the green folding shutters are pushed open, or shoots past in a gondola. But, what surprises is, the dowry of fairness is not confined to any class. Women of all conditions, who would anywhere be deemed pretty, sweep along to St. Mark's in waves, one after another, as the sun begins to drop behind the Friulian Mountains. An observer, however, must not mistake foreign features for local ones, nor, by a casual glance, hope always to discover the charm which

may underlie the disguises of want. The Venetian type is endlessly varied in the individual; but, of a pale olive complexion, the trait most marking it, is, the nose, which, like that of Violante, the celebrated daughter of Palma Vecchio painted by himself, springs from a broad base, slightly rises in the middle, and ends in a point with fine, delicately chiselled nostrils, which themselves are an organ of speech. But, who may describe the play of the mouth breaking into all moods of expression within a moment, or the mobility of the eyes, which take in a whole object without seeming to do so, and work like clouds charged with lightning, whose path is lost before it can be tracked!

Striking was an instance met in a train. A pair of large, handsome Venetian girls had entered, who, planting themselves in a corner of the carriage palpably to observe the better, amused themselves glancing round on the passengers; but, at length fixing the eye on a single individual, a signore, they compared notes of him in whispers accompanied by indescribable looks and shrugs, the fan playing a wondrous *rôle* in the confabulation. At moments, to recall thought, they tapped each other with the ventilating toy, hid their faces behind it when they felt the blood mount in their cheeks, used it by fits and starts to cool themselves, and pointed a jest with a slight wave of it: all exhibiting a rapidity of fancy characteristic of the race. Still more expressive was the case of a dame of Venice, wrapped in a rich furred mantle against the freshness of early spring, who sat opposite the wanderer on another journey by rail. Found curiously busied with a small basket by her on the seat, it was impossible to avoid making it an object of attention. A caw, at last, and chuckle in the throat, disclosed the fact that the lady had a cockatoo for fellow traveller imprisoned in the wicker vessel. Accustomed to the caresses of his mistress, besides mincing the biscuits

given him, he tore at the twigs composing his cage, until the beak could be kissed. The favourite, let out in the end, was one of the handsomest of his kind, showing eyes as if set in garnets, and in his plumage all the colours of the rainbow. But it was the mouth of his companion, as she shaped it to the content of her pet bird, which possessed the main interest; for never before had feminine lips been seen exhibiting the same ductile capacity; one moment having the repose of perfect grace, the next, as their proprietor bent to meet the parrot, pushed forth so as to resemble the funnel of a waterspout responding to the risen wave.

Situation granted Venice special circumstances for development; and the Gondola sprang out of them. At first only a means of locomotion originating in want, this water-carriage has interwoven itself with all the forces of society. To visitors of the city, it may seem simply a poetic incident in its life. The gondola, however, has moulded the Venetians with the effect of an institution.

Seclusion in the eye and pressure of the world is its characteristic; and mark what an instrument of the passions it must thereby be, from whatever side it is regarded, above all when the entire compass of its power is taken into account!

A Donna, for example, seeks to shun observation. At any corner, and corners are everywhere, she drops into a gondola, when, by a word, even a movement of the fingers, she is gone. She sinks into the cushions; she draws the slides; she is no more to be recognised on one turn of the canal being made. She comes at once into a region without any trace, and by an easy adjustment of the window-cases can see without being seen. She repairs to some distant point; trips from the floating chamber; and, in a twinkling, is at the rendezvous which an adorer, perhaps, has just reached by another circuit.

But in estimating this influence of the gondola, its construction must come in as an element, trivial as that may seem. The soft pillows, the posture which is reclining; the easy, luscious motion, without any wave except a gentle cadence which laps the soul in revery; the slides employed to suit the whim of the instant; the voluptuous airs formed by the waters, and admitted only in agreeable currents; the sight of others gliding now into view and again lost, showing a special, it may be a mysterious, expression in the occupants, recalling the lovers who, to the poet's eye,

> '—in a gondola were seen together,
> Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica';[1]

glimpses of people on balconies, or moving in streams across the bridges, which imparts a sense of society amidst a wondrous solitude; each of these conditions exerts a power in giving birth to passion or in fanning it.

Venice, moreover, it must be observed, besides its great highways, the Canale Grande especially, is traversed by hundreds of long narrow canals which shoot between palaces entered from the water, as well as by more open ones fringed with a pavement; and the constant transition from one to the other class, blending gaiety with sombreness, if not gloom, feeds sentiment by ruffling and fluttering contrasts. The canals, too, are the tracks of business as well as of amusement; the influence, whatever it is, is therefore constant; and what in cities differently composed comes into operation only in seasons of pastime, is apt to force access for itself at all times. In the era of the Republic, when Othellos were continually going forth on high enterprise, or returning, and merchants like Antonio crowded on the Rialto anxious about their freighted argosies, Venice was known even more than since as the haunt of Cupid, and

[1] 'Merchant of Venice.'

the gondola blazed in every gorgeous hue on the tides which circled through the city. If the gondola seems at present to mourn, wearing usually a quaker demureness of dress, forasmuch as the palaces, in the absence of ancient commerce, crumble to their base, the spirit of the Venetians yet shows itself on occasion to be the same as in better days. The gondoliers may have ceased to chant the songs of Tasso, or chant them only when asked; but the vehicle itself now as an instrument of conveyance, and again as the favourite of leisure hours, is still as ever a thing which mingles with the whole life.

At times, and then it is most pleasant to observe, the gondola comes into use for profit and entertainment together.

A faint sound of music once falling on the ear through the hum of the arcades of St. Mark's, was traced beyond one of the porticoes to a sort of piazza of water, a loop in a canal formed by a semi-circle of habitations. It proceeded from an itinerant company of musicians, a family it seemed who, in the exercise of their profession, had penetrated within the liquid area, in gondola, as elsewhere a court would have tempted them. A maiden, with fair chestnut tresses dropping over her shoulders, sang, accompanying a voluminous voice with the mandolin; while a pair of male assistants, one, an elderly man, her father it was thought, handling a violoncello with grave enthusiasm, the other her probable brother, a violin, completed the band. The whole had the charm of novel circumstance. But, what was most notable to a stranger, was the action of the gondolier, working the bark to and fro by a single oar, for the purpose of catching the centimes showered from the windows above.

Yet, in a city, where

> '——every gale
> Breathes music'—

in association with the delight of the gondola, the mind

gets charged with reminiscences far beyond its power of record.

The pilgrim was dropping down the Grand Canal, when, as he neared the Rialto, an impassioned strain swelled up, coming over the waters in dispersed notes which it was difficult to shape into regularity. A few pushes of the oar, however, brought him within a spell, which, long ago as it is, still enthrals the heart. The moon, just in her crescent, was on the horizon; but the sky was rich in soft stars, the air delicious.

It was a bridal *festa;* and the party was moored under the Ponte, which stretches across the Canal by a single span, and is known for its resonance. A distribution of Chinese lanterns lit up the scene. At either end of the Bridge, the stream of footwalkers was arrested. Thronging even to the water's edge, their forms dimly distinguishable in the deep broad shadows, the crowd drank in the sounds, silent as the grave, and gazing, rivetted, on the fairy show.

At the moment of reaching the spot, a crash of harmony was torn from the instruments; the members of the orchestra hung upon the motive which ran through it; they swayed back and forwards, now rising into a soft and thrilling utterance, again dashing on with a bold sweep, and, at last, expressing sobs, and pangs, and plaintive woe, which seized every faculty.

At a pause in the performance, however, which had hitherto been accomplished solely by instruments, a voice was heard breaking the silence, the voice a rich warble, as of a blackbird within the thicket of a shady oak, giving out its passionate thoughts.

The air was that of Amina, in the 'Sonnambula,' when the heroine, all innocence, all nobleness, becomes sensible that, through her habit of walking in sleep, she has unconsciously

shaken the confidence of her betrothed, and pours out her sorrow in the arms of her mother. It had not come into her mind, she sings, the mind of a simple virgin, that the flower which sprang up to fill her heart, so suddenly blighted, should last only a day, only, only a day! Could her tears make it blossom afresh? ah, no, not so does love live again! The impression of the cantatrice, as she rose, subduing all, added to the effect of the tragic song. The face was of the silvery complexion of the Venetians, but had a richer fulness in the traits, with a reserve of passion which profoundly moved an auditor, as the feeling told itself through means of vocal modulation and play of feature seen under the mild flame of the lights.

One might wonder, indeed, that a theme of this nature should be chosen for such an entertainment. But it must not be forgotten, as Lucretius says, and Lord Bacon comments on, that it is pleasing to look out on the storm of passion when the heart is secure of its object. The contrast soothes; and the spirit, agitated by the distress beyond, turns, with sweet revulsion, to its own fond and possessed idol.

At the close of the song, the company moved on in procession with the flowing tide, a choir of voices, to change the ideas, taking up a merry rondo, which grew fainter and fainter till the notes died away in the distance.

In the city itself alone, can the variations of Paganini on the 'Carnival of Venice' be fully understood. The melody, as all know, is of the simplest; but where, except in the home of gondolas, can even the melody find its exponent? The young soul, already instinctively reaching outwards, dallies in it with its passion, concealing it, yet in the ear of experience uttering all its force. When the great Violinist took possession of the air for the practice of his witchery, and attempted to represent a signorina's interview with her

sire,—the father rating his frolicsome child, the child seeking not in vain to appease and coax her shrewd parent,—he aimed to express only what the Venetian Life of every time had given examples of, a life which exists nowhere else in such a form.

Yet everything may be travestied, and, even in its own domicile, this popular strain has had no exemption.

Once, Lent had begun ; but the air over Venice was still charged with song, parties of pleasure, all the night through, making the thoroughfares resound to the house tops with their extemporised concerts. Of the people's shows which yet remained from the festal season, one exhibited mechanical curiosities, boys, in winter, pelting an old gentleman with snowballs across a Swiss village, and other practical jokes. The marionette, however, which won most applause, was an automaton called Tom, a comical-looking little fellow, who smoked a cigar, practised gymnastics of every sort, and to crown all, convulsing the house with his performance, squeaked forth the Carnival of Venice on a penny trumpet!

The annual Regatta, which, like the Derby in England, has at heart a useful object, reveals the city under one of her most attractive aspects. The standards of St. Mark's, on such occasions, giving their bright folds to the breeze, float from their lofty masts; the population of Venice early pours out on the Piazza in the eagerness of general expectation. Opposite to the Palace of the Municipality on the Grand Canal, rises the Pavilion, richly beflagged, from which the prizes are dispensed, the names of the gondolas to be in competition and their owners being cried about by scores of voices.

But, on no festival, has the popular excitement in Venice been seen taking a nobler form, than in the reception given to the Queen of Italy, Marguerita, on one of her visits. With

a notice of this, the picture of the City of the Lagunes may come to a close.

The pageant of the Bucentaur of old, on the day of the Assumption, must have been gorgeous, when the Doge in his golden barge, exalted on the covered poop, with the Ten around him and the Senate ranged down the deck, passed through the door behind, and, dropping the nuptial ring into the Adriatic, wedded the sea to himself! The Doge, now no more, has carried his special pomp away with him. But, under a constitutional monarchy and parliament, which has brought the country abreast with the freest, a brighter future than any belonging to it in the past is assured for it; and if the powerful holder of the Ducal Palace comes no more forth glittering in bridal robes (may the bones of the dynasty repose in peace, never to have a resurrection!) it is a happiness far above what the spectacle could have afforded, to behold the fair and good Marguerita, smiling responsive to the loyalty of her adoring subjects. As the State Gondola, which bore the pious Queen and her Son, the heir to the throne, darted in sight through the arch of the Rialto, no rattle of carriage wheels, no tramp of horses' hoofs, harshly smote the sense; but the smooth wave was upstirred into foam before the simultaneous strokes of the gondoliers along with the servants of the authorities and embassies in the wake, all bending stoutly forward on their oars. The huzzas which greeted the Queen, as emerging from the Bridge, she burst on the eye like the moon from behind a cloud, fulfilled the biblical image of the 'noise of many waters,' and proved the attachment of all hearts to her, an attachment merited by her virtues. If anything could heighten the spectacle in memory, it is the circumstance that, a few days later, being in Odessa, Alexander II., Czar of all the Russias—soon, alas! to fall the victim of assassins—was seen entering the town. The same eyes which had

marked the mutual confidence of sovereign and subject in Venice, noticed how, pale and scared, the good Muscovite Emperor sat back buried in his carriage, as he drove from the Station to the Cathedral, covered by a guard of Cossacks madly riding along on both sides.

CHAPTER II.

POPULAR ITALIAN TASTE.

Italy the Home of Art.—Model of the Nativity in San Martino at Naples.—Palace and Villa Decorations in Genoa.—Ornamental Deceptions in Piacenza.—Italian Demonstrativeness.—Yòuths on Promenade at Orvieto.—Romans in a Storm of Rain.—Adornment of the General Post Office at Rome.

OF all lands, Italy, from end to end, is a home of art, a land which takes its character from it; and before saying good-bye to the country, it may be pleasant to bring together a few things gathered by the way, which, free of discussion, agreeably supplement impressions of the national feeling.

Painting, it is true, and even music, have been so generally allied to the ecclesiastical system, that it is common to identify them with it. But, in that system, neither had its origin, and both will survive a reform. Rooted in a susceptive nature, a love of imaginative expression buds through the whole national existence. In Naples, on first touching Italian soil, the pilgrim at once felt its presence, as he looked on a fountain showing some whimsical details, evidently put in only for gratification. A more recent visit to the city brought him in contact with an example, so striking in its kind every way, that it may be worth while to take a moment's notice of it.

At the commemoration of the Birth of Christ, the feeling which Germans mark by a Christmas Tree, is, all over Italy, gratified by a model of the Nativity. Toyshops have their

windows filled with the subject, prepared of all forms and sizes; minute figures on a single card, as well as the actors marshalled with large and animated features. The young of all degrees, and old also (for what venerable Scientist can contemplate, with insensibility, the gracious Event on which Modern History turns!), look on them with glistening eyes: the Babe, and Mary, and Joseph, and the worshipping Magi, along with the cattle which brought them. Francis of Assisi, it was, who seems to have introduced the practice; a device worthy of his glowing heart, beating with desire to present more vividly than words could do the hallowed scene.

At Naples, in the Museo of San Martino, is a presentation of the Nativity,—a Presepio, as it is called, from the Manger which first held the Divine Infant; but so brilliant in its scale and management as to dazzle every beholder. As it is come on, contained in what may be considered a chapel a spectator feels as if suddenly introduced to the splendour of a royal progress in the orient, arrived for rest at the close of a day's stage. The chief Person, of course, is the kingly Babe in His Mother's arms, to whom the Sages of the East, each a different type, advance in awe and reverence, followed by their wealthy gifts, while the camels which they rode seek the stable. A canopy of blue sky, filled by soft spring clouds floating in sunshine, hangs over the scene, and sheds down on it a cheerful light. But, what adds wondrously to the interest as a tribute to the Saviour of the World, the area in the foreground swarms with groups of households representing the whole province of Naples, the picturesque populations of the Abruzzi, Calabria, and other mountain districts, along with those of the plain countries. All are astir in various manners; some, who have only arrived, adjusting their tents, others cooking their meals, and yet others on the way to adore the new-born Child.

At Buonconvento, as the traveller long ago passed through it, houses of no pretension had the eaves fitted up with dragons, griffins, and similar chimeras, as gargoyles. In Genoa and its suburbs, at the other extremity of the peninsula, the eye is constantly amused with the decorations of palace and villa. Every manner of device covers them; walls themselves are built as ruin, and the pictorial ornamentalist cooperates to carry out the deception.

An expression of this taste, apt to awaken a smile, was found on the road between Arezzo and Florence, where the chief physical feature is a singularly naked pile of hills, with huge ribs of bare clay, interspersed by rugged ravines. Pigeons in a farm steading were found painted on dovecots, the living birds flocking among their images, and cooing together with them. Every species of pleasant fancy is sometimes employed to give life to blank gables; an imaginary canary hung out in its cage, singing, at one imaginary window; a cat feigned to be watching it from another; while the mistress of the house in morning dress, at a third, having thrown open the casement, stands watering her flowers ranged in pots on the sill. At Assisi, sought for the sake of St. Francis and the frescoes of Giotto, the attention was caught a moment by a vista of the southern portico prolonged by art, although the natural beauty of the scene across the valley rendered all accessories superfluous. As proof how the practice enters into the smallest of circumstances, it may be mentioned that once, as a train stopped at a country station, a peasant came up, showing on his shirt collar a Cupid guiding a skiff before the wind. But it was comical, on the same occasion, to see a gentleman in dress and manners go by, with his hat in the hand, which offered to view a ballet girl in bright colours pirouetting at the bottom.

Such instances, indeed, are on a trivial scale compared

with what might be mentioned. In a church of the Frati, a work of the pious painter Bartolomeo is encased in a wooden shrine above the altar, which, as well as a central turret, has an abside and stalls painted for it, and pots of flowers with light shining through quatrefoils on them. But let one extraordinary case of artificial decoration, mixed with reality, be presented, to indicate how far it may be carried.

Loitering for an hour in Piacenza on a sunny day, the pilgrim was drawn by the deep funereal verdure of a beautiful cypress, seen through the tracery of a handsome iron gate. But, looking round within, he was astonished by the sight of a gothic castle, and a conservatory, with its door open, and flowers of every hue blooming against the panes. What ennobled the spectacle, a lofty Apennine mountain rose away in the distance, with a village on the height, and cascades of foam rushing down the sides. All, nevertheless, was only an illusion; and, entrance to the ground being sought (which was instantly granted), the traveller met constant surprises. Lakes, grottoes, towers, were natural enough on such a spot. But a church stood in perspective against a wall; shrines of saints were among the objects; and, below, cut into the soil, was an actual crypt, with imitations of tombs, and ranges of antique earthen urns. The whole inclosure was comparatively small; but, besides various noble trees, the lilac, white and purple, in bloom, was there, with other flowering shrubs, and the blackbird singing in the shade. A sepulchre for real use had been built, surmounted by a tall, slender pyramid elaborately wrought with winged faces, and bearing an inscription wherein the lord of the place, in a vein of soft enthusiasm, congratulated himself on the friendly precincts, as well as on the zephyrs that visited them.

The tendency of the Italian people to demonstrativeness exhibits itself in other spheres. As the Marble Walk of

Genoa, elevated in face of the port, though now threatened with destruction, was mounted, a man and woman of the lowest sort, the latter a veritable Xantippe, were in hot discussion. No other eye than the new-comer's was upon them; for the clocks had just struck noon, and the sun, glaring from the polished pavement, kept off ordinary promenaders, and would at once have driven the stranger below if the disputants had not fixed him by the energy of their declamation. The man, obviously, stood on his defence; and, although in rags, no practised orator could have shown a more exquisite and impassioned manner, as he combated, one by one, the reproaches of the virago. Moving to and fro, as well as from side to side, he employed, like Corporal Trim, his cap as an instrument of rhetoric, effectively tossing it on the ground at moments. But when the accused might be thought to have cleared himself, and room only was left to embrace again, his mate, a small, wiry creature, who, with arms a-kimbo, kept immovable during the harangue, watching the expression rather than the action of the panel, faced up, fire in every limb, making it evident that the weapons of eloquence were hers as much as his.

A few rounds having been witnessed, the observer descended with the comment on his lips that there was no limit to a contest with such resources.

The same sensibility appeared on a more agreeable occasion at Orvieto. The wanderer was rambling by the Potzo di San Patrizio, when a party of merry youth in wide-awakes came down the road in the evening air, dancing, and, as they danced, humming together some music of the hour. With charming art they performed the double operation. But, as a jest arose, and one pursued another in wild chase, it was pleasant to observe the felicity with which, on the close of the runs, the song and dance were again taken up. The sense for beauty, in Italy, begins, indeed, with the very

dawn of existence. At Ravenna, as the stranger passed to the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia through a lane overgrown with weeds, a little maiden of eight or nine summers was stooping to pluck a flower hidden away among the grass. Looked at again for the interest of the thing, she was found twining a white convolvulus in the hair of a yet younger sister. But the act was done with such grace, that the incident still shines in the memory.

Rich, mellifluous voices, along with the delight of using them, exist everywhere throughout the land. Nor are they confined to any class. In Sienna, a poor message boy, as he edged his way along the street, dwelt on a refined movement of Verdi, which contained notes needing ear and feeling to hit them. Still more was the wanderer struck, when, slowly climbing from the lower part of Perugia to the Corso, a voice broke from some workshop ahead, with one of Bellini's arias, but so full, so swelling, so dexterously managed, that it seemed to belong to a Tenor of the Opera House. Stops and resumptions in the performance needed explanation. All became clear as the spot was reached; for a simple carpenter, with his shirt sleeves tucked up, planing wood, was the songster; and the fluctuations were due to the necessity of arranging the plank under his hands from time to time. At Tarantello, the railway servants, preparing for a train, mixed song with their work, ready for a passing joke among themselves, without, however, giving up their vocal pleasure.

Such are a few illustrative reminiscences of Italian nature, culled from a boundless field. An example of a more general kind may be added to the list.

'Bravo! Bravo!' exclaimed a young Roman with ecstasy, clapping his hands, as he apostrophised a tempest of rain which burst just when he and a knot of companions were about to leave a Restaurant in the evening. The storm, it

seemed, was to him as personal an artist as the prima-donna whom he had last applauded, straining her glorious throat in the execution of some *roulade.* The nationality of the expression appears by contrast with the utterance of a Frenchman striding past the door at the same moment, with his umbrella up, as close as possible about him. 'Mais, comme il pleut!' muttered he, in a peevish tone, with an oath, to the comrade by whose side he stalked along. Both expressions —the Italian's and the Frenchman's — fitted the circumstances; but how different their kind, one poetic, the other prose! As if to develop by a fresh instance the same difference, a little, round fellow, a sort of Tom Thumb in a way, but a cheery soul, came tumbling into the vestibule for refuge, bearing armfuls of the local newspapers wet from the press, which he had been crying through the streets. Doubtless the dwarfish vendor of news, along with his wife and children (for he was married), depended for supper on the evening's sale. Coming to the front, accordingly, after shaking off the heavy raindrops, he lifted a broad, wistful face to the sky, taking in its character, and began a battery of reasoning and cajolery, mixed with every sort of epithet addressed now to one side of the elemental foe, and now to another; rating, coaxing, complimenting it, all in a breath. It seemed by the event as if the small bright man, through his fervour, had won the ear of the cloud; for, dismal though it looked as the petitions were wafted upwards, it almost instantly moved on to empty its watering-pan on other heads.

But a close must be put to these notices; and it may as well be with a description of the General Post Office at Rome, which so fitly expresses the national passion through the organ of Government.

As a foreigner, on arrival in the Italian capital, first comes round for his letters and newspapers, what is his astonishment to see the poetic manner in which the correspondence of the

city is housed! A palace, verily, of rich and noble proportions, nothing poorer, has been provided. Less, however, is he prepared for what awaits him on stepping into the principal portico, when the eye, shooting to the garden in the court beyond the corridors which surround it, is caught with its oriental aspect. A fountain, throwing up a cool fan of water, glitters in the midst, keeping ever fresh the mown banks of grass around, which are filled in and bordered with pines, dates, aloes, and plots of flowers. As to the vestibule, open, airy, spacious, Art, it is found, has been busy, allegorically depicting on the walls the wondrous modern means for transmitting messages. The idea may have been suggested by Raphael's Loggia, where his Bible, as it has been called, is spread out. The style is directly drawn from the Pompeian frescoes; for the Italians never lose a chance of identifying themselves with their ancestors, although all, in the ornament, is free of any trace of indelicacy.

In one of the compartments belonging to the porches of entry, a nymph, given an air of noble freedom, appears, holding letters and a trumpet. The chimney of a locomotive, with a circling column of vapour, shoots above cases in the background, stocked with correspondence. Opposite, another feminine figure, having a purple sheet round the loins and the hair blown loose, revels in storm, playing, it would seem, with telegraph wires, amidst flashes of lightning. A closely hooded woman represents registered letters, and another of the sex, looking away mysteriously, telegrams. The broad and lofty colonnades which run all round, where every kind of letter may be given in or obtained, afford a brilliant *coup d'œil*, covered with rich and fantastic devices. Here, the man of business, the husband, the lover, after perusing his correspondence, may amuse himself, as he slowly walks out, with noticing an old baboon, glasses on the nose, comfortably reading his newspaper, or owls and cockatoos,

perched on a tree, welcoming their despatches from pigeon carriers. Monkeys, parrots, make mad mischief of telegraph strips. The treatment, in fine, is so various and piquant, that one can pass an hour of leisure under the colonnades with more real entertainment than in many a picture gallery.

CHAPTER III.

OVER THE ALPS HOMEWARDS.

Supper with the Monks of the Simplon.—Change from the Italian Valleys to the Alps.—Mont Blanc.—Pass of the Gemmi.—Snow Storm on St. Gothard.—Symbol of the Cross.—A Pietà.—Lake Leman.—Paris.—Incidents.—Boulogne.—White Cliffs of Dover.

THE course of the pilgrim lay across the Simplon, on the top of which he stopped to sup and pass a night with the good Monks, who, all curiosity,—

> '——gathering news from him who came
> As of some other world,'—

had question after question to put on the Republic of Rome.

The Alps, as must often have been experienced, afford a salutary alterative to a traveller coming from Italy. As he mounts into the region of snow, suspending a sentiment for art, he is forced to give himself up to the stern and bracing influence of forms of nature, which call out the man within him. Every thought, every emotion, gets condensed; vague and enervating fancies, which had spontaneously blossomed, drop off; and the appeals all around, stripping the soul like a tree divested of its foliage, show to him the real measure of his growth.

At Domo d'Ossola, with its colonnades and mantillaed maidens, Italy was left behind. The tall, white campanellas, hitherto so characteristic on every knoll, ceased to be seen; he chestnut, casting its broad shadow across the path, be-

came rarer; and mountain sides verdant with fir gave place to bare peaks, crowned with perpetual snows. To the wanderer, affected by the soft influences behind, and for the first time among the Alps, it was impossible, as he trod up in face of the gallery which opens into the Gorge of Gondo, not to be conscious of a shock which searched his whole being, while he gathered into a single sensation the rocks closing down upon him, the roar of the torrent in the abyss at his side, and the sky lost, or caught only in a broken strip between the overhanging cliffs. But it was as, reaching Martigny, he struck round by the Tête Noire into the Valley of Chamouny, that the scenery took most complete possession of him. At his feet rose Mont Blanc, an idol of the heart from childhood. As the crest came in sight, a skiff of rosy vapour was slowly drifting towards it, but at such a height that it was expected to make evident how far below stood even the loftiest crag of the Pennine range. How was the spectator startled, as the airy bark drew nigh, to find it dash itself against the ebony turrets of a lower peak, get dissipated into threads, and vanish!

At the Rhone, on a later occasion, having again crossed the Simplon, the traveller took the pass of the Gemmi, which conducts into the Bernese Oberland. Up he trod to Leuk, plucking flowers as he went, and ever turning the eye on the bed of the river, full of bleached stones and some tufts of shrubbery holding a precarious existence on mounds cast together by the fierce stream. Up, up, he wound from height to height, as far as Leukerbad, where, as he glanced on the Wildstrubel, a gloomy perpendicular wall of dark-grey slate in front, it seemed as if no way was there for man. But, next morning, as it was advanced upon before the sun had yet touched the summits, a path was found, crossing, zigzag, its face, as if a finger nail had been drawn from side to side. At certain turns, with the track cut

only for a yard or so into the crumbling slate, awful and glorious it was to stand and gaze eighteen hundred feet down! The abyss below, at every pore, steamed forth vapours, which rose in wreaths as the sun grew warm, and collected in the gorges racing and chasing, till, lo! as if menaced by an invisible hand, all escaped into the air! Life such as this gives animation to the mountains, clothing them with a semblance of personal interest. Coming forth fay-like, the mists float as they list, heedless of jagged prominence or yawning depth. Folding the rugged cliffs in embraces, they again, as if from coyness or a fit of spleen, dart off, it seems for ever, to rally at some other point.

It is, however, in the tempest, that the spirit of the Alps enters into gravest communion with man.

At Hospenthal on the pass of St. Gothard, the wanderer, afoot as usual, resumed a journey up on the afternoon of an April day, with a climb of eight or nine miles to make before reaching the inn on the summit. A fierce shower had fallen earlier; and, as he glanced above, spongy clouds were observed angrily whirling between opposite peaks, the frown in their aspect deepening every moment, while gusts of wind swept down the gorge. But, light of heart, he struck away for the ravine, stirred by the boldness of the scenery, and the grand impetuous tumult of the Reuss, which, swollen at that time, bounded and thundered like the steeds of Pluto when the god comes to the surface. The Devil's Bridge, with its narrow, unparapetted way, on which no foot now crosses, but which shows the ruts of former traffic, had been already noticed, orange lichens and dark mosses clinging to its weathered stones, along with memories of its monkish origin and the contests of French and Austrian. Still lower down in the pass, he had listened at the Schäfchen, where he breakfasted, to some songs by the daughters of the landlord. All the incidents of the day fostered buoyancy.

For the first hour the traveller mounted bravely, abridging the road by short cuts, springing light over growing torrents, and happy in every fresh stage gained. But the storm began to deepen in its look of savageness, calling attention more and more to itself. Rain changed into snow, whilst the cold, aggravated by the blast, increased at every step. At this point a mountaineer was busy guiding aside the rivulets which streamed down the path; and, on being asked how far it was to shelter, observed that it was yet a good hour and a half off.

'And ever upwards?"

'Ja! ja!' he cried, with augmented energy in his tones, 'and ever worse and worse!'

The traveller plunged into the gorge with quickened pace.

The road is excellent; and even should the path get confused, the wayfarer has still the kerbstones to guide him. But in another half hour the snow was driving keen and furious, blotting all out except the boldest cliffs. The foot slid every moment into pools of slush. Breathing grew heavy. The umbrella, borne up as long as possible, was now folded under the arm; the overcoat buttoned to the ears; the cap pulled down; and only the hope remained of saving life.

But even this hope, for a while, was almost extinguished; and the solitary began to look into eternity. In peace his way was committed to God; while the image of Napoleon's Russian retreat and similar pictures could not be prevented intruding into the mind. Strength was rapidly waning; the flakes on the face, as they melted, formed into icicles on the beard; the clothes froze. The road, the mountains themselves had disappeared, and the traveller, blinded by the drift, could see only a yard or two around. At length, ready to let the knapsack drop, for, sick and giddy, he was able to take but a few steps at a time, he sought an

elevated spot where he might deposit it. Just then, however, a ladder found resting against a Telegraph post led to the inference that the Inn was probably not far off. The pedestrian, accordingly, recovered courage, when, as again his confidence was fading, a knot of men suddenly broke on him, carrying the mail bags. Hailed as friends, a guide was asked from them ; but, without stopping, they only gave the information that the top was not more than a quarter of an hour distant. The fainting traveller drew strength from the news to push on ; soon the bay of a dog struck on the ear ; at the same instant a range of arches started to view ; and, looking down on him with blessing, as if the letters were diamonds, sparkled the word, *Albergo !*

The survivor was forced to pause for some moments on the threshold, so complete was the lapse of power.

Mail sledges arrived the following evening ; and availing himself of the chance, the pilgrim, with others, proceeded downward into the valley of the Ticino. All was silent and spectral as the train shot into the storm, which continued unabated, a sharp, rocky knoll only, or the gable of a châlet, seen, as if fixed in the air. The horses plunged, for the track was cumbered with soft snow, high as themselves, while flakes beat into the eyes. Light as were the vehicles, each a frame of bare poles, a brace of horses could scarcely drag one with its burden along the choked path, and sometimes they lay down, panting. Once, at a turn of the way where a lofty opposing wreath blocked the road, the sledge which bore the venturer, getting an inclination to one side, rolled its occupant and his traps into the drift. A sound of turbulent water was occasionally heard, but where, or how far off, could not be told, when, unexpectedly, a tumultuous roar made evident that a torrent was getting crossed. Sheets of lightning began to play around. Owing, however, to the rarity of the air and the heavy snowfall which damped

the echoes, the thunder exploded in faint and muffled peals. A staff of pioneers led on before, often needing to make sure of the road, which was the more liable to be lost as night was fast settling down. At length the first Post House was reached, a strong square edifice entrenched under the brow of a cliff.

The flickering lanterns of the master and his daughter lighted the approach of the party, who crowded in, powdered with snow, shivering, shaking themselves, and looking into one another's faces to exchange a merry recognition. But a minute scarcely elapsed when the Mail was again in motion. Forced to let it go forward alone, the traveller, next morning, accompanied by his host, took the way on foot down the terrible Val Tremola. The scene was often imposing. The pine with its straight stem, and close branches, and needle leaves, all arranged so as to offer least surface to the elements, must ever stand out in Alpine recollections. At one spot, as the eye looked across the deep ravine to the opposite range, the effect of falling snow appeared under a new aspect. The mountain behind it came out whitish at the top, bluer lower down, murky below, the tints insensibly merging into one another; while through the filmy veil a surface showed itself which varied with the products of several zones. The base of the landscape, finally, presented a region of rain beheld from a region of snow; a dark, rank line, it seemed, of boggy verdure.

Once more, however, churches and the habitations of man came in view; and as the sound of bells stole up from the valley, the stranger worshipped and gave thanks. The bottom of the pass being at hand, the convoy was parted with; and in fifteen minutes more the pilgrim stood under the shelter of Airolo.

If the symbol of the cross is anywhere appropriate, it is among the Alps, planted, as it often is, on a summit, and

where the awe of the mountains comes forth with most sublimity. At such places, especially if the heart has been troubled with a sense of danger, the sight of the memorial of Salvation dominating the scene not only restores composure, but, by contrast, lifts the soul into a higher conception of the spiritual world. Man feels himself more than the inaccessible cliff, or the mass which farthest rounds itself away beyond the eye. The Sacrifice of Calvary makes known new relations in the human being, which subordinate physical phenomena, and impart an air of amity to the snow wreath, the majestic crest, or even the whelming avalanche.

At no moment did this impression make itself so felt as in the passage of the Dazia Grande below Airolo, by which the traveller enters and leaves the peaks of St. Gothard. A propyleum, as it might be called, to this Alpine temple, the pass offers such an assemblage of the glories of the mountains, though lying only at their feet, that the wanderer, traversing it, felt raised above himself, and amidst torrents of rain stood adoring for some instants the Father of Spirits, whose Hand had deposed these mighty forms of rock.

At one point the cliff opens out as a bird shaking its wings. On the other side, lower down, it is seen shadowing the path in so immense a curtain that it looks as if full of threat which is restrained only for a greater victory. The Ticino, just then, as its swollen volume was rushing through the narrow channel, plunged in a series of falls like a war-horse amidst entanglement of the reins, yet clearing every encumbrance. But, what at once transformed the scene, where the main direction of rock withdraws into chasms and a large detached pile overhangs the boiling gulf, was the presence, within a recess, of a small chapel, which held a Pietà, or Christ extended on the knees of the Mother. The balm, the tenderness, of the Christian Hope overpowered, without

destroying, the awe inspired by nature, and the whole being felt harmonised by the reconciliation.

At the period of the first journey, the Alps were left by the Valley of Chamouny. Geneva was soon reached; where, standing on the Isle of Rousseau, the eye looked away in transport on that famous lake, Lake Leman, which, more than others, combines beauty with associations of genius along its borders.

On arrival in the brilliant French capital on the Seine, the traveller, realising that his pilgrimage had been prolonged beyond his means, hastened his departure; but a sentimental motive equally impelled him to do so. With the countries which he had so coveted to visit now lying behind him, the wanderer felt like Ulysses on the island of Calypso, as his statue in the court of the Palais Royal represents the hero,

'——inly pining for his native shore.'

A sea of troubles, nevertheless, broke on his path, although fortune at last bore him to the haven of home.

To take rail for Boulogne, and there steam across the Channel, was the plan. But his passport, which, in those grave, revolutionary days of '49, had to be given over at the frontier, kept him trotting up and down Paris after it. In this enforced way the French metropolis was first beheld; but the condition of the Briton gave to its luxury and magnificence an air of jest. The Blouses, in their modest sufficiency, were almost envied; and, loitering for an hour in the Champs Elysées, the stranger became sensible how his state was affecting his impressions. The gay and witty were sipping ices beneath the stately chestnuts, without a thought touching him who flitted about like a shadow. A smile at his own worn figure formed on his lips.

The passport, however, after some delay, was to be in order by the pen of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. At four

o'clock, the hour fixed for its delivery, the bureau was resorted to.

'Ten Francs, Monsieur,' as the document with the requisite signature was handed, dropped from official lips.

With a mute bow the pieces were put down. But, even by so small an outlay, the programme arranged was doomed.

What to do he knew not, nor, for a moment, cared. During reflections natural to the position, the mind struck out on all sides for a point of relief. No way was open but to proceed as heretofore on foot, a mode now formidable in the heat of June. The force of every remaining sou was measured, and it was reckoned possible, although with privation, to arrive at the sea.

Each face on the Boulevards became a study, and afforded occupation to a whim of connecting expression with a story. In this play, by a sort of accident, and by asking almost without motive the road in the direction of Boulogne, the barrier got passed. The sun was setting; and as the pedestrian turned his eyes on it, with strips of soft cloud lying across the disk, and all the sky aglow, his heart leapt to the orb, the words of Goethe coming to remembrance at the same instant,—

'Wo ich mich der Sonne freuen,
Bin ich jede Sorge los.'

Never, it was thought, could man be miserable, while the sun circled in the heavens. A roll of bread in the hand, the consoled philosopher moved on, cheerful of mood, watching the hues of the clouds dying out, until a wayside auberge drew him within for the night.

On the morning of the fourth day afterwards, approaching Abbeville, and having been afoot before dawn, he sank in faintness on the grassy bank which sloped off by the roadside. Dropping the head on the sod, he fell asleep; home faces flickered across his path; but a dull pain shot through

the frame, and he awoke in abortive effort to commune with the beloved shades. The eyes being turned down the road gone over, which ran miles away southward in a straight line bordered by tall poplars, some moving dots were descried, justly inferred to be wagons of a sort. The first, as it came up, was full; the next two were in a hurry for market; a last was empty, advancing at leisure, when the exhausted walker begged to be taken forward a short space. 'Non!' was the blunt response, enforced by a shake of the head.

As the pilgrim, in traversing France, had been all along the route soothed by countless kindnesses—an experience which still endears for him its very name—

> 'the cottager
> Ministering with human charity
> His human wants'——

he drew off, thrown back on Providence.

All at once down leaped the wagoner, who was a young fellow; and, coming up behind, asked the traveller if he had gone far that way. After other questions, curtly answered, for they seemed to grow only out of curiosity, a pause succeeded. At this moment the countryman was caught eyeing the stranger from head to foot. At length, mounting again, he cracked his whip and was gone.

A quarter of an hour later the cart came once more in sight, at a wayside inn, while the driver bore a feed of oats to his horse's head. The man turned about to salute anew his acquaintance as he was moving by, and, with a smile, cried out: 'Wait till my beast is ready, and we shall go together as far as Montreuil, seventeen leagues off. You will then have time to catch the steamer at Boulogne.'

A fresh couch of hay, under cover of the hood, was soon arranged for the weary wight.

'You see that?' exclaimed the host as they drove off,

pointing to a bag in the corner. 'I am carrying pay, and, in such a case, my rule is never to take anybody up. As 'I spoke with you, however, I thought you,'—but no matter what. During the way the benefactor was all courtesy; and, at parting, so far is politeness from being the monopoly of any rank, he made it seem that he had received a favour instead of conferring one.

Boulogne was arrived at with a few sous in the pocket. The pilgrim embarked for London, on the way home; the watch which had stood him so well at Dresden, put again in pawn to be again redeemed, enabled him to pass muster with the steward; and, next morning, after an absence of a couple of years, the white cliffs of his native island at length rose in sight.

CHAPTER IV.

ISSUE.

At Home.—Summary of the Situation: Scottish Church; Church of England; Roman Papacy; Churches of the East.—Attitude of the Pilgrim.—Domestic and Providential Circumstances.—Resumption of College Curriculum.

A PILGRIM to foreign shrines, with a store of impressions gathered under various skies, may come home to find himself more isolated, religiously, than he was on setting out. The majority of people are naturally bent on realising the aims with which they have begun life; whereas he has got his whole being winnowed, as well as added to, a process which, accomplished once, seeks renewal a second, even a third time, and so on to the close.

As an offset, however, what has been gained on all sides helps him to comprehend parties who, in general temper, are most diverse from himself. In resuming social relations, he is as one turning again the leaves of volumes which had been cast aside, but, examined with a richer experience, are seen possessing what awakens both thought and reverence. Progress, human progress, is not always on a plain, which increases the distance between one and another. It often resembles rather winding up a cone where the foot continually comes round to the same point, though at a freer elevation. From the vantage gained, the aspirant, out of view of those below, may count for nothing in their reckoning; but, as he now scans the Church, he feels joined to the entire

Christian brotherhood, just as his title to recognition seems lost in the estimate of others.

In the wanderer's case, as he again sat by his native hearth, it tasked him to accommodate himself to the position of his fathers. At least, with all lately passed through hanging in fulness about him, he recoiled for a time more than ever from rudimentary forms. How naked and voiceless seemed for him the churches! Nowhere, at home, shone the glowing gifts of piety and sacred genius heaped up in continental sanctuaries. Presbytery, with a laborious and hallowed clergy, an active evangelism equal to any in the world, and a treasury copiously supplied by voluntary offerings, had yet few or no memorials from the past to speak to all eyes. The Church in Scotland, too faithful to its boast of primitiveness, seemed to be thinking it enough to represent the Church at the epoch from which, almost two millenniums ago, amidst persecutions of every kind, Christianity sprang into existence.

Since the period of such reflections, which took something of their colour from circumstances, the Churches of Europe have been agitated by proposals almost as good as revolutionary. A Christian, in this state of things, will, before putting a hand of change upon the Ark, anxiously weigh the application of general principles to particular cases. For how just soever in themselves may be reforms, stones are often set a-rolling by them, to the satisfaction only of the worldling or the fanatic. Each body has its own inward law, which, joined to the conditions of its rise and course, has moulded its actual character. A small account of race or history being taken, critics are apt to judge that the regimen best in itself is best for everybody. But an individual may have been so long in a valetudinarian state, as to be threatened with dissolution by what is safe and advantageous in health, or one has need of a tonic when another calls for exercise.

Scotland, as said at the outset as well as now again, shows herself, in the zeal of her presbyteries for evangelic truth and its spread, to possess the prime characteristic of the apostles. No episcopal succession, falsely construed, warps her sympathies, leading to morbid longings for intercourse with venerable, yet degenerate branches of Christendom, while scanning with a frown communions at the door conspicuous for holy doctrine and manners. In her instance, therefore, it is not so much alteration as development that is wanted; but the burden of her traditions, it must be owned, presses heavily on those who would fain bring her formulas and ceremonies into a more living contact with modern Christian civilisation.

To the Church of England, as holding a middle place between Edinburgh and Rome, as well as illustrious for her roll of great and saintly men, the heart, even of such as have most suffered from it in other days, will ever turn, if the Gospel is prized above its accidents. The behaviour of the Bishops under the ordeal to which the subtle Romanising ritualism of Oxford exposed them, has, indeed, in the eyes of dissent, not added to the practical argument for Episcopacy. But if, in contrast with the Church of Scotland which, as already illustrated, has its General Assemblies for legislative, executive, and disciplinary objects, the Anglican Church has no central government of its own, or indeed any sure ecclesiastical organisation, the rich individual variety favoured by this want is a species of indemnity. The revival, it is true, within her pale, has produced rationalists, who virtually seek to strip her creed of its essence, while the doaters on ritual have fought on behalf of sacerdotal rather than of Church power. Efforts, too, in the direction of religious art, have had slight creative faith in them, being chiefly spent on mediæval imitations as a means of insinuating a false doctrinal system. At the same time, the Church of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer,

is nobly represented, and remains substantially true to her great origin.

Rome, in her close association with the Christian inheritance from the beginning, claims to have a superiority over other Western Churches. But, in spite of her fraudful policy of denying the family rights of the Protestant brotherhood, all, it is superfluous to say, are coheirs in martyrdoms, missions, and saints, from apostolic times downwards.

At present, one who surveys the field becomes aware that, by the dogma of Infallibility, the Papacy has unwittingly broken, instead of strengthening, the traces which bound it to the car of Catholicism. With this conviction, and drawing its horoscope as well as may be, although for the moment losses seem to be balanced by gains, an ecclesiastical student will scarcely think it worth while to track the wearer of the Tiara in the passionate assertion of his demands, with the Ultramontanes vainly calling on the world to acknowledge them. To the Church herself the eye turns, hoping that, within, following the example of the Old Catholics, Reform, under guidance of Him who is the only Light of the Churches, will save this ancient division of Christendom, which, despite the falsehood and blood which cling to her skirts, has given birth to the Churches of the West, as well as nursed many a saint in her bosom.

The East presents a Church which, as long as it is at a distance, may seem to hold slight relations with the opposite hemisphere. But the Christian who has once worshipped with her congregations,—brought home to his mind her bounds,—and weighed her importance as a continuous Witness against the tyranny and fraud of the Papacy, can never suffer her to be forgotten.

At the close of his pilgrimage, the wanderer himself wanted something. A sympathy, broadening in diffusion as it withdraws from hard dogmatic formulas, is apt insensibly

to float its possessor off from ordinary Church connexion. The knee may daily bend before the Father of Spirits in the Name of Jesus Christ. Yet, having no complete fellowship with the Church, the heart becomes conscious of a depressed system, if its suffering does not take the form of an acute malady. As with Cain, although springing from a far different root (an over-distribution of faith, not its absence), the offering of life lies unconsumed: a slight which wounds the more that the flame of Heaven is seen blazing on the altars of all who accept the institutions of the Church in their adaptedness to man's estate.

A trouble, similar to such, lay on the returned traveller. Nature, in all its forms, even the clods themselves, on which during the dog days he had once or oftener calmly slept under moonshine in France, seemed leagued against him. The spirit, in a word, was as the beach at low tide near the Martello Tower, by Leith, the port of Edinburgh. Many a pool filled the hollows; yet, not joined to the sea, the desolate waste lay printed only with furrow, and mound, and tangled heap, left by a flood which had gone back for the time.

But a change was at hand, which may keep for its narration the pilgrim and his companions a moment longer together.

For a memory's sake chiefly, in the autumn after coming home, a lodging had been taken by the wanderer in a suburb of his native city, where the way leads out to the romantic grounds of Roslin and Hawthornden. Once, very early in life, slipping from the gentle motherly hand which guided him on the occasion, he had here pursued butterflies with childish rapture, the chase being one of his first essays in freedom. The path, long ago substituted for traffic by a broad macadamised highway, still kept its former aspect, sloping to a stream, the Powburn, and winding off until the Castle, St. Giles', and other marked features of the town came

into view backwards. The apartment had its entry from an ivy-grown Terrace, with hills and meadows in prospect, and a garden gay with flowering currants. Softened by the foliage of the trees came up the cheerful sounds of labour. But the district had a stillness as of country life with a sense of the city at hand.

Daily a visit was paid in town to his surviving parent, his father, who, as it happened, was getting more and more entwined with his child's spiritual lot. In the decline of life the sire sat composed in his armchair, cheerfully awaiting the moment when the 'place which then knew him should know him no more.' But, for the son, now that he was expecting the last direct link with the past to be broken, all seemed ready to give way beneath him. In prospect of the impending loss, however, the presence of God appeared to draw nearer the earth for him; and the instant of relief was foreshadowed.

As far back as remembrance goes, this parent is associated with music, a passion with him since, a boy, he left his birthplace on the field of Culloden for the South. At times, absent on business and returning by a night-mail—for it was not yet the days of railways—the eyes of his children would look forth of a morning from some fairy dream, to find its origin in a distant chamber where he was playing on the violin; now drawing from it a pathetic lowland air, now some pibroch of his native mountains, but often executing a sonata of Pleyel or other composer, which gave scope to the various witchery of his bow.

It was now otherwise. The idolised Cremona, which had so often throbbed in the owner's hand, lay in its case within reach. But it was a white day, coming seldom round, when it was brought out by its widowed lord, except to be gazed on and silently communed with. A faint scratch of lingering energy would now and then waken its strings. The favourite,

however, was soon laid down again, with a smile which expressed that the time was gone when performer and instrument could respond to each other. Still, the resignation of the present was sweeter to look on than the triumphs of the earlier period; for it was touched with the peace of a day that would have a dawn but never a setting. Cares were over; the dead of the household, above all his sainted wife, were soon to be met once more; and on the table by him lay the Bible, and good Matthew Henry's Commentary, and a Gazetteer of which he was strangely fond, loving to turn up longitudes and latitudes as if some connexion existed between this earth and the land which has neither sea nor shore. Everything about him, especially the gleam of the countenance, spoke of one expectant of heaven, and already gathering the reflected beams of that state which was soon to open on him. But, as his child, the better to observe without being observed, stood in the rear by a canary at the window, feigning to be occupied with the fair bird, while he gazed on the shining parental form, the task was sometimes too much for self-command.

The spring following, a journey chanced to be taken on the Caledonian Railway, when, as the train swept through the bleak mountain district on the Scottish border, a shepherd with his plaid knotted across the body, and his wife, came in at one of the stations.

The evening twilight glimmered on the scene, while the restored wanderer sat in a corner of the same carriage with the incomers, buried in sombre thought. A casual look, however, cast on the pair at their entry, sufficed to arrest him; the clear blue of the eyes, in which gleamed intelligence without unrest, was rapidly taken in; and, before he was aware, the words rolled over his lips: 'Seated, and clothed and in a right mind!'

As the train again stood still, the couple left it. But the

observer could not cease reflection, until, with inward softening, he confessed to himself that, throwing all known by him into a heap, augmented a thousandfold and yet a thousand times ten thousand, the acquisition amounted to an infinite nothing weighed against a central peace such as had just drawn attention.

The year was at length clothing the country with summer beauty, as an incident, which completed the circle of providential influences, operated on him.

One morning, as the scholar stood in a grassy alley near his room, musing, and looking over to the Braid Hills which bounded the prospect, the eye, in a moment of sensibility, dropped on a creeper rooted in the wall, pushing forth tiny bells of a soft violet hue. In this simple weed, the law of duty, it occurred to him, was fulfilled: much, much accomplished with scanty means. Revolving the lesson, he strolled down the road, urged to give himself up to the impulse of at once rebuke and hope imparted by it.

As he took his way under the shadow of elms which then skirted the path, an old fence, with a few blocks of stone that had slidden to the ground, caught his notice.

'Rest where ye lie!' murmured he, addressing the *débris*; 'for ye have worthily done your work, yielding only to time!'

Every object, how trivial soever the association, whispered counsel: a pup that looked wistfully into his eyes, as if wanting a master; as well as the historical ruins which crown the wooded slopes of Craigmillar. But, even while the breast swelled with its emotions, the heart, which had been so strangely bound, felt a sense of reviving liberty, like the bud in spring when the balmy air penetrates to its inmost fold. As the sun drooped towards the horizon, his quarters were again sought by him, aware that some vital metamorphosis had begun, and in awe awaiting to see what it was to be.

At a late hour he lay down, yet not to sleep. The eyes closed as he lay, but all was light beneath the eyelids; and out of the brightness, darting as arrows first seen in the targe, the articles of faith, one after another, glittered before him, until the familiar doctrines of the Evangel, all together, but with new beauty, stood around: doctrines which possess so mysterious a power of blessing as surely to prophesy their own final conquests.

All night the patient was as one a-dreaming, continually asking himself, was it so, could it verily be so, as he knew it was! Such was his condition, that when the morning rays struck athwart the chamber, calling up worship to the Father of Lights, he rose with a feeling of disenthralment which words cannot body forth.

As a fruitful peace settled over the battlefield, the Kingdom which grows on the earth in ever-widening bounds came again clearly to sight. The Church, indeed, bore for the student the same characters as before: tares blended with the wheat, and, even in the renewed, formality was found, and mixture of motives, and trivial preoccupation about the tithe, and mint, and cummin, to forgetfulness of the weightier matters of the law. But, whatever it was, it was in association with ineffably holy interests. Men within it were beheld in process of recovery, striving against the evils of their own hearts as well as those of others; rising, if slowly, out of the slough of this world; and marching forwards, a glad band, to a heavenly inheritance. The Sacred Oracles, read anew from Genesis to the Apocalypse, filled the convalescent with increasing joy, surprise, and adoration; as he found Him who had been constantly clung to, even in the most faltering moments, not in the Evangelists only, or Epistles, but throughout the compass of Revelation. Christianity, vivified, came on him like an oratorio after a rehearsal has given place to a finished performance; large spaces of the theme

had been earlier imperfectly seized, and unity was wanted for effect; but now, under the discipline of the Spirit, a harmony, a Divine harmony, which shook every power, broke full on the ear, scarcely known how, yet causing wonder why it had been so tardy in doing so.

Free, free, once more, to pursue his early chosen vocation, the pilgrim turned again to preparations for the Christian Ministry; yet with what changed feelings! On the following Session, attendance was resumed at New College; but the eminent Principal of the day, Dr. Cunningham, was first called on; who received back with noble confidence and tenderness the wanderer from the gates. The Church of his country was appraised by the student for what it was worth. In proposing to apply for Holy Orders at its hands, he did so with joyous and reverential heart. Still, it was felt that, how faithful soever his convictions were to his profession, never could he be alienated in affection from other Churches, nor cease to welcome with docility and thankfulness the lessons which they might have to teach him.

FINIS.

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Announcements for 1889.

THE EXPOSITOR.

EDITED BY

REV. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A.

THE EXPOSITOR *during* 1888 *has fully maintained its position as both the most widely and the most largely circulated Theological Magazine in the world. In the Volume for* 1889 *it will be specially endeavoured to complete series of articles yet unfinished, and to fulfil promises yet unredeemed. Several new features will however be introduced. Among them may be mentioned—*

I.

THE APOSTLES OF OUR LORD.

BY VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,
REV. MARCUS DODS, D.D.,
VERY REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D.,

and other Writers.

II.

A COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS,

BY REV. PROF. A. B. BRUCE, D.D.,

will be continued monthly.

III.

STUDIES IN PRACTICAL EXEGESIS,

BY REV. PROF. CHEYNE, D.D., *Canon of Rochester,*

will appear during the Year.

[P.T.O.

ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR 1889 (*continued*)—

IV.

STUDIES OF DIFFICULT PASSAGES,

BY REV. PROF. JOSEPH AGAR BEET.

1. EPAPHRODITUS AND THE GIFT FROM PHILIPPI.
2. THE CHRISTIAN SECRET.
3. THE CHURCH, HIS BODY.
4. THE CONQUEROR'S RETURN.

The January No. will contain Etched Portrait by Manesse of CANON CHEYNE, with accompanying Article by the Editor.

VOL. VIII. OF "THE EXPOSITOR,"

NOW READY, contains:

ETCHED PORTRAIT OF PROF. EWALD.

PROF. A. B. BRUCE *on the Epistle to the Hebrews.*

PROF. CHEYNE'S *Studies in Practical Exegesis.*

VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, *The Second Epistle of St. Peter.*

PROF. A. H. SAYCE *on the White Race of Ancient Palestine.*

PROF. W. M. RAMSAY *on the Early Christian Monuments in Phrygia.*

PROF. MILLIGAN, *The Idea of Priesthood; The Melchizedek, or Heavenly Priesthood of our Lord, etc.*

PROF. LAIDLAW, *The Parable of the Lost Son.*

DR. GODET'S *General View of St. Paul's Epistles.*

And other Contributions by PROF. BENNETT, REVS. F. RENDALL F. F. EMERSON, W. H. SIMCOX, W. B. HUTTON, R. G. BALFOUR, DR. C. H. H. WRIGHT, REV. G. LANSING, DR. MONRO GIBSON, PROF. SANDAY, DR. MARCUS DODS.

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